June 8, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

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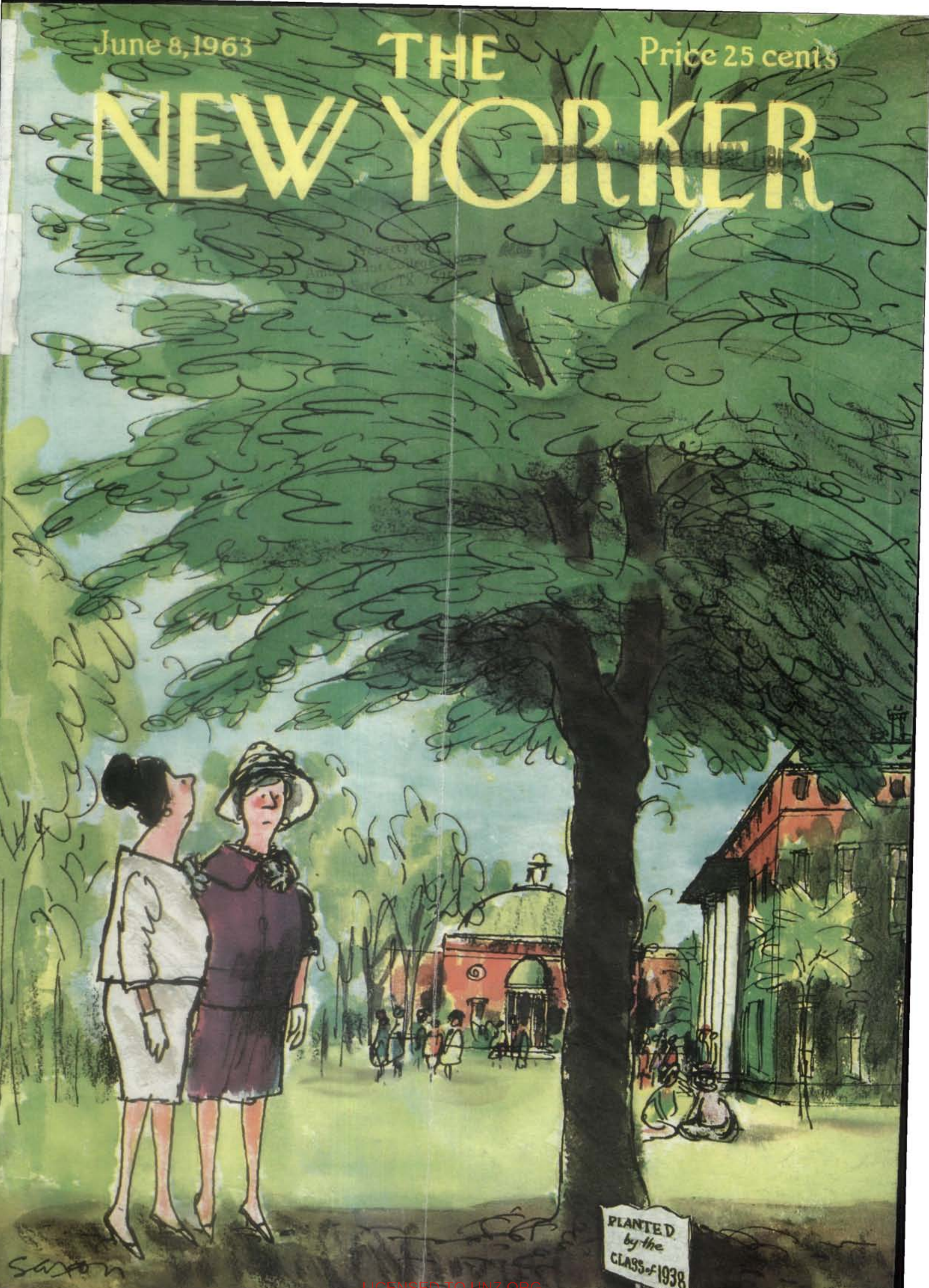
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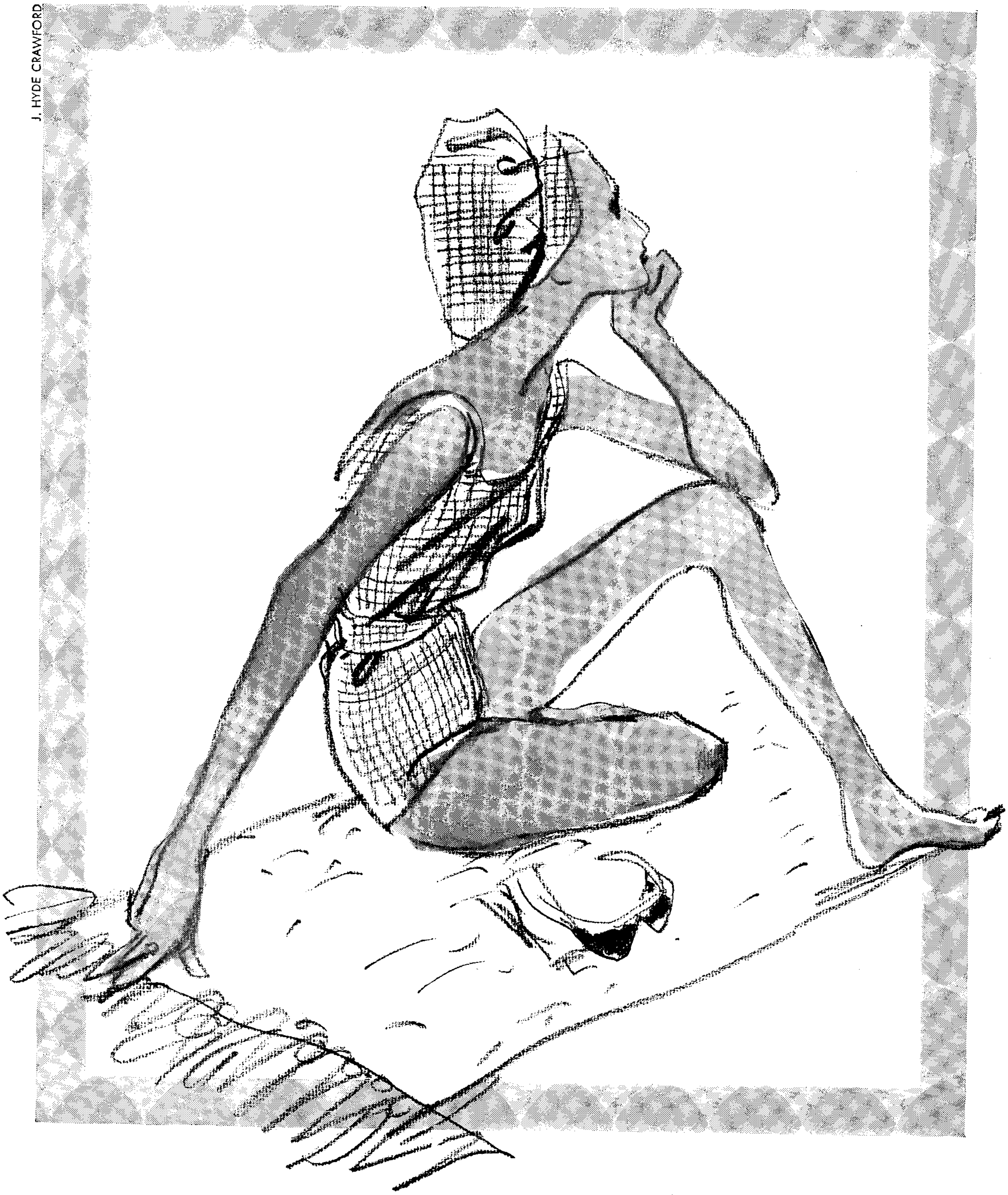

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Beyond the Fringe—A delightful diversion in which four superb English comedians—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Dear Me, the Sky Is Falling—A slight but warm-hearted comedy, written by Leonard Spigelgass and directed by Herman Shumlin, in which Gertrude Berg figures amiably as a kind of Jewish Mrs. Fixit who is eventually persuaded by a psychoanalyst to change her interfering ways. Howard Da Silva, Jill Kraft, Tresa Hughes—and, indeed, all the others in the cast—support Mrs. Berg valiantly. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Enter Laughing—Joseph Stein's funny adaptation of a novel by Carl Reiner. Alan Arkin is extremely comical as a Jewish boy whose parents want him to be a druggist but who himself wants to be an actor—a profession for which he is totally unprepared. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, Meg Myles, and Michael J. Pollard are among those in Mr. Arkin's humorous circle. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Never Too Late—Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon in a brisk farce about a sixty-year-old who finds, to his dismay, that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. The play was written by Sumner Arthur Long, who is a good man with dialogue, and directed by George Abbott with his customary authority. (Playhouse, 48th St. E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Photo Finish—Peter Ustinov's comedy about an ancient who has the deathbed ability to review his life as a young, a middle-aged, and an elderly man. The device grows a trifle tiresome, but the acting of Mr. Ustinov, Dennis King, Donald Davis, John Horton, Eileen Herlie, and Paul Rogers is admirable. Mr. Ustinov is not only the author and the hero of the piece but the co-director as well. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rattle of a Simple Man—There isn't much substance to this account of the dilemma of a middle-aged male virgin who falls in with a lively prostitute, but the dialogue, by Charles Dyer, is occasionally diverting, and Tammy Grimes, Edward Woodward, and George Segal are engaging as the three characters who comprise the cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Strange Interlude—Eugene O'Neill's practically endless attempt to conquer the stream-of-consciousness technique gets a big lift from the first-rate direction of José Quintero and a fine cast that features Geraldine Page, Pat Hingle, Rip Torn, and William Prince, and, in briefer roles, Betty Field, Franchot Tone, Richard Thomas, and Geoffrey Horne. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 6, with a dinner intermission from 8:30 to 9:30.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—Edward Albee employs some grim charades to expose the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The language is rough by any standards, and the play goes on much too long, but there are some dramatic episodes. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Elaine Stritch, Shepperd Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Long Runs—**Mary, Mary:** Diana Lynn, Tom Poston, and Edward Mulhare are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Little Me—In this comedy by Neil Simon (who based his play on a work by Patrick Dennis), Sid Caesar portrays seven men in the life of a Middle Western girl constantly on the make. The drollery, despite Mr. Caesar's protean efforts, is limited. The music is not much, and the lyrics are rather ordinary. The play was directed by Cy Feuer and Bob Fosse, and the latter staged the dances and musical numbers. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mr. President—Although Irving Berlin, Howard Lindsay, Russel Crouse, and Joshua Logan had a hand in this one, it never quite jells into a first-class musical. Nevertheless, it is not without merit, and Robert Ryan, Nanette Fabray, and Anita Gillette are pleasant as the principals. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 8.)

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Oliver!—An entertainment based vaguely on Dickens' "Oliver Twist" and having in its favor several fine big production numbers. The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones are quite competent in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

She Loves Me—Jack Cassidy, Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, Ludwig Donath, and the other members of the company perform delightfully in this charming and rather old-fashioned comedy about the employees of a cosmetics shop in Hungary back in the thirties. The songs, by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, and the dances, by Carol Haney, may not be truly memorable, but they're agreeable. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off—The seven ages of man, or something of the sort, interpreted by Anthony Newley, who owes a large debt to Marcel Marceau. The pantomime, songs, and patter are pretty lame. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tovarich—This new musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy about Russians, White and Red, is handicapped by a book that just doesn't make much sense. However, Vivien Leigh, even if her voice is small, turns in a reputable, even regal, performance as a grand duchess of all the Russias. The direction, which is somewhat aimless, is by Peter Glenville. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Moves on Monday, June 10, to the Majestic, 44th St., W., CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum:** Zero Mostel leading a cast that includes Jack Gilford, David Burns, John Carradine, and Ronald Holgate through ancient Rome in a show written by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, with an assist from Plautus. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **No Strings:** A musical that deals in part with the literary frustrations of an expatriate novelist. Richard Kiley plays the writer and Diahann Carroll a Paris *Vogue* model. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **The Sound of Music:** Nancy Dussault in a Rodgers and Hammerstein confection based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 15.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"Pal Joey," with Bob Fosse, Viveca Lindfors, Elaine Dunn, Kay Medford, and Jack Durant, will play through Sunday, June 9. . . . ¶ "The King and I," with Eileen Brennan and Manolo Fabregas, will be the last in a series of three Richard Rodgers musicals by

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the company. Preview Tuesday, June 11, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, June 12, and will run through Sunday, June 23. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Along Came a Spider—A foolish and repellent melodrama. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The American Dream and **The Zoo Story**—A pair of Edward Albee revivals. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday, June 6, at 7:30 (opening), and Friday, June 7, at 8:40: "Patience."... ¶ Saturday, June 8, at 4 and 8:40: "The Pirates of Penzance."... ¶ Sunday, June 9, at 4 and 8:40, and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 11-12, at 8:40: "The Mikado."... ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 13-14, at 8:40: "The Pirates of Penzance."... ¶ Saturday, June 15, at 4 and 8:40: "The Gondoliers." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Best Foot Forward—A revival of the 1941 musical about a movie actress who comes to a prep-school dance. The songs still sound fine, and the attractive young cast makes up in breeziness what it lacks in professional finesse. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks PL. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A thoroughly satisfying revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. The book, an adaptation of "The Comedy of Errors," gets a bit tiresome, but who cares? (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brig—This dramatization of one day in a U.S. Marine prison is grim and relentless. It is also wholly believable. Judith Malina is the director. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chiaroscuro—Three short plays by Robert Gentile. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker—A feeble play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 9.)

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Desire Under the Elms—Carl Low plays the old New England farmer who takes a youngish wife, and Salome Jens plays the two-timing bride in this high-pitched but undeniably animated revival of the O'Neill melodrama. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—A sprightly, stylish revival of Wilde's comedy of paradox and double identity. Michael Allinson plays Worthing, and Melville Cooper Canon Chasuble. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-1431. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Month in the Country—This revival, under the direction of David Ross, is, on the whole, handsome and quite charming, in spite of Celeste Holm's inadequacy as Natalya. Dino Narizzano is splendid as the young tutor, and so are a number of other actors in supporting roles. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—A pair of dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—An appealing and tuneful musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by a new composer named John Jennings. The setting is a rustic motel in Indiana; the dramatis personae are the garrulous proprietress and three couples in various stages of attachment; and the performances by all hands are considerably more than adequate. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Save Me a Place at Forest Lawn and **The Last Minstrel**—Two one-act plays—the first dreary, the second atrocious—by Lorees Yerby, with Ruth McDevitt, Margaret Hamilton, Sada Thompson, and James Earl Jones. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:45, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A brisk and buoyant production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Summer of Daisy Miller—An unsatisfactory performance of a rather unsatisfactory adaptation of Henry James's perfect novel. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Sally Rand as mistress of ceremonies. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Typists and **The Tiger**—A couple of funny one-acters, each for two characters, give Eli Wallach a chance to display his first-rate talents as an actor and comedian. Mr. Wallach is well supported by his wife, Anne Jackson. The promising dramatist is named Murray Schisgal. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAM

Karmon Israeli Dancers—A company of eighteen appearing here for the first time. (Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

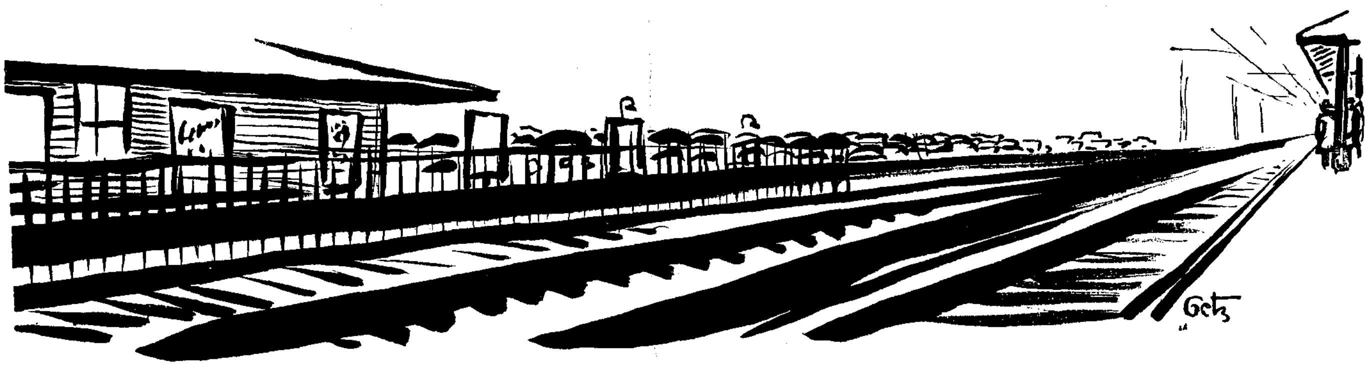
DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): The cavernous Royal Box reopens on Friday, June 14, with Eddie Fisher, a singer austerely known to the trade as Johnny One-Note. A Lester Lanin band will do the dance music. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A contemporary dramatization of "Vanity Fair." Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra are on the dead run all the night. The alcove called the Champagne Room, designed for immobile types, gets along with Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. No dancing Sundays, when just the segment called Perona's is open.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, where the only approved forms of athletics are circumspect dancing and circumspect table-hopping, is shared by Stanley Worth's minute band and the guitar of Renato Rossini, which knows the Riviera all the way from the Costa Brava to Sorrento. They give over on Mondays to another band.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Emil Coleman's large orchestra and Mark Monte's minuscule one bounce along in the Persian Room all evening, except at dinner and supper, when Kitty Kallen takes to the podium and delivers standard brands of ballad in a standard-brand fashion. Closed Sun-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days. . . . ¶ Every day but Monday, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): The Grill, now in a mood to try anything, has hit upon Sue Carson, who has a number of out-of-the-way funny things to say. She's there after nine, and so is Frank D'Rone, a guitarist who does rather well with his three-o'clock-in-the-morning ditties. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The course of empire often makes itself felt in the regal Maisonette, where Peter Duchin's thickly populated and fluent dance band has a night-long partridge-and-champagne picnic on the lawn. Closed Sunday, and closed for the summer after Tuesday, June 11. . . . ¶ La Boite, a haven slight enough to be engraved on the head of a fraternity pin, is full of richly inlaid peace and quiet even when piano and violin are cajolling the dinner and supper guests. Closed Sunday, and closed for the summer after Tuesday, June 11. . . . ¶ The beautiful pink Roof opens Wednesday, June 12, for dinner and supper, and dancing, too, to the orchestra of Charles Turecamo, a bandsman quite familiar to the summer inhabitants of the Hamptons. Walter Kay's group helps out. Closed Sundays.

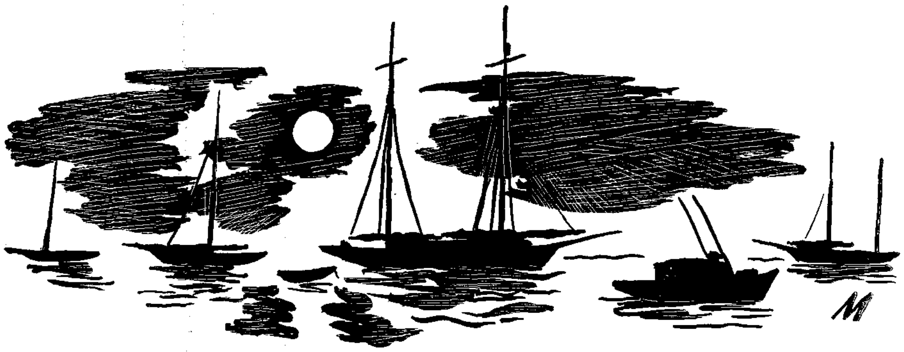
Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The space ship called the Columns has room for the most individualist dancers and their global maneuvers, which are accomplished in the rays of a full-dress moon. Chauncey Gray's orchestra, which is practically Knickerbocker Grays, works (after seven) in concert with Arturo Arturos's Latin trio; from six-thirty to seven, diners get the benefit of Ray Hartley's pleasurable piano. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Mr. Hartley occupies the Café Lounge (from five to six-thirty, and from seven to midnight) every night but Sunday with lots and lots of neatly turned keyboard.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two state occasions operate side by side belowstairs: the suitably widespread Embassy Club (*on y danse* to the orchestras of Gunnar Hansen and Lazaro Quintero from eight-thirty until one) and the compact little Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's violin plies its trade at dinner and supper. Both events suspend on Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (Goldie, that is) Hawkins, Pied Piper emeritus, leads his children (who represent an extraordinary range of ages) only to the bar or the grill. The musicale runs like this: The pensive piano of Sam Hamilton from five-thirty to eight, before his tour of duty at Downstairs at the Upstairs; the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from the latter two. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Eggs Florentine, *pasta* Florentine, opera Florentine. This last ingredient is provided by Aldo Bruschi (piano, concertina, tenor), whose resolute little opera company lives a Puccini sort of *vie de bohème* every night. He also operates a dance trio after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A game of chess, with real knights and real castles, is not beyond the realm of possibilities here. A resident of the realm is Norbert Faconi, dean of the come-be-my-love violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's real-estate deals, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini perambulates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the flight deck of the bar in the Carlton House, Victor del Monte addresses his piano in measured tones between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Die wacht am Tiber*, conducted (with considerable pomp and circumstance) from one of the Seven Hills. A set of jolly street musicians marches up the hill and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper every day but Sunday, when the keys are given to Forrest Perrin. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): There's many a fish (edible) in this private ocean, on the rim of which sits Ralph Strain's piano. His odes to nocturnal ambiance occur between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hard-core but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A rainless plain in Spain, to judge by the topography. The bill of fare and the music, which is Conrad Monjoy's piano, are midtown Manhattan, though. He's there from six to nine-thirty every night but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): The participants (one of them is Miguelito Valdes, a singer of a certain fame) in the small turmoil onstage may be Latin Americans, but they still cling to the mother tongue—flamenco—in song and dance. There's dancing for the patrons, too, every evening, and tea dancing on Sunday afternoons from two to seven. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Make-believe Central Europe at harvest-time, which calls for celebration by violin, zimbalon, and voices (one of which, beginning on Tuesday, June 11, will belong to Lili France). Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman legion is forever on the prowl through this picturesque and lively residential area. Its military band is the ever-so-lightly violin of Herman Honigsberg and a set of acolytes also fitted out with stringed instruments. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an unbridled *femme fatale* in her musical-comedy incarnations, is simply a docile housewife when she does her at-homes (songs, mostly) in this small efficiency apartment and dining room. An accordion or a guitar or a piano talks in whispers whenever she's not front and center. Close-order dancing (the floor is minute) after ten-thirty to the music of a trio, but not on Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, whose piano is courtly and crystal-clear, is at work in the Casino-on-the-Park every night but Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The Old Guard often drills in this armory. The music, though, is more marmalade than martial. It issues from the piano of George Feyer, who's around from cocktails until past the theatre closings. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti's piano beguiles, in European fashion, the hours between five and eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The leisurely dinner hour, from eight to one, gets marginal notations by the guitar of José Luis Franco, who comes from the part of Spain where flamenco is the official language. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Nearly every member of the staff wears two hats—as waiter, as singer—and he'll spout snatches of opera at the drop of either one of them. Closed Mondays. . . . **ABSINTHE HOUSE,** 130 W. 48th St. (CO 5-6571): Herman Chittison's lean, sinewy, good-old-days piano brightens the hours between eight and one-thirty in a small country devoted to charcoal broil and such. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An emotional, and social, outlet for the younger set who are engaged in a couple of the performing arts. Sort of ranch-house in mood and diet, and urged on by a clearly enunciating jazz trio from time to time. Sundays, a piano is the whole music department. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin is making one of his infrequent pilgrimages to New York. He's in the Regency Room cocktail lounge from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Monday, carefully constructing his own special fugues for piano.

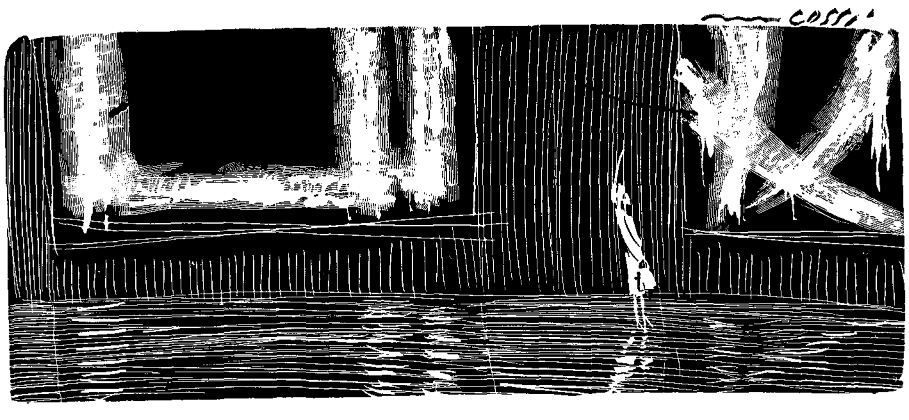
BIG AND BRASSY

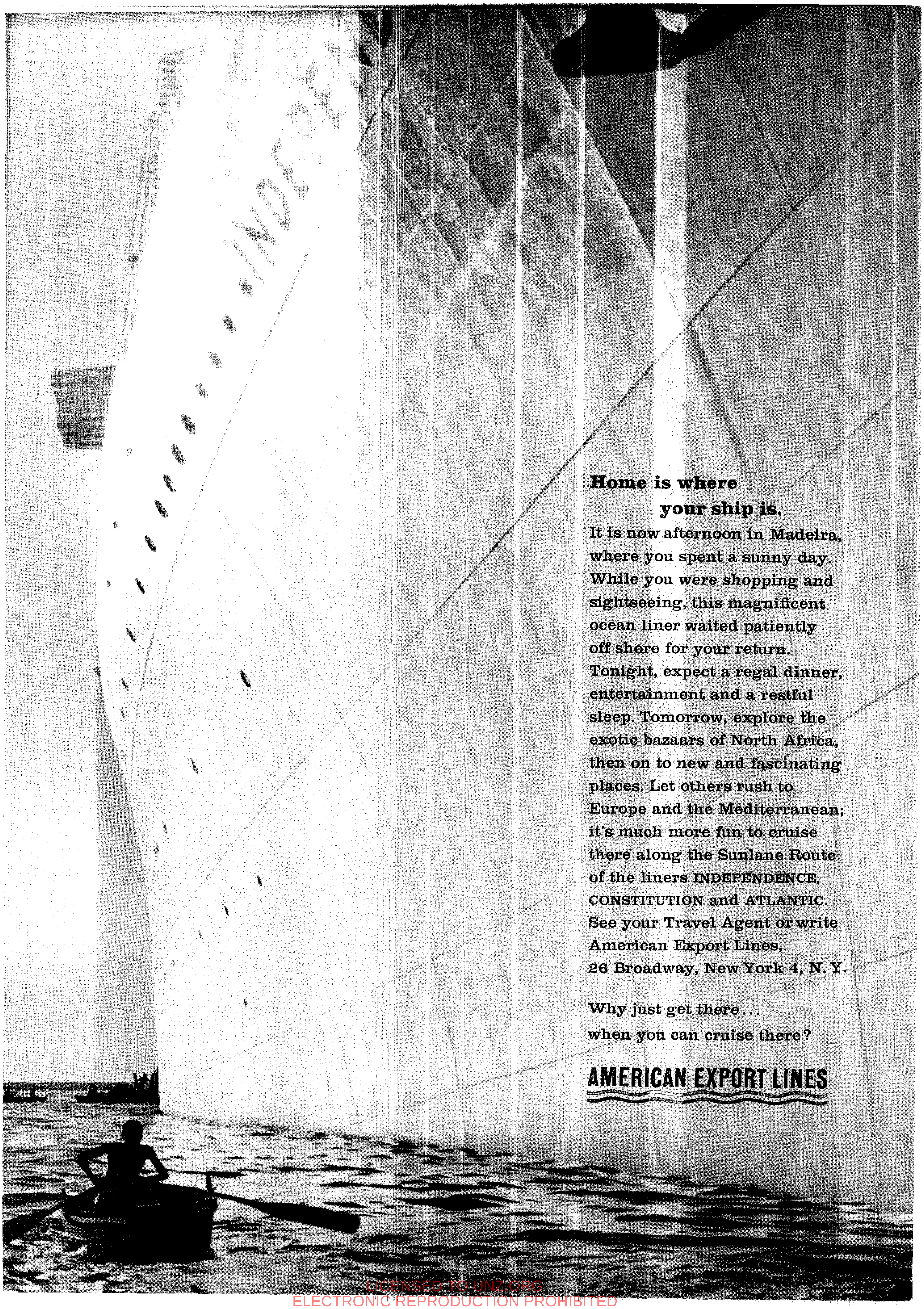
LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Three dozen nudes (or the next thing to it) descending the staircase of paradise enow to bring an ample supply of beauty into all our wan lives. A couple of superb European variety acts, such as acrobatic cyclists and the rough-and-ready pantomiming of the Bernard Brothers, remind one that men still exist, too. Pierre LeBon, a French passion-flower balladeer, also helps out. Tuesday, June 11, is the last night for the Bernards. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Investigating the theorem that all life's a stage, Julius Monk's revue ("Dime a Dozen" is the name) discovers, to its and the audience's infinite merriment, that life is really a theatre of the absurd. The standees on the peak in Darien are Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, Lovelady Powell, Fredricka Weber, Rex Robbins, and Susan Browning; the music is two pianos most properly plied by Carl Norman and Robert Colston. The work program is twice a night every evening but Sunday. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dinner and supper are now, after twenty years, the preamble to the back-room activities, which involve, at the moment, Vaughn Meader, a Presidential candidate with a very elastic New Frontier, plus Allen & Grier, a pair of gentle mockingbirds who have the best of fun at the expense of folk music. On Monday, June 10, Mr. Meader yields place to Woody Allen, dealer in gently hyperthyroid causeries. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Bobby Short, one of the dawn's earliest and brightest lights, gets to his hot-potato piano and trio (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his sidekicks) soon after the theatre, and gets to his first ballad a moment later. Sunday is their solitary day of ease. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): No rose-colored glasses adorn a revue that enlists the valuable services of Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Paul Dooley, Bob Dishy, MacIntyre Dixon, and Barbara Harris. Tom O'Horgan's incidental music occurs largely on his own harp. The charades start at eight-thirty and eleven, except on Saturdays, when there is a third showing, at twelve-thirty, and on Sundays, when there's only an eight-thirty showing. Mondays, darkness prevails. . . . **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): More in anger than in sorrow is frequently the attitude of the new crew of mimes now occupying these editorial offices. Their resultant revue (which is working out prior to its official unveiling, on Thursday, June 13, at seven-thirty) operates Mondays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays at eight and ten-thirty, Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fun and games is the principle of Ronny Graham's namesake, "Graham Crackers," a revue that has aspersions to cast here and there but ties them up with bright-red ribbon. The aspersions are made especially lively by Mr. Graham himself and by Bill McCutcheon, as a pet laughing hyena. Richard Maltby, Jr., and David Shire, inventors of a lot of the words and music, are newcomers of distinction. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS,** the same Mr. Graham shows up at ten on Fridays and Saturdays with an armful of homemade ditties, to take us on a personally conducted tour of the Grand Duchy of Paranoia. Mabel Mercer, who is there all week, is the patron saint of the *chanson d'amour,* which she has raised from mere infancy to a fine art. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. Ten is their hour of arrival, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): The revue imported from London's The Establishment is in its second adulthood, inasmuch as a pride of new skits has lately been inserted. It remains, though, earnestly disrespectful about everything concerning the English-speaking union, and about practitioners of a few other tongues, too. The cast—the flawless John Bird, Jeremy Geidt, John Fortune, Eleanor Bron, and Carole Simpson—is the same. The regimen: nine and eleven-thirty. Teddy Wilson's trio, which is part of the whole thing, does an afterpiece (one-thirty to





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

three in the morning) in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The back room is assigned to South Americans in the rambunctious state of mind that they believe the North Americans expect of them. The customers, no slouches at footwork, are given equal time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. The Sunday *thés dansants*, which run on and on, are bacchanalian. . . . ¶ Off the bar is an alcove so tiny that thirty's a matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A nice little summer festival that includes the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, Dublin purveyors of up-the-rebels song and palaver, as well as the duo of Bernard Peiffer, whose imagination runs riot whenever he sees a keyboard. There's also an afternoon session on Sundays, from four-thirty to seven. All hands depart on Sunday, June 9; on Tuesday, June 11, the arrivals will be the quartet of Stan Getz and the trio of Bob Pozar. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Gerry Mulligan, a Prince Valiant, blows hard and clear at the head of a dedicated quadrangle of modernists; the Limeliters deal blandly and not very seriously with our country music. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A young folks' home for old (and new, too) folk music. Miriam Makeba brings her imperial but infectious majesty to bear on Africana; Lucho Navarro and Tom Paxton live closer to home. Closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The *Kaffeeklatsch* here depends on real coffee, and nothing else. The sounds are made by Judy Henske, an offhand parody of the dead-in-earnest sort of amateur folk singer; by Bill Cosby, a neophyte wit; and by lesser-known characters. Tuesdays, the regulars are off duty. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris and his cohorts—Sidney de Paris and Garvin Bushell among them—are expounding, very much out loud, their version of ancient history. A Twist band is also on hand. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Sol Yaged and a couple of pals, one of them Dick Wellstood, are keeping this Old School house wide open. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): "Assault" and "battery" are the sole notations on the musicians' manuscripts, when there *are* any manuscripts. The Dukes of Dixieland are shooting the works now, and on Friday, June 14, the assignment will be taken on by Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, which operates on a higher and much shriller frequency. Guest performers pick up the instruments (those not too hot to handle) on Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, full of tumult and shouting, are the main bout. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A neighborly bar whose denizens, all believers in furthering progress, keep looking for new sound barriers to scale. Zoot Sims and Al Cohn lead the climbers. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Edmond Hall's mellowed and wistful clarinet is the keynote of the small those-were-the-days band he leads. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Experimental research is the project here. The staff is subject to graduation without notice, but it is reputed (repeat, reputed) that Thelonious Monk, a celebrated pioneer, is among those present. Mondays and Tuesdays, only one band takes the stand. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The swing in Dorothy Donegan's trio is the kind that comes from the floor, and this makes it a fair match for the atmosphere of this rumpus room; Charlie Shavers' quartet is equally bumptious. On Monday, June 10, a new cast arrives. It includes Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, a distinguished group that likes a fast track and an inside one. Sundays, Louis Metcalf's foursome plays for the traditionalists. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The trio headed by Martial Solal, the Algerian Frenchman whose piano recordings have aroused the greatest of expectations, has just settled in behind the bar. No action Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street, where so many of us were brought up, is offering the same sort of courses (Cliff Jackson's piano all week long, plus Danny Barker's trio Fridays and Saturdays) as before. No music Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

MARY ABBOTT—Collages containing poems by Barbara Guest; through Saturday, June 15. (Kornblee, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID BURT—Mobiles and stabiles; through Friday, June 14. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

SOREL ETROG—Abstract bronze sculptures by a Rumanian-born artist; through Saturday, June 8. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

SAM FRANCIS—Abstract oils and lithographs by this American who works in Paris; through June 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

ANTONIO FRASCONI—Lithographs and color woodcuts; through June 28. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Saturdays.)

RICHARD LA BARRE GOODWIN (1840-1910)—Trompe-l'oeil still-lifes; through June 20. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

PETER GRIPPE—Sculptures and collages; through Saturday, June 8. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

RENATO GUTTUSO—Oils and drawings by an Italian artist; through Saturday, June 8. (Merrill, 54 E. 58th St.)

LUCIAN KRUKOWSKI—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, June 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRI MICHAUX—Ink drawings and water colors; through Saturday, June 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRED MITCHELL—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, June 15. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

MEIRYO MIYAHARA—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Wednesday, June 12. (Nihonbashi, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

SHIRYU MORITA—Modern Oriental calligraphy; through Saturday, June 15. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIUSEPPE NAPOLI—Music is the theme of a group of non-objective oils; through June 18. (Insel, 987 Third Ave., at 59th St. Daily, 2 to 8.)

ANNA NEAGOE—Semi-abstract figures, landscapes, and still-lifes; through June 22. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

DON NICE—"Pop" paintings; through Saturday, June 15. (Feigen-Herbert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD PERLIN—Primarily still-life paintings; through Saturday, June 8. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

AUGUSTE RODIN—Seventy sculptures and thirty-eight water colors in an exhibition that coincides with his show at the Museum of Modern Art; through June 26. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

JACK ROTH—Black-and-white drawings; through June 28. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

MIRIAM SCHAPIRO—Imagist paintings; through Saturday, June 15. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

AUDREY SKALING—Constructions of painted wood by a Canadian-born artist; through Saturday, June 8. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

DAVID SMITH—Drawings, 1953-63, by a leading American sculptor; through Friday, June

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Ernst van Leyden—Collages; through Saturday, June 8. (Andrew-Morris, 7 W. 57th St.)

James Weeks—Figures and landscapes by a San Francisco artist; through Saturday, June 8. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Jane Wilson—Landscapes and cityscapes; through Saturday, June 8. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Sculptures—At the BORGENICHT, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Pieces by Leonard Baskin, José de Rivera, Wilfrid Zogbaum, and others; through June 29. (Closed Mondays.)... GERSON, 41 E. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by Naum Gabo, James Rosati, Fritz Wotruba, and seven other sculptors; through Saturday, June 15.

Americans; Group Shows—At the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Reuben Tam, Jack Squier, and Bruce Conner (to name a few); through Friday, June 7.... BABCOCK, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings by, among others, Mary Cassatt, Jasper F. Cropsey, and Marsden Hartley; through Friday, June 7.... CASTELLI, 4 E. 77th St.: Drawings by (for instance) Lee Bontecou, Nassos Daphnis, and Gerald van de Wiele; through June 28. (Closed Mondays.)... GRAHAM, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Fabric banners (wall hangings) by Marisol, Alfred Jensen, George Ortman, and others; through June 28. (Closed Saturdays.)... GRIPPI, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: Decorative objects created by a number of artists (among them Will Barnet, Minna Citron, Seong Moy, and John von Wicht) from their cancelled printing blocks or plates; through Saturday, June 8.... KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Karl Schrag, William Kienbusch, and Robert Laurent are three of the artists represented in a showing of contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through June 28. (Closed Saturdays.)... LEONARD, 141 E. 76th St.: Paintings by two primitives—Estelle Tambak and Sid Gotcliffe—and realistic drawings by Eugenie Baizerman; through Monday, June 10. (Open Friday evenings until 9.)... LEWISON, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century artists, including Ralph Blakelock, George Inness, and George Luks, plus sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Aug. 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)... MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Ernest Fiene, and Waldo Peirce; through June 28.... MILCH, 21 E. 67th St.: John H. Twachtman, Ernest Lawson, Leon Kroll, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.)... ROKO, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: Participants in a painting-and-sculpture show include Herbert Kallem, Walter Williams, and Ann Freilich; through July 2. (Closed Saturdays.)... SCHWEITZER, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, John Singer Sargent, and other turn-of-the-century artists; through Aug. 31.... ZABRISKIE, 36 E. 61st St.: Beach scenes by early-twentieth-century painters, among them Thomas Anshutz, George Bellows, and Yasuo Kuniyoshi; through June 22.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the ELKON, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings by John Wesley, Friedel Dzubas, François Arnal, and others; through June 21.... GALLERY 63, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: Paintings by the gallery artists, including Fausto Pirandello, Stefano Cusumano, and Philip Evergood; through June 28. (Closed Saturdays.)... LEFEBRE, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, Gandy Brodie, and other painters; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.)... PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Bombois, Vlaminck, and Calder are three of the artists represented in a showing of paintings and sculptures; through Friday, June 7.... SAIDENBERG, 10 E. 77th St.: Paintings by, among others, Klee, Feininger, and Baziotes; through Saturday, June 15. (Closed Mondays.)... STEIN, 24 E. 81st St.: A dozen artists (including de Kooning, Picabia, and Schwitters) make up the roster of an exhibition entitled "Painters of the Avant-Garde, 1909-49;" through Saturday, June 15. (Closed Mondays.)... THIBAUT, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Two groups of paintings, one by young Americans (Alex Katz, Vincent Longo, and others) and the other by contemporary Americans and Europeans (Franco Assetto, Hans Hartung, Antonio Music, and others); through July 13. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: A selection from the *Reader's Digest* collection of paintings and sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century French masters, including Cézanne, Renoir, van Gogh, Braque, and Brancusi. For the benefit of the restoration of Villa Boscobel, in Garrison. Through Saturday, June 8.... NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.: "Weimar-Nuremberg-Bonn," an exhibit of eighty twentieth-century German posters never before seen outside Germany; through Saturday, June 15. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through Sunday, June 9.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and such) designed by the last jeweller to the Imperial Russian Court. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures (bronze, marble, terra cotta, and plaster), drawings, water colors, and prints, dating from 1863 to 1917, by Auguste Rodin; through Sept. 8. A good complement to this exhibition is the Rodin showing at the Slatkin Galleries, 115 E. 92nd St.... ¶ "Americans 1963," a fifteen-artist exhibit of paintings and sculptures. Among those represented are David Simpson, Chryssa, and Michael Lekakis. Through Aug. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Gold of the Andes, Treasure of Peru," a collection of some five hundred Incan objects (ponchos to ear ornaments), ranging in date from 200 B.C. to the sixteenth century and lent by Señor Miguel Mujica Gallo of Lima; through July 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, scores, and books by, among others, Lillian Hellman, William Maxwell, and William Carlos Williams. Also paintings, sculptures, and architecture by Jacques Lipchitz, Georgia O'Keeffe, Richard Lippold, Mies van der Rohe, and others; through June 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Evolution of the Buddha Image," various conceptions of Gautama Buddha on loan from museums and private collections in the United States, Europe, and Asia; through June 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Cézanne and Structure in Modern Paintings," consisting of Cézannes borrowed from six private collections, supplemented by works (from the Museum's collection) of artists influenced by him—Braque, Gleizes, Mondrian, and Picasso, to mention a few; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Notable Acquisitions of the Past Two Years" (manuscripts, drawings, printed books, and bookbindings) and "Eighteenth-Century Drawings from the Samuel H. Kress Collection;" through July 26. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Emergence: Student-Craftsmen," examples of work from six representative schools; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—The collection assembled by Robert and Lisa Sainsbury, of London, made up of items from around the world—Greece, Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands, Oceania, Benin, Alaska, and so on; through Sept. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A showing of paintings, sculptures, and drawings (by Ralston Crawford, Reuben Nakian, Josef Albers, and others), acquired during the past year by the Friends of the Whitney Museum and by the Museum; through June 30. . . . ¶ An exhibition of contemporary prints executed by, among others, Robert Goodnough, Larry Rivers, and Adja Yunkers for the New York Hilton at Rockefeller Center; through June 30. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center—Andre Kostelanetz conducting an all-Gershwin program on Thursday, June 6, and Sunday, June 9, at 8:30 (with Veronica Tyler, soprano; McHenry Boatwright, baritone; Agustin Anievas, piano; and the Schola Cantorum of New York); and an all-Tchaikovsky program on Friday and Saturday, June 7-8, at 8:30 (with Arlene Saunders, soprano; Ogden Nash, narrator; and Patricia Wilde and Conrad Ludlow, dancers). . . . ¶ André Previn conducting Wednesday through Friday, June 12-14, at 8:30 (with Mr. Previn as piano soloist; Shelly Manne, percussion; and Red Mitchell, double bass); and Saturday and Sunday, June 15-16, at 8:30 (with Marni Nixon, soprano).

RECITALS

Fernando Germani—The last two in a series of concerts presenting the Bach cycle of organ works. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, June 7, at 8:30, and Sunday, June 9, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Pete Seeger—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, June 8, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Gospel Music Festival—The title tells all. Mahalia Jackson is scheduled to show up for the Sunday session. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, June 8, at 6, and Sunday, June 9, at 3. For tickets, call PL 7-0740.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At the **Polo Grounds**: Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 7, at 8; Saturday, June 8, at 2; and Sunday, June 9, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Monday, June 10, at 8, and Tuesday, June 11, at 2. . . . **Yankee Stadium**: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Wednesday and Thursday, June 12-13, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, June 14, at 8, and Saturday, June 15, at 2.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, June 8: Luis Rodriguez vs. Emile Griffith, 15 rounds, for the World Welterweight Championship. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 15. Wayne Thornton vs. José Menno, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 15; varsity race at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Saturday, June 15.)

Dog Show—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 8.)

Golf—Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Century Country Club and Old Oaks Country Club, Purchase. Tuesday, June 11.) . . . ¶ Thunderbird Classic Invitation Tournament. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Wednesday through Sunday, June 12-16.)

Horse Shows—Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday through Sunday, June 7-9.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. Saturday, June 8.) . . . ¶ Sands Point Horse Show. (Port Washington. Sunday, June 9.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 13-16.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **Blind Brook Polo**

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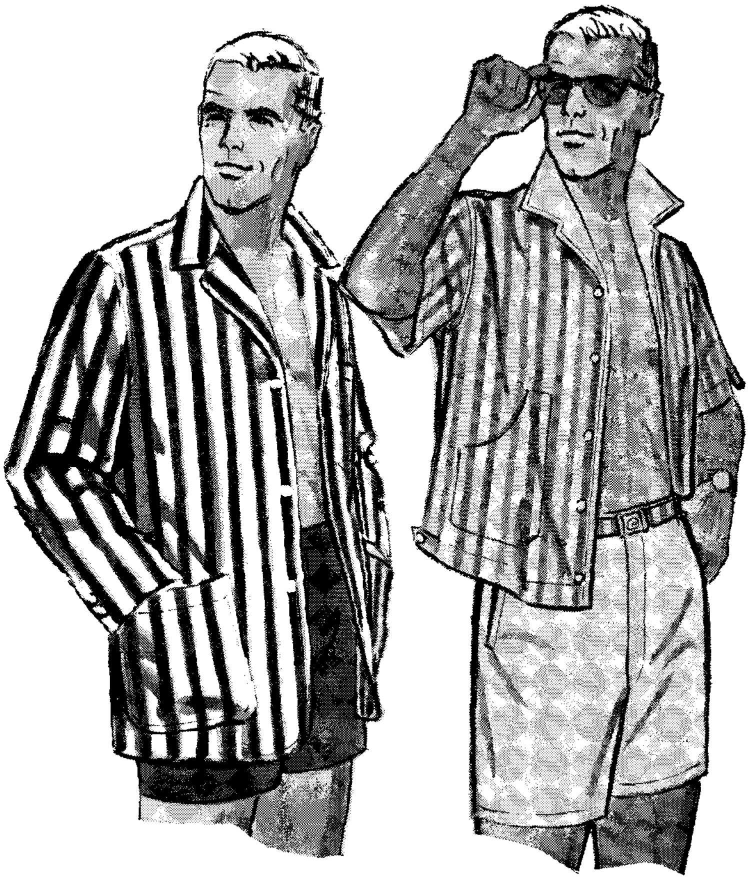

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

CLUB, Purchase. . . . *BETHPAGE POLO FIELDS*, Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—**BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, July 2. The Belmont, Saturday, June 8; the Vagrancy Handicap, Wednesday, June 12; and the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 15. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:48.) . . . **WOODBINE**, *Toronto:* The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 15.

SOCCER—International Soccer League—Sunday, June 9, at 2:15: Mantova vs. Oro and P. Munster vs. Valenciennes. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 12, at 7:30: West Ham United vs. Oro and Recife vs. Mantova. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Friday, June 14, at 3:30, and Saturday, June 15, at 11.

TENNIS—New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Arlington Players Club, Kearny, N.J. Starting Saturday, June 15.)

TRACK—New York Athletic Club Spring Games. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, June 8, at noon.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . *SARATOGA RACEWAY*, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 26.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 8-9.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

FLOWER SHOWS—The annual Flower Mart, sponsored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association, on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral. (Wednesday, June 12, from 9:30 to 5.) . . . ¶ The June Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, June 12, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—Final auctions of the season—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Saturday, June 8, from 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, June 6-7, at 1:45: Garden and terrace furniture, sculptures, and decorations, together with contemporary abstract sculptures by Charles Maillant; the property of Mrs. Patrick B. McGinnis and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 11, at 8: Paintings, sculptures, jewelry, and *objets d'art*, donated by artists and collectors. For the benefit of the United Jewish Appeal, Women's Division. Exhibition starts Friday, June 7.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Yale, Monday, June 10, and Harvard, Thursday, June 13.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock"—Through June 9: "Murder" (1930), with Herbert Marshall. . . . ¶ Starting June 10: "The Skin Game" (1931), with Edmund Gwenn and Jill Esmond. (Showings at 5:30; on Saturdays and Sundays at 3 also. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Billy Budd—A beautiful retelling of the curious Melville novella. Peter Ustinov is the producer and director, as well as one of the leading actors. Also present are Robert Ryan and Terence Stamp, as incarnations of evil and good, respectively. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 12.)

David and Lisa—A touching story about a mentally disturbed boy and girl who find their way back into the world by finding each other. Starring Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Days of Wine and Roses—Wonderful performances by Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick justify your enduring a repellent story, on a level slightly above soap opera, about a young couple hitting the bottle and trying to stop. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; starting June 12.)

Divorce—Italian Style—If you're a handsome young nobleman in Sicily, tired of your wife and in love with a delectable cousin, murder is the one solution to your problem. Here, in a brilliant farce, is how the trick is done. Pietro Germi is the director, and the two stars are Marcello Mastroianni and Sicily. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Dr. No—A depraved Chinese, resident of an island off Jamaica, plans to take over the whole world, but James Bond isn't having any of it. An auspicious beginning to what will probably be a long series of thrillers, based on the Ian Fleming originals. Sean Connery makes a perfect Bond, and there are lots of pretty, collapsible girls all around him. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Freud—How a certain young doctor in Vienna in the eighteen-eighties came to explore the unconscious mind, and what he found there. But the director, John Huston, has made the map of the unconscious a little too easy to read, and Montgomery Clift sounds more like Coolidge than Freud. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through June 11.)

Heavens Above!—The Church of England is the main target of this mild but often funny satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and starring Peter Sellers, Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, Ian Carmichael, and half a dozen other favorites. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Hud—An excellent Western, and more than a Western, thanks to superb performances by Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon de Wilde. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, WI 7-9400; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

A Kind of Loving—An English picture about how hard it is to be young and in love if one is also poor and honorable. Fresh and poignant, owing to the fashion in which John Schlesinger has directed Alan Bates, Thora Hird, June Ritchie, and a dozen others. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 11.)

Lawrence of Arabia—A rendering, in scenes of extraordinary natural beauty, of T. E. Lawrence's famous "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Lawrence was a strange little Englishman who loved Arabia and fought to free it of the Turks, and it is this love that has been well celebrated here. The cast includes Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, and Anthony Quayle, and the director is David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The List of Adrian Messenger—The reason you have to be sure to see this is that there's this dreadful Canadian who has murdered ten perfectly innocent people and is just about to murder an eleventh when along comes . . . In the huge cast, some recognizable and some not, are Kirk Douglas, George C. Scott, Clive Brook, Dana Wynter, Gladys Cooper, Frank Sinatra, Robert Mitchum, and Burt Lancaster. John Huston directed. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—A great play about a thoroughly wretched family eludes the camera, in large part because O'Neill was writing for the ear, not the eye. Making matters worse in three big parts are Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, and Dean Stockwell, though Jason Robards, Jr., is fine in the fourth big part. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; June 9-11.)

The L-Shaped Room—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell as a couple of lonely young people in London who find that love is more trouble than they expected, though not more trouble than it's worth. Sad and funny and well worth seeing. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Mutiny on the Bounty—Marlon Brando as Fletcher Christian and Trevor Howard as Captain Bligh in a high-flown version of a tale that used to be about good and evil but that now concerns the class struggle, sex, and other Hollywood commonplaces. The sea scenes are stupendous. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Sanjuro—A Japanese romance in which a sort of Robin Hood sort of outwits innumerable bad men, to the relief of quite a few good ones. Adroitly directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788.)

The Season for Love—With time on one's hands and lots of pretty women and pretty scenery about, one is apt to become confused. A pleasantly French French comedy, with Daniel Gelin, Françoise Arnoul, and Françoise Prevost, and directed by Pierre Kast. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

Sparrows Can't Sing—A rousing, pell-mell comedy of London lowlife, directed to perfection by the great Joan Littlewood. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Sundays and Cybèle—A beautifully photographed and acted French love story, whose principals are Hardy Krüger, as a war veteran suffering from amnesia; Nicole Courcel, as a nurse who loves him; and Patricia Gozzi, as the entrancing, dangerously amorous child who steals his heart. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting June 12.)

Two Daughters—Sufferings of youth and age, as experienced in the steamy back country of Mother India. Written and directed by Satyajit Ray, from a couple of touching tales by Rabindranath Tagore. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Ugly American—A good movie made from a bad novel. Marlon Brando plays the part of an intelligent but wrong-headed United States ambassador to a mythical republic in Southeast Asia. When Mr. Brando feels like acting, no one can beat him, and this time he felt like acting. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262. . . . ¶ Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; through June 9.)

Winter Light—The latest Ingmar Bergman skirmish with God, pictorially handsome but theologically gloomy. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Wrong Arm of the Law—Peter Sellers back in top form, in a nonsensical farce about cops and robbers in the not very dangerous London underworld. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

REVIVALS

Anna Karenina (1935)—The Garbo triumph. Also with Basil Rathbone and Fredric March. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 12, tentative.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 12, tentative.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 6. . . . ¶ New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 12, evening performances only.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 11.)

La Dolce Vita (1961)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 11-12.)

I'm All Right, Jack (1960)—An English film in which the dizzy operations of a missile plant, mismanaged by capitalists and slowed down by workers, are described. With Peter Sellers, Margaret Rutherford, and Ian Carmichael. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 12.)

The Joker (1961)—Jean-Pierre Cassel plays a young man about Paris determined to conquer every woman he encounters. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 6.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau; directed by François Truffaut. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 7.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 11.)

The Kitchen (1961)—A short, ugly, extremely impressive rendering of life among the hard-pressed help of a big and probably dreadful London restaurant. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; June 9-11.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961)—De Laclos's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 6.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner (1942)—Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley in the Kaufman-Hart comedy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 7-8.)

The Mark (1961)—An account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 11, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

The Red Badge of Courage (1951)—John Huston's screen version of the Stephen Crane story about the Civil War. With Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 11.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut wrote and directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 7.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 12.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 9-10, last showing at 1:45.)

This Strange Passion (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 7-10.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 15.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
DR. NO.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060) "How the West Was Won." (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

De Mille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431) "Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320) "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600) "Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408) **THE SEASON FOR LOVE** (in French); and "The Game of Love" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Nicole Berger.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626) "55 Days at Peking," Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
HUD.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through June 9: **THE UGLY AMERICAN.**
June 10-11: Theatre closed.
From June 12, at 8: "Cleopatra," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Will Rogers Memorial Fund. For information about tickets, call BR 9-1762.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
SANJURO (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540) "Diary of a Madman," Vincent Price.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014) To be announced.

New Charles, Ave. B. at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through June 11: **THE MARK**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From June 12: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through June 11: "The Birds," Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy.
From June 12: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**; and "Island of Love," Robert Preston, Tony Randall.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 11: **A KIND OF LOVING**; and "Love Is a Ball," Glenn Ford, Hope Lange.
From June 12: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French).

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668) "To Kill a Mockingbird," Gregory Peck, Mary Badham; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
DR. NO.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd (PL 3-2434)
THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
HEAVENS ABOVE!

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE UGLY AMERICAN.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 11: "The Birds," Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy.
From June 12: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**; and "Island of Love," Robert Preston, Tony Randall.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE L-SHAPED ROOM.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
DAVID AND LISA.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663) "Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
HUD.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
SPARROWS CAN'T SING.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
TWO DAUGHTERS (in Bengali).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
WINTER LIGHT (in Swedish).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302) "To Kill a Mockingbird," Gregory Peck, Mary Badham.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through June 12: "The Great Caruso," revival, Mario Lanza.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 11: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford; and "Term of Trial," Laurence Olivier, Simone Signoret.
From June 12 (tentative): "The Birds," Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180) "55 Days at Peking," Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 11: "The Birds," Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy.
From June 12: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**; and "Island of Love," Robert Preston, Tony Randall.

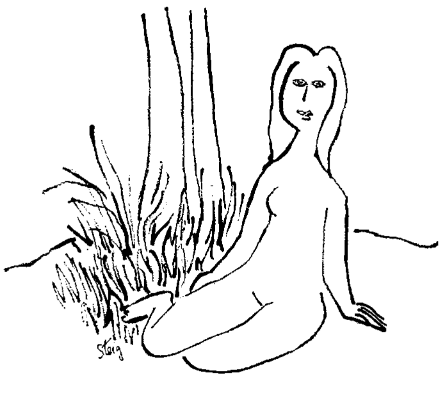
Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 8: "Werewolf in a Girls' Dormitory," Barbara Lass, Carl Schell; and "Corridors of Blood," Boris Karloff, Betta St. John.
June 9-12: "The Great Caruso," revival, Mario Lanza; and "Show Boat," revival, Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
June 6: **THE JOKER** (in French), revival; and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer.
From June 7: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** and **JULES AND JIM** (both in French and both revivals).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 8: "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), revival, Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
June 9-11: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT**; and **THE KITCHEN**, revival.
From June 12: **BILLY BUDD**; and **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 11: **JULIUS CAESAR**, revival; and **THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE**, revival.
From June 12 (tentative): **ANNA KARENINA**, revival; and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival.



5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 8: "Werewolf in a Girls' Dormitory," Barbara Lass, Carl Schell; and "Corridors of Blood," Boris Karloff, Betta St. John.
June 9-12: "The Great Caruso," revival, Mario Lanza; and "Show Boat," revival, Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 11: "The Small Hours," revival, Michael Ryan, Lorraine Avins; and "Something Wild," revival, Carroll Baker, Ralph Meeker.
From June 12: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050) "55 Days at Peking," Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406) "The Temptress and the Monk" (in Japanese).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590) To be announced.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448) "In the Cool of the Day," Jane Fonda, Peter Finch.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454) "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131) "Black Fox," a documentary film on Adolf Hitler, with a narration by Marlene Dietrich.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through June 8: "Werewolf in a Girls' Dormitory," Barbara Lass, Carl Schell; and "Corridors of Blood," Boris Karloff, Betta St. John.
From June 9: "The Great Caruso," revival, Mario Lanza; and "Show Boat," revival, Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 6: "Gunga Din," revival, Cary Grant; and "Sweet Smell of Success," revival, Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis.
June 7-8: **THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER**, revival; and "A Night at the Opera," revival, the Marx Brothers.
June 9-10 (last showing at 1:45): **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival; and "Dark Victory," revival, Bette Davis, George Brent.
June 10, at 6:15, 8, and 9:45: "Husbands and Lovers" (silent), Emil Jannings, Elisabeth Bergner; and "The Golf Specialist," revival, W. C. Fields.
June 11-12: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival; and "The Lady with the Dog" (in Russian).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 11: "I Could Go on Singing," Judy Garland, Dirk Bogarde; and "The Bachelor Party," revival, Don Murray, E. G. Marshall.
From June 12: **BILLY BUDD**; and **I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK**, revival.

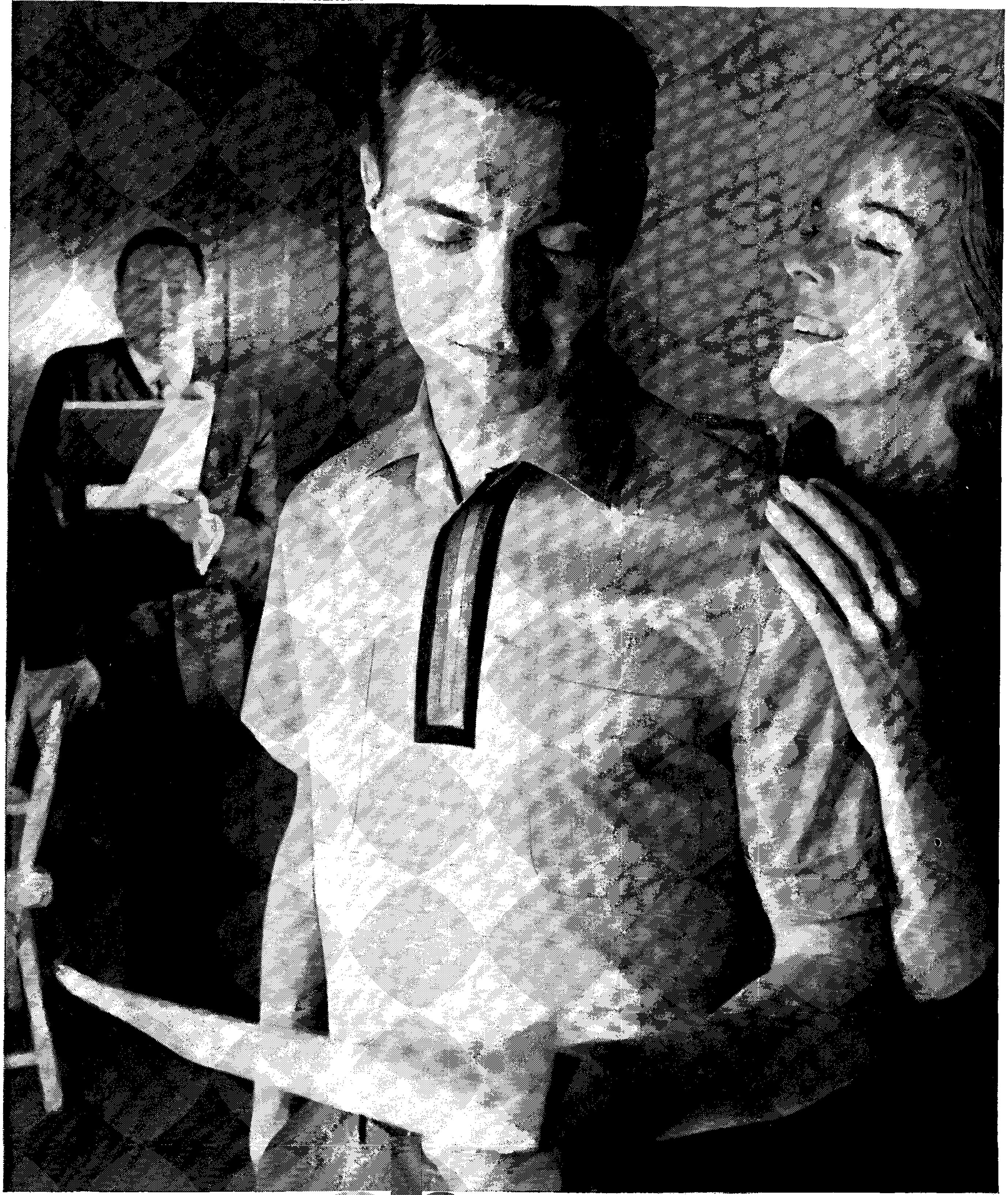
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 6: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French), revival.
June 7-10: **THIS STRANGE PASSION** (in Spanish), revival; and "The Blood of a Poet" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
From June 11: **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and "Cyrano de Bergerac," revival, José Ferrer, Mala Powers.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through June 11: "The Birds," Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy.
From June 12: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**; and "Island of Love," Robert Preston, Tony Randall.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 11: **FREUD.**
From June 12: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French).

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through June 11: "Werewolf in a Girls' Dormitory," Barbara Lass, Carl Schell; and "Corridors of Blood," Boris Karloff, Betta St. John.
From June 12: "The Great Caruso," revival, Mario Lanza; and "Show Boat," revival, Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel.

FROM THE AMERICAN BEMBERG FASHION THEATER



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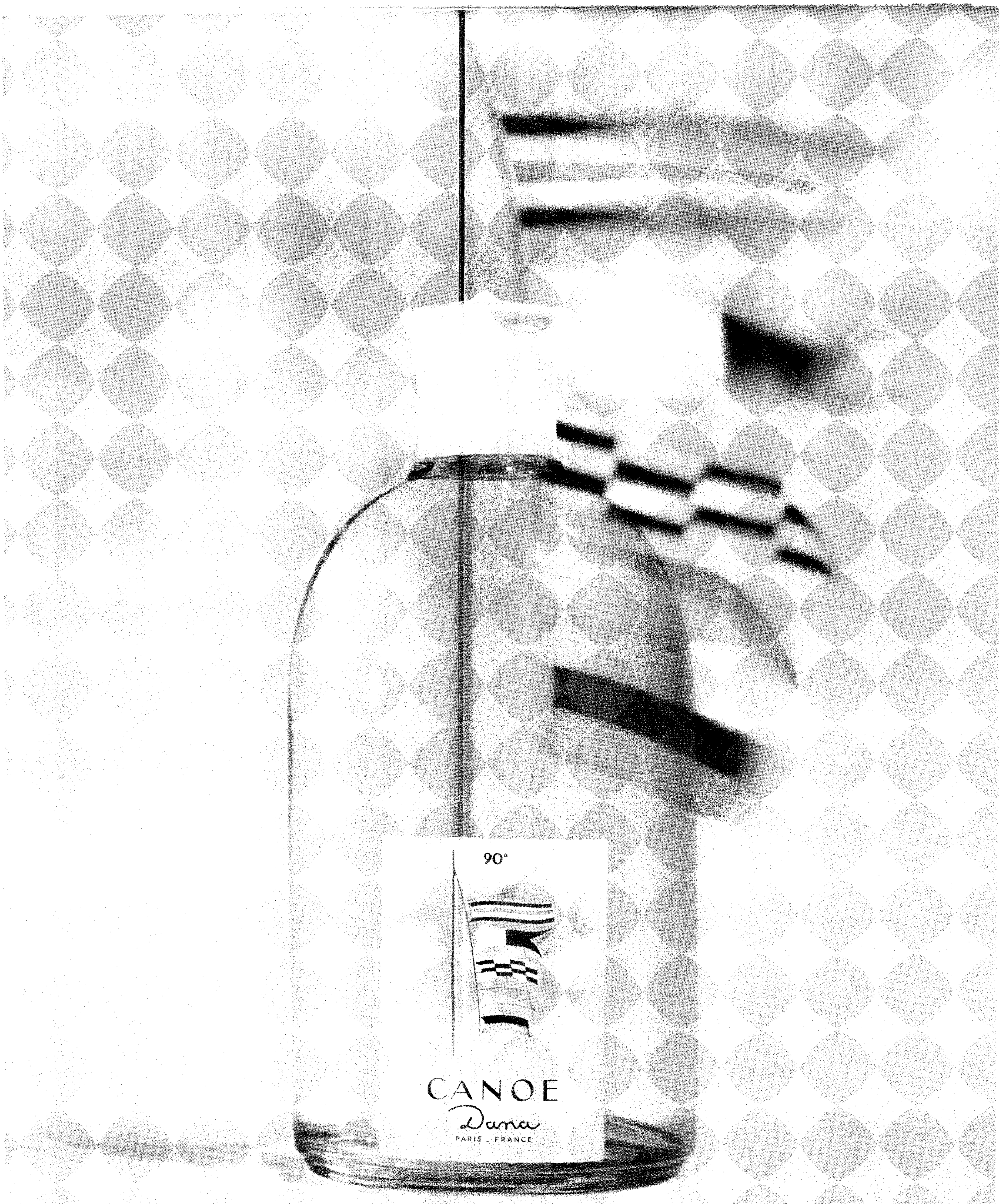
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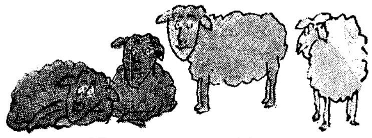

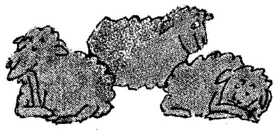

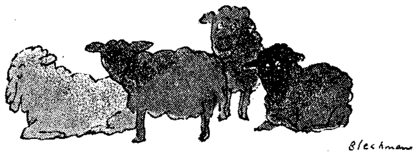

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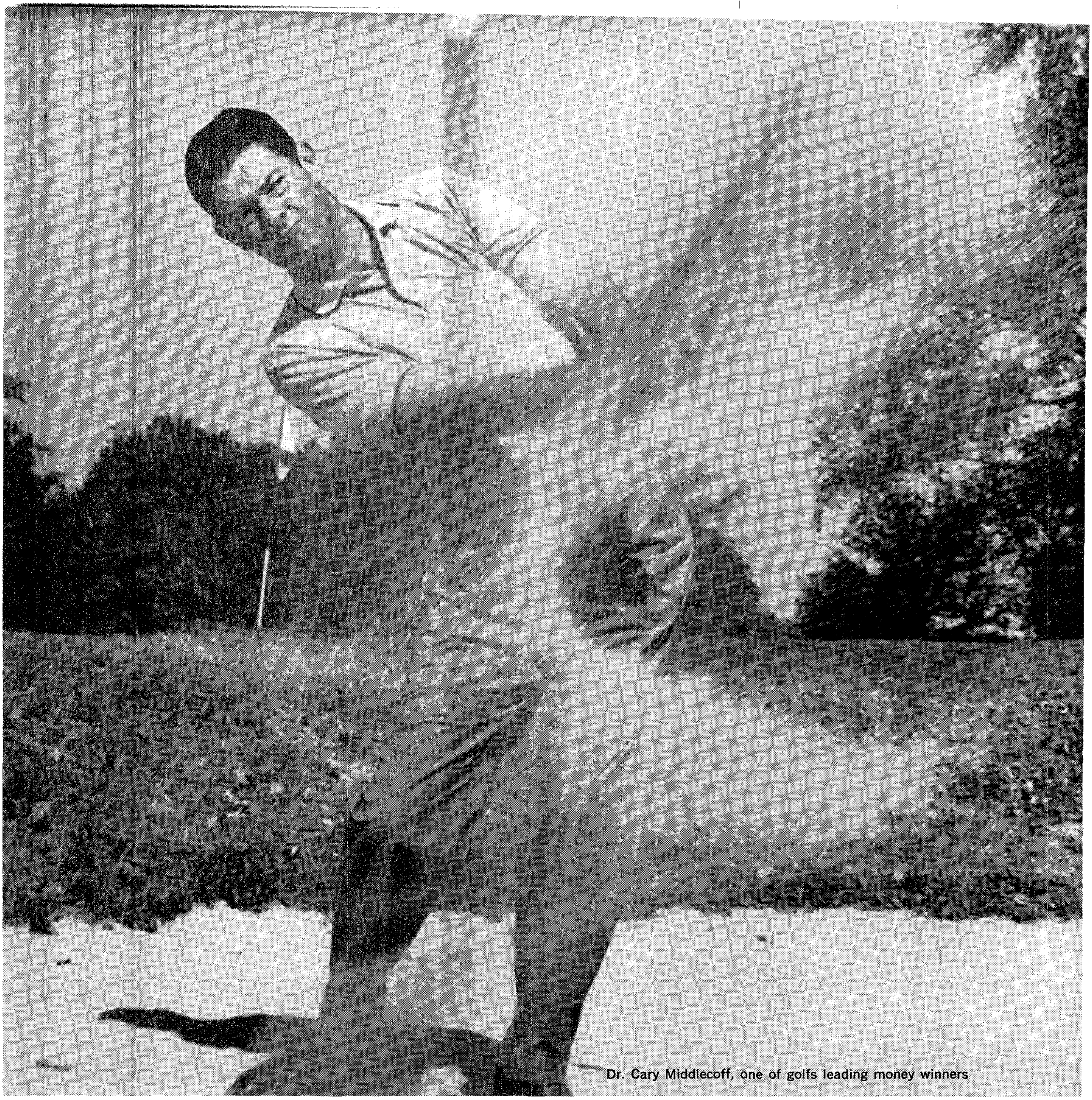

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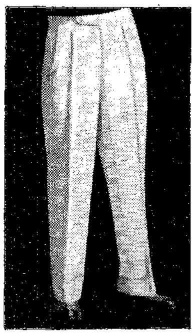

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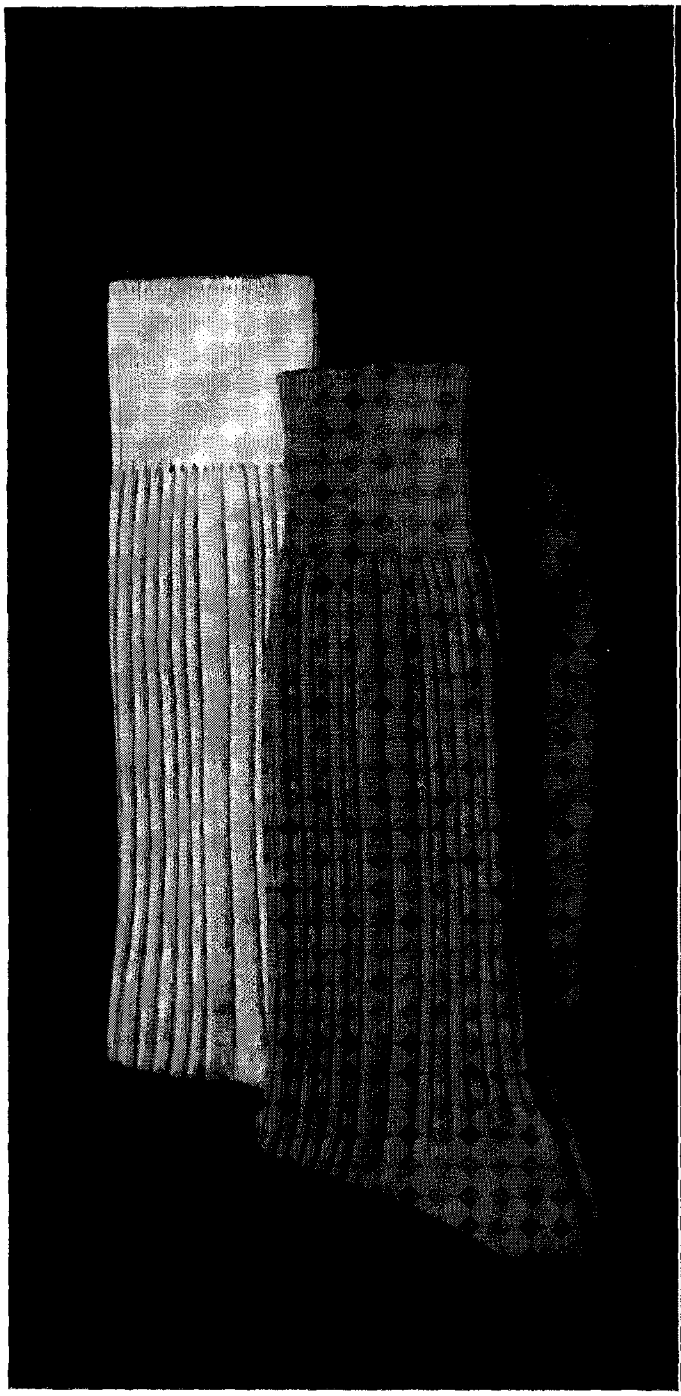

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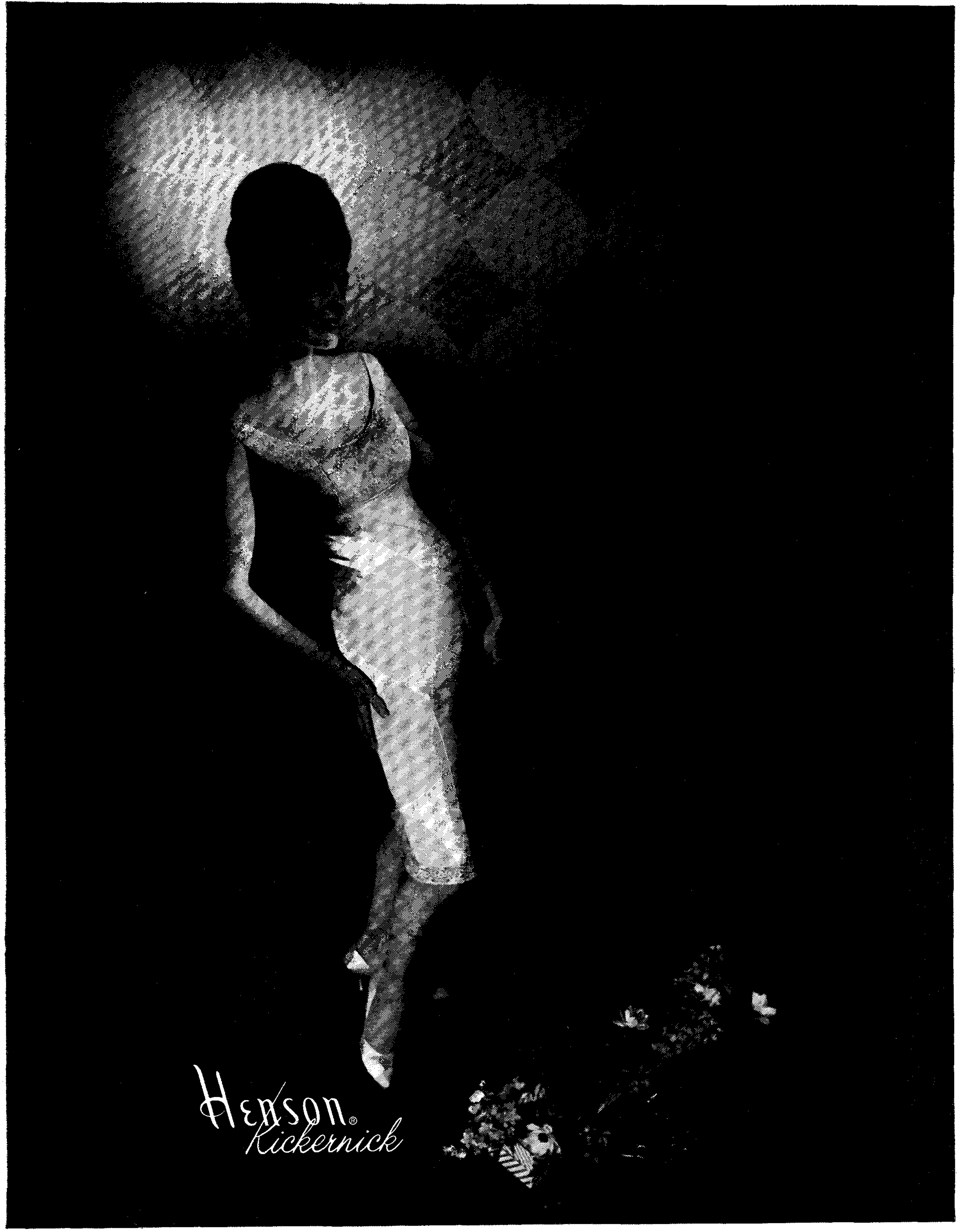

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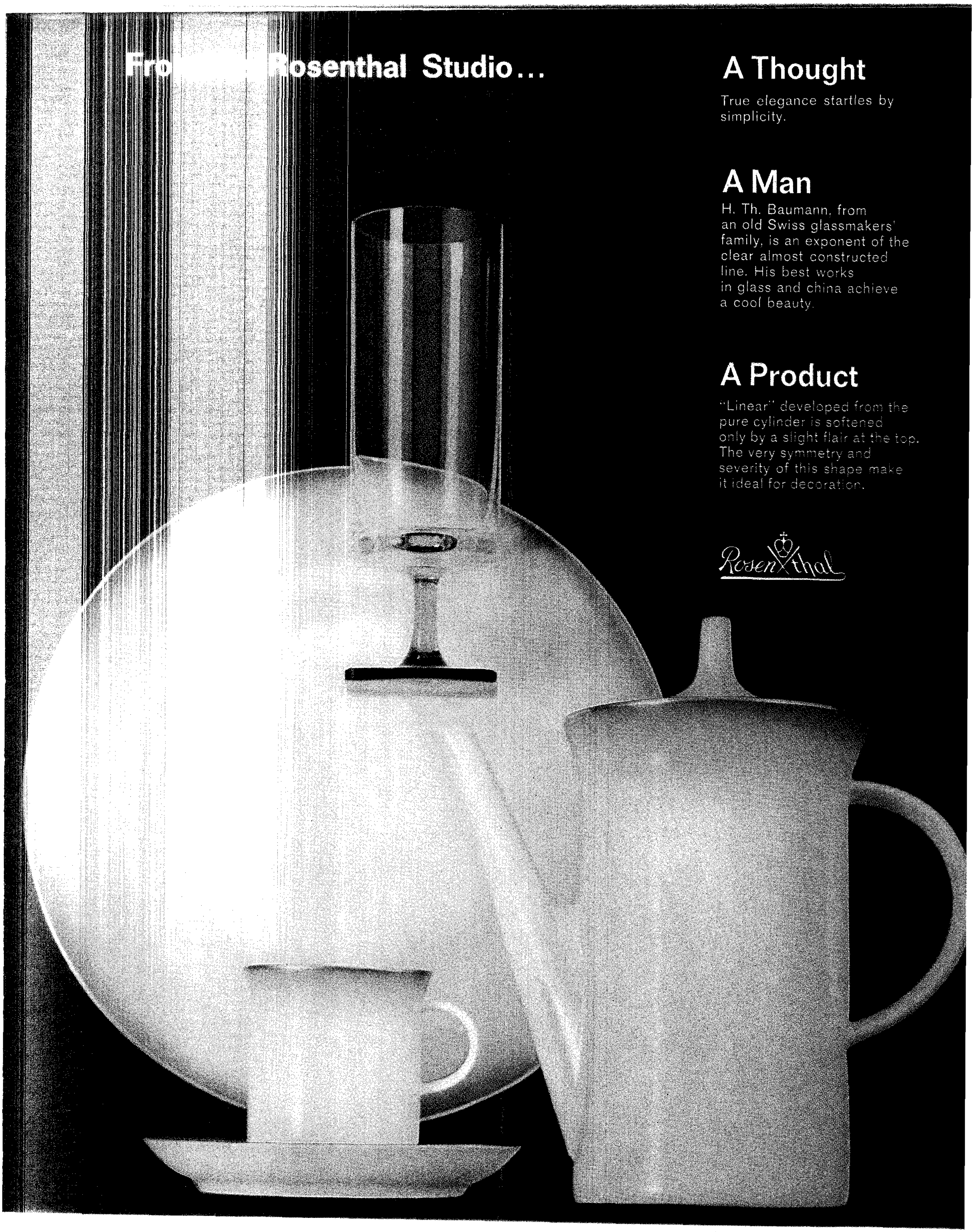

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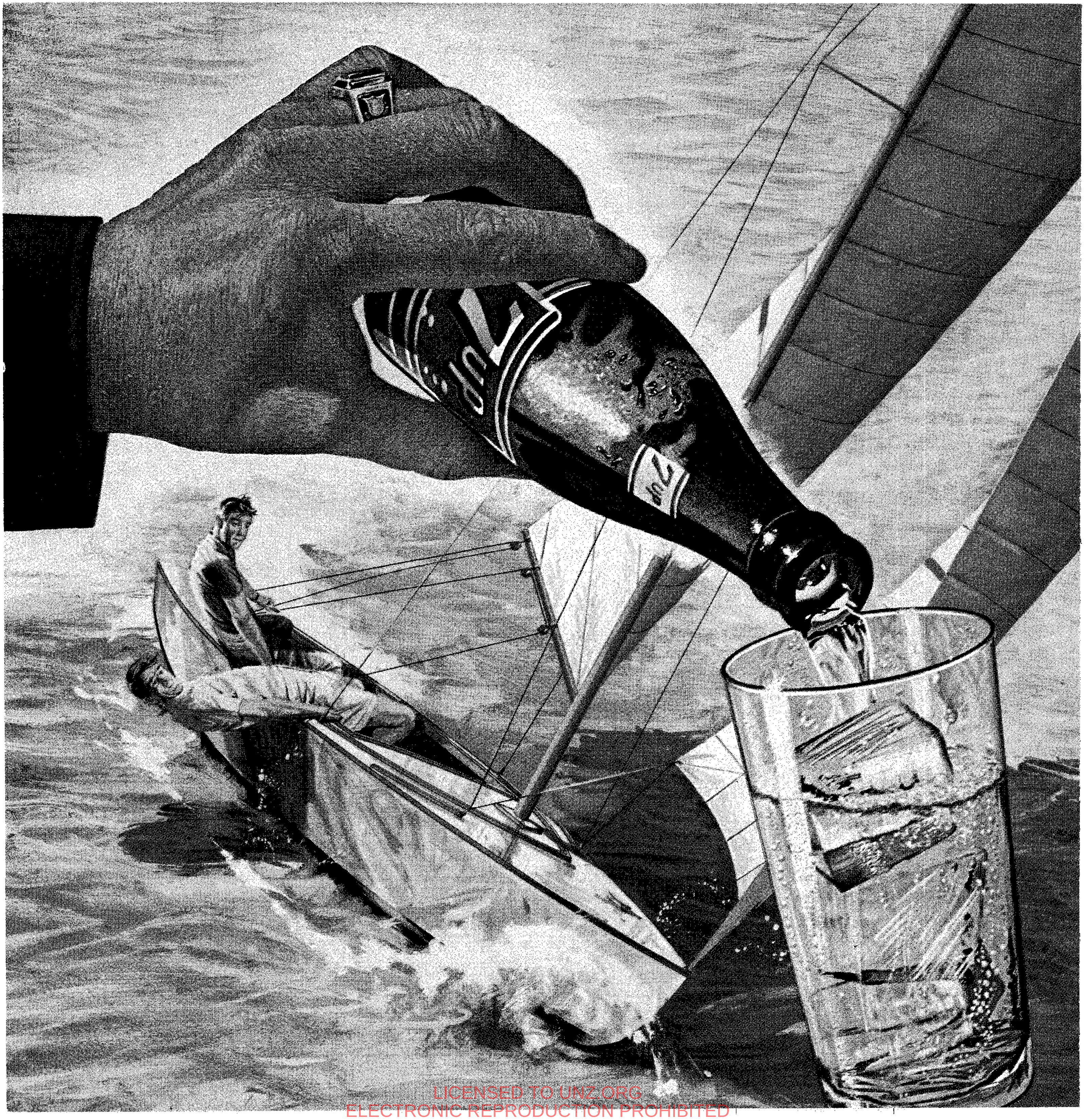

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win at tennis
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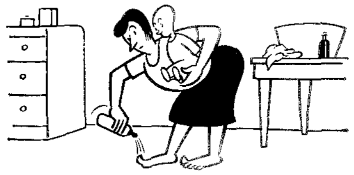
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THESE are hard times for old wives. Another of their tales has just been "discredited" by modern science, we learn from Dr. Louis Lasagna, writing in the *Times Magazine*. The tale is that babies prefer warm milk to cold, and the method used to demolish this belief was to give some infants one and some the other, meanwhile observing "weight gain, sleep, crying, and the like." No differences being found, the tale was declared void. If we were an old wife, we would not accept this ruling without further research. We suggest that the old wives gather up a group of doctors and that they feed half of them normally and nourish the other half on such dishes as cold spaghetti, cold fried eggs, and cold Brussels sprouts, meanwhile observing weight gain, sleep, crying, and the like. It is conceivable that they might win a reversed decision.

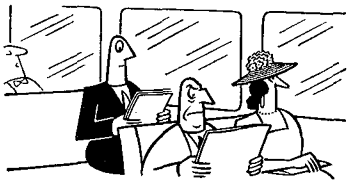
WE were greatly struck by another problem that occurred to Dr. Lasagna—this one while he was discussing the testing of babies' formulas for warmth. "Why is it," he asks, "that anatomic thermometry traditionally demands the wrist for milk, the elbow for baby's bath and the toes for pools and oceans?" The more one thinks about this problem, the more baffling it seems. Why, after all, doesn't the busy mother simply remove her shoes and stockings and test the formula on her toes? Why doesn't the swimmer fall prone on the beach and test the dancing waves with an agile elbow, or stretch out at poolside and delicately test the water with his wrist? Why doesn't Mom scramble up on a chair and investigate the bathinette with a dainty foot? We can't imagine, but can readily see that there is a real opportunity here for some young scientist to make a name for himself.



Meeting

THERE'S nothing like an invitation from the nation's capital, and a good train trip, to enlarge one's frame of reference. Dr. Caryl P. Haskins, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, recently invited us to the annual evening meeting of that body to listen to Dr. Philip H. Abelson, director of its Geophysical Laboratory, "describe some of his recent and most exciting work," and to attend a reception honoring the members of the Board of Trustees and their wives, so we bade a tearful farewell to the Morgan Library, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museums of Modern, Primitive, and Spanish Art, the Museums of Natural History and Contemporary Crafts, the New York Botanical Garden, the Bronx Zoo, and the rest of our local institutional friends, and entrained for the South. We took with us some Institutional literature that Dr. Haskins' office had thoughtfully sent us. By the time we reached Newark, we knew that our corporate host stemmed from a 1902 deed of trust in which Andrew Carnegie conveyed ten million dollars (he later added twelve million) "to found, in the city of Washington, an Institution which with the coöperation of institutions now or hereafter established, there or elsewhere, shall in the broadest and most liberal manner encourage investigation, research, and discovery." By the time we reached Trenton, we knew that the Institution, although organized in its early days into fourteen wide-ranging departments, including Economics and Sociology, and Historical Research, was chiefly scientific in its orientation from the start, its first president—Daniel Coit Gilman, also the first president of Johns Hopkins University—being a geographer, and departments of Experimental Evolution, Marine Biology, and Terrestrial Magnetism being started in 1904, with Geophysics and Botanical Research following a year or two later; that as time went on, the physical sciences came to prevail, partly because of that conditioning noun "discovery" in the Institution's charter; and that this consideration led to the discontinuance not only of Economics and Sociology, Historical Research, and Experimental Evolution but of Meridian Astrometry, Nutrition, and Archeology as the frontier characteristics of these fields receded.

"It established a new kind of institution for America," we read in Dr. Haskins' latest annual report, as the train started up again, "the first to be devoted wholly and completely, in intent and philosophy, to the ideal of research scholarship over wide fronts of science in its broadest, most unfettered, most completely uncommitted aspect," and by the time we got to Philadelphia we knew that this devotion is currently channelled through six research centers: the Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories, in Pasadena (operated jointly with Cal Tech); Dr. Abelson's Geophysical Laboratory and the aforementioned Department of Terrestrial Magnetism, both in Washington; the Department of Plant Biology, in Stanford, California; the Department of Embryology, in Baltimore; and the Genetics Research Unit, in Cold Spring Harbor.



Thanks to the Institution's 1961-62 yearbook, Wilmington found us privy to such Genetics triumphs as "the elucidation of the genetic principles underlying the development of hybrid corn . . . an agricultural innovation which by 1952 was estimated to have brought an economic gain for the United States of almost forty billion dollars" and, during the Second World War, "studies of mutations occurring under X-ray bombardment in the famous mold *Penicillium,* [resulting in] the development of a strain of that fungus which produced three to five times as much of the vitally needed penicillin as the highest-yielding strains then known," and also to such Geophysical milestones as the solution of "the age-old riddle of cement" and "studies in the field of low-expansion quartz glasses that proved basic to the evolution of Pyrex—a program which during the First World War supplied the United States with ninety-seven per cent of its requirements for optical glass."

By the time we gained Baltimore, our studies had expanded to a point where we were able to digest, more or less, Dr. Haskins' account of three more Institutional "advances in natural knowledge," to wit:

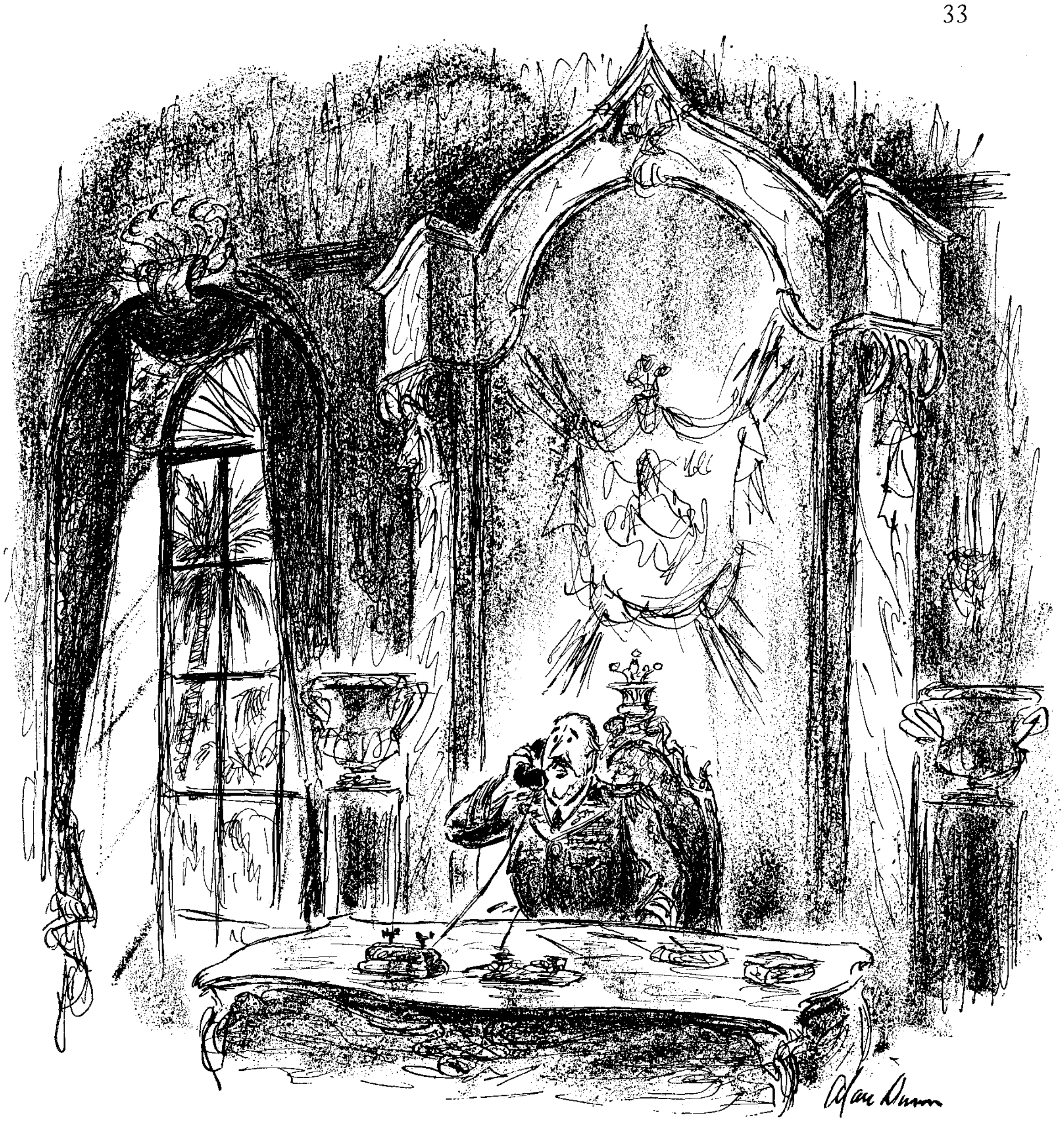
> The first example may comprehend that immense complex of research and development dedicated to the placing of man in outer space and ultimately on the moon or on neighboring planets. . . . The second is of quite a different kind. It involves an achievement in astronomy of the year just past which in the staggering distances with which it deals emphasizes anew what a thin terrestrial shell is the outer space so far entered by man. It is the identification of what has proved to be by far the most remote celestial object ever discovered in the heavens—an object certainly billions of light years distant from us—and the measurement of the redshift of its spectrum. The third selected area of advance may in some ways be the most profound of all, though it is far from the best known. It includes the experimental evidence so brilliantly obtained in the last few years, and the reasoning directing the search for it, indicating beyond reasonable doubt that the information governing the inheritance of all the qualities of living things is structurally graven on the chromosomes within their germ cells in the form of a genuine code. It includes, as a climax, the demonstration of the general nature of that code, which the year just past has witnessed. These findings may well mark the greatest single advance in genetics since the demonstration five decades ago that the genes of heredity lie in the chromosomes in a linear array.

Our chromosomes incline to the humanities, and, somewhat bushed, we coasted into Union Station on a reverie of Institution trustees. Analyzing the list—twenty-three names—we found them divided between laymen and scientists in a ratio of about five to three. Most of the former are what might be called (we trust not pejoratively) money men, among them Walter S. Gifford, Crawford H. Greenewalt, Robert A. Lovett, Henry S. Morgan, Juan T. Trippe, and General Omar N. Bradley (chairman of the board of the Bulova Watch Company), while the latter include, besides Dr. Haskins, Vannevar Bush, his presidential predecessor; Alfred L. Loomis, physicist; Seeley G. Mudd, former dean of the medical school of the University of Southern California; and William W. Rubey, professor of geology and geophysics at the University of California—doctors of science one and all. There is one lady trustee—Margaret Carnegie Miller, the only child of the Settlor.

Many of these, and their wives, were at that night's meeting, which took place in the Institution's great porticoed building on P Street, in an auditorium whose ceiling was decorated with phases of the moon. Dr. Abelson, who looks a good deal like the late Charles Laughton, delivered a slide-illustrated talk, "Chemicals from Ancient Life," casually, as though addressing a postgraduate group of geophysicists; he threw most of his lines away. We are now in a position to report, *nudis verbis*, that organic chemicals, synthesized by living forms and buried in sedimentary rocks, provide a source of information, most of it still undeciphered, on evolutionary processes going back five hundred and fifty million years, to the time when the first trilobites began to show up; that the most ancient rocks, thirty-three hundred million years old, reflect no signs of life; that two-thousand-million-year-old deposits of flint on the north shore of Lake Superior, which were knocked off chert outcrops with a ten-pound sledgehammer by Dr. Abelson and Professor Elso S. Barghoorn, of Harvard, and have since been studied in Harvard and Institute laboratories, have revealed microscopic structures of algae; and that the first vertebrates began to appear four hundred million years ago. Dr. Abelson went on to say, in a remarkably mild voice, that their fossils (Pre-Cambrian) are extremely rare, and that the chief key to their existence lies in the organic chemicals they have left—or, rather, the fraction thereof that hasn't been destroyed or consumed through biological action, or even *without* biological action. "A familiar example is the action of air on fats," he continued. "Most living matter contains roughly a third of this material. In turn, most fats contain unsaturated fatty acids. The homemaker knows that fatty meats

become rancid in the refrigerator, or even in the deep freeze, after a few months, and this is due to the action of oxygen. Other materials, such as some amino acids, are less easily affected, but at room temperature in air even the most stable compounds are destroyed in about a hundred thousand years. Fortunately for geochemistry, there are many environments in which oxygen is absent, and under these circumstances material can be preserved."

"Remember when you used to take me dancing?" a homemaker in the row in front of us whispered to her escort, and presently, our mind reeling with words and phrases like "polymer," "kerogen," "isopentane," "isohexane," "olefins," "volatile esters," "sixteen-carbon saturated palmitic acid," "gas-liquid chromatography," and "isotopic fractionation in photosynthesis," we found ourself at a champagne-punch-saturated reception, where Dr. Haskins regaled us with an account of his experiments in crossbreeding Angulifera and Promethea moths.



"Yes, this is El Presidente—but, oh dear! I hear shots!"

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End of the Line

EXCERPT from a letter by a fourteen-year-old girl reporting to a friend on the gifts she received after graduating from junior high: "And Grandma gave me a diary. It is a nice diary, but it is awfully late to start a diary now. Everything has happened."

Face to Face

"WE have come here to get in touch with souls, not stones." Such were the baroquely eloquent words that greeted us at a cocktail party given a few days ago at the Waldorf, and, as you might expect, the source of this eloquence was an Italian—a baroquely handsome, dark-haired young man of thirty-four named Count Giannino Marzotto, who had brought to this country a hundred and fifty members of something known as the Incontro Club. The club has a total of about twelve hundred members, and the great majority of them are workers in one or another of the many firms owned by the Count's family. "The Italian word '*incontro*' means literally 'a face-to-face meeting,' and I like to emphasize that we're not ordinary tourists," the Count told us. "We try to understand each country we visit by studying institutions instead of museums and public buildings, and we take care to meet as many individuals as possible. My family believes that it is good business to have intelligent, well-informed employees, who have acquired a first-hand knowledge of other peoples and other countries."

The Count having turned to greet more guests, we fell in with an aide, who provided us with a brief history of the Marzottos, a North Italian family equally famous for wealth and benignity. Starting in 1836 with a woollen mill in the village of Valdagno, generations of Marzottos have gradually stitched together a corporate grab bag that includes five enormous textile plants, three clothing factories, a chain of modern hotels—all called by the distinctly un-Mediterranean name of Jolly—and a seven-thousand-acre farming operation near Venice. Count Gaetano Marzotto, the present head of the family, has five sons; the eldest is a deputy in the Italian Parliament, three others direct various divisions of the empire, and the youngest is a law student. (Our Waldorf Count enjoyed, in his extreme youth, a brilliant automobile-racing career; he gave it up in 1953 to become the director of the textile division.) The Marzottos live in something like feudal splendor in a string of villas outside Valdagno, and practice, in respect to their twenty thousand employees, a benevolent paternalism almost unique in Italy. Over the years, they have subsidized housing, sponsored coöperatives and mutual funds, and established lavish recreational facilities on the Adriatic.

Last spring, when Gaetano Marzotto & Figli agreed to participate in a trade fair held in Moscow, Count Giannino sent along with the company exhibit eighty-four employees, ranging from factory workers to top executives. The success of this improvised tour led to the formation of the Incontro Club, whose stated purpose is to plan and sponsor low-cost cultural tours for Marzotto employees and residents of Valdagno. Italy is a very class-conscious country, but the Incontro tours are notably egalitarian. Accommodations are alike for everyone, and the cost of a given tour depends entirely on one's salary and status within the company. Executives generally pay the full cost of a trip, clerical workers pay about a half, and factory workers pay about a third. (The current two-week tour of the United States will cost a factory worker a mere hundred and fifty dollars; the actual cost is six hundred dollars a head.)

The Count rejoined us, to say that Italians used to feel that they had no need to travel. "After all, we thought, we have Rome, which is so obviously the center of the universe," he said. "Fascist propaganda reinforced this parochial point of view by constantly preaching that beyond the frontiers of Italy lay barbarism. Now that we are developing a democracy, our old ideas are changing. As more people take part in the actual government of the country, more people will be called upon to decide international problems. We *must* build up a body of people who are well informed about the outside world. Books, newspapers, magazines, and films are not enough; one's knowledge must be first-hand."

Up came a tall, bearded man, who was introduced to us as Professor Gian Battista Lusiani, head of the hospital in Valdagno and president of the Incontro Club. "If people learn to understand each other at all levels, there will be a general widening of horizons," he said. "That is the spirit which animates our club. Our members are required to prepare for these trips by studying before they leave home. We have lectures, show films, and provide books and pamphlets. We divide the group into units of six and give each unit a specific area for research. In the course of our stay here, one unit will try to determine the standard of living of an average American family, another unit hopes to interview representatives of your various religious denominations, and a third will concentrate on labor unions. When we return home, the members of each unit will deliver a report to the entire club on what they have learned."

The Professor thereupon courteously introduced us to two or three Incontro tourists. One, a pretty blonde from Pisa, told us that she was astonished to discover how green America is. "I thought of your country as a heap of enormous skyscrapers," she said. "Instead, you have a *campagna* that looks as if it had been invented by Walt Disney. Yesterday, we went to Hartford, where we were all impressed by the lovely gardens and lawns, the comfortable houses." Another traveller, a man who directs a Marzotto clothing store in Rome, told us that he was struck by the American interest in the individual. "In Hartford, the Governor of Connecticut insisted on shaking hands with every one of us," he said. "An Italian prefect would never take the trouble to do that." And a third traveller, a dark-eyed girl from Valdagno, said that what surprised her most was that everyone in the United States appeared to be a Marzotto. "I've seen so many men and women rushing around in big cars," she said. "Back home, even if a family had a big car, I don't think the men would let the women drive around in it. In Italy, men try to keep their wives at home as much as possible."

"*Poveretta!*" said the man from Rome. "You will have a hard time getting used to Valdagno again."

"Valdagno will change," said the dark-eyed girl.

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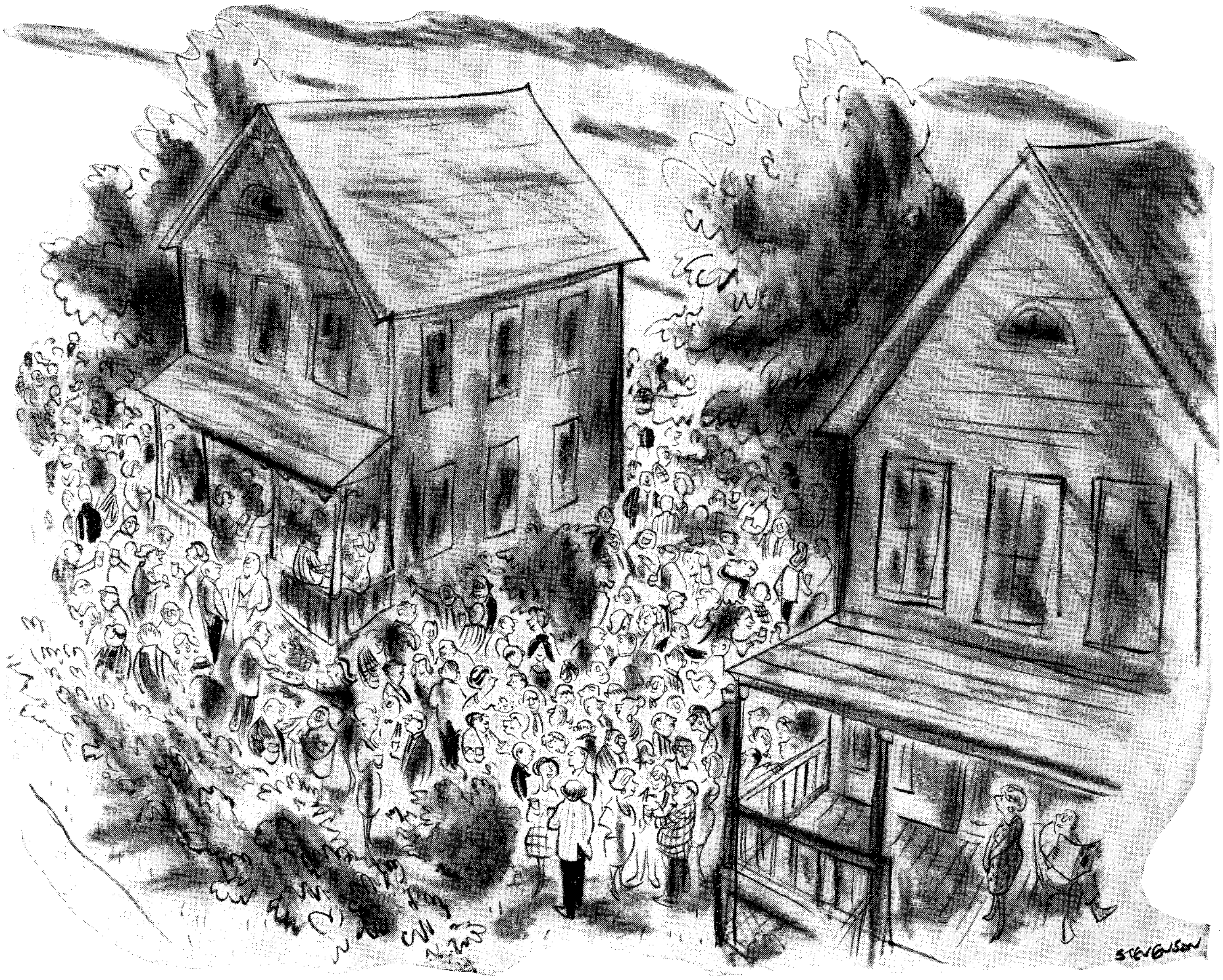
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Two letters signed by John F. Kennedy, one dealing with the McCarthy hearings and the other with an Atomic Energy Revision bill, are up for sale for $42.50 and $47.50, respectively, according to the catalogue of Charles Hamilton Autographs, Inc., 25 East Fifty-third Street. However, a note to Tiffany signed by Jacqueline Kennedy and inquiring about some gold wristwatches may be had for $57.50.

Mt. CARMEL
GALLERY
Gallery
Gallery
GENERAL MACHINE WORKS REPAIRS
R. MacMillan

Wilderness

BECAUSE the weather early last week was too chilly for us to go swimming or fishing or camping, we took a short trip to the Manhattan Savings Bank instead. How delightful it was to discover that the bankers and the New York State Departments of Conservation and Commerce had equipped the Madison Avenue and Forty-seventh Street corner of the bank with grass and shrubbery, a trout stream, a waterfall, a skunk, a raccoon, a deer, wild turkeys, pheasants, quail, assorted smaller birds, an authentic Abercrombie & Fitch campsite, and muggy weather! We noticed a well-dressed businessman with a briefcase peering intently into a cage that looked like a cottage and was labelled "Three Bears," but the inmates were not visible. In a larger cage, across the way, the deer lay behind a bush, ears up, apprehensively sniffing the breeze. The turkey cock was pacing up and down at the front of the same cage with his feathers puffed up and his tail spread, glaring at the turkey hen and the quail and the pheasants, who wandered erratically in and out of the underbrush, and at a bank guard-forest ranger, who had his eye on a lady in a fur coat smiling benevolently into a cage where the skunk was asleep. The raccoon, in the adjacent cage, bid for her attention by falling from the roof of its cottage, digging feverishly into some sawdust, and wistfully rubbing its hands together. The campsite, on the Forty-seventh Street bank of the stream, was deserted.

Later in the day, we returned to the Manhattan Savings woodland, to find the skunk still asleep and another lady in a fur coat addressing the raccoon, which was also asleep, lulled by the Muzak and the murmur of the stream. Three bank officials stood near the campsite, smiling happily, and a guard was trying to persuade an elderly lady not to cross the bridge over the stream, assuring her that there was a better and less precarious view of the fish from the floor. Taking his word for it, we spotted two trout lurk-



"O.K. So when we have a party, we won't ask them."

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ing in the shadows under the bridge. The three bears, all cubs, had appeared and were entertaining a crowd of vicarious vacationers by ambushing and wrestling one another. A man who said that he dropped in to visit the bears every afternoon explained that they had been captured after their mother was accidentally shot, and that each of them would eventually weigh more than three hundred pounds. In a booth next to the bears' cage, a state conservation official was issuing fishing licenses and subscriptions to the *New York State Conservationist*. The turkey seemed to have calmed down, in spite of a clergyman who described him to a little girl as a Thanksgiving turkey. "See how fat he is getting," the clergyman said, and chuckled. The deer had come out of hiding and was gazing with great interest across the bank at a lady filling out an application for a savings account.

A few days later, though the weather was still cool, the wildlife and the state officials broke camp and moved back upstate.

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UNFINISHED springtime love scene overheard by one of our eavesdroppers on a busy tree-lined side street in Manhattan in the month of May:

POLICEMAN: "Just a minute, young lady!"

YOUNG LADY: "What?"

P.: "That was jaywalking."

Y.L.: "Oh?"

P.: "Crossing in the middle of the block, that's jaywalking."

Y.L.: "Why, I do that all the time!"

P. (*taking pad of printed forms from pocket*): "Jaywalking is against the law. I'm going to have to give you a ticket. Let me see your identification."

Y.L.: "My identifi*ca*tion!"

P.: "Something with your name on it."

Y.L.: "I don't have any identification."

P.: "Where's your handbag?"

Y.L.: "In my office. That's over there. But I have to run over here all the time, because—"

P.: "Please. Just let me have the name and address. But how will I know you're telling the truth?"

Y.L.: "Why, Officer! I always tell the truth!"

P.: "Without some proof of that, young lady, I can't give you a ticket."

Y.L.: "Really?"

P.: "I *want* to give you a ticket, but I'll have to just let you off with a warning."

Y.L.: "*Really*? Well, my name is—"

At this point, our eavesdropper, being every inch a gentleman, withdrew.

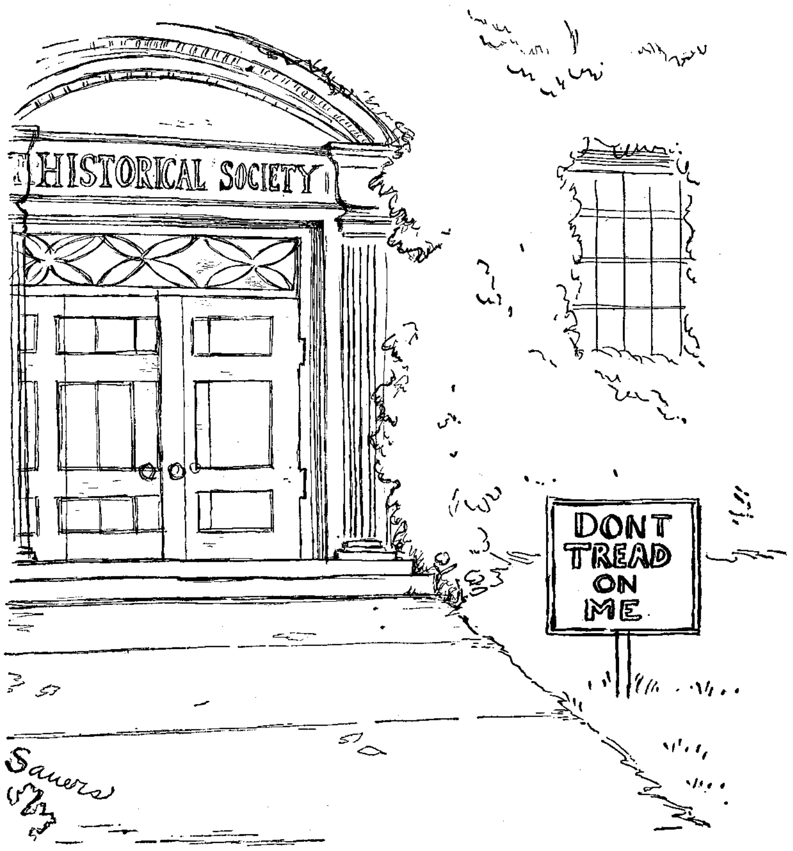
MR. WHARTON

THE furnished flat in a London suburb fell vacant on a Monday, and Hilda Provis, having collected the key from the agents in the High Street, walked down the hill toward No. 20. It was half past eleven in the morning and early summer. In the quiet road, houses—some quite large—stood in dusty gardens full of May trees and laburnums, past blossoming. There had been no rain for a fortnight and, in the gutters and under garden walls, drifts of powdery dead petals and seeds had collected. The air had a dry, polleny smell.

It was a strange land to Hilda, and a great adventure. She was to be here for a week, to see her daughter settled into the flat; had quite insisted on coming; had been obliged to insist, for Pat had thought she could manage very well on her own, and had begged her mother not to put herself to so much trouble, coming so far—from the country near Nottingham, in fact. There was no need, she had written. But Hilda desperately maintained that there was.

When Pat first went to work in London, living there in a hostel, Hilda, left alone and nervous at night, moved to her sister's, thinking that anything was better than seeming to hear burglars all the time; but she and her brother-in-law did not get on well together, and she longed for a home of her own and to have her daughter back. It was with a joyful excitement that she descended the hill this morning and pushed open the heavy gate of No. 20.

It was a tall house with a flight of steps to the front door and below them a basement area. The garden was neglected, growing only ferns and the grass between the broken tiles of the path. The lawn at the back was on a lower level—in fact, the house was found to be built on a hillside. Down below, beyond the roofs of other houses, was London itself—gray but for one or two bone-white church spires, sudden glitterings from windows or weather vanes struck by the sun, and one green dome floating in haze.



Hilda stood by the side door with the key in her hand and looked down at the view. It is a panorama, she thought; that really is the word for it. She could imagine it at night—dazzling it would be. She had never seen anything like it. Life teemed down there—traffic strove to disentangle itself, Pat pounded her typewriter—but to Hilda it was a lulled and dormant city, under its nearly midday haze, nothing doing, nothing stirring. She could not imagine anything happening beneath those pigeon-colored roofs going down, street after street, lower and lower into the smoky mist.

After the brilliant out-of-doors, she was hit by cold dismay when she unlocked the door and stepped inside—such darkness, such an unfriendly smell of other people's belongings. The flat was clean, but not up to Hilda's standards. She went from the hall into a kitchen. The previous tenants had left remains—a little flour in a bin, some sugar in a jar, a worn-out dishcloth, and a piece of dirty soap. She disposed of these before taking off her hat. A spider sat in the sink and she swilled it down the drain.

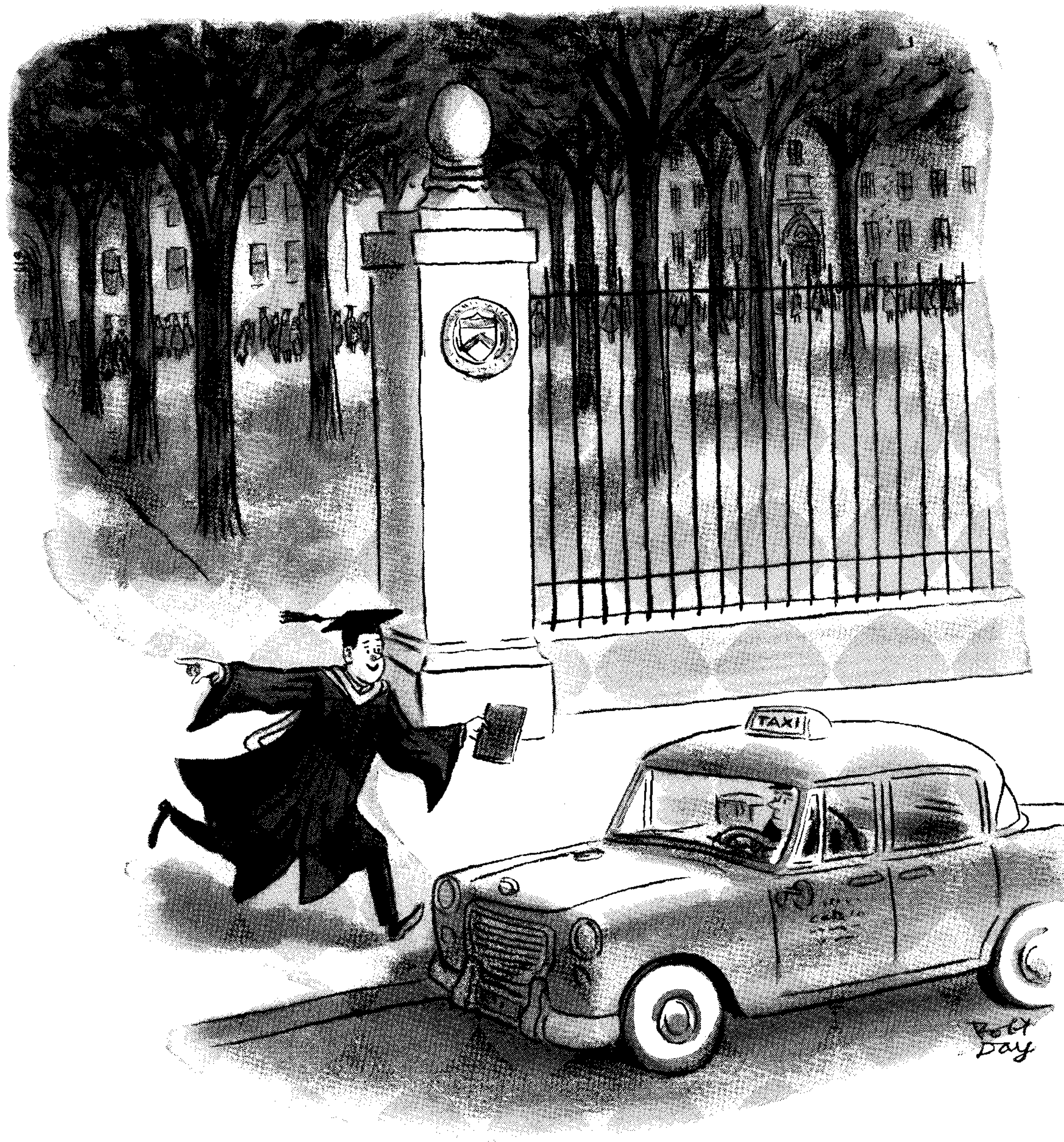
The living-room window looked into the area. She opened it and let in the sound of footsteps on the pavement above. Furniture was either black and in the Jacobean style or Indian with trelliswork and brass. So many twisted chair legs needing a polish. A green stain had been allowed to spread from bath taps to the plug hole, but Hilda knew a way of removing it. The bedroom was full of sunshine, for the smeared windows looked out over the lawn at the back and at the panorama beyond it. It smelled of sun-warmed carpet and cushion dust. She opened the windows, and then the drawers of the chest. They were lined with old paper and there were oddments left behind in most of them—curtain rings, safety pins, a strip of beading which she could see had fallen off the wardrobe. This she could glue on again, though it was not her duty to do so. Of the two beds, she thought Pat would prefer the one by the window.

In the afternoon, she went shopping. The street where the shops were climbed steeply toward the heath and, turning corners, looking down side streets, she was sometimes surprised by a sudden openness, and glimpsed from different sides the city below.

Everything she bought added to her pleasure and excitement. She was reminded of being a bride again. It seemed a long time since she had planned a meal or chosen a piece of fish or done anything on her own. Knowing no one in the shops, she felt shy; but her loneliness was wonderful to her, and her slow pace, as she sauntered along, was tuned to it.

The leisurely afternoon was very pleasant. Babies lay awake under the canopies of their perambulators, staring sternly upward, making purling sounds like doves, or fidgeted, turning their wrists impatiently, arching their backs, and thrusting limbs out into the sunshine. Hilda peeped at each one, stooped to look under the canopies, and blew kisses. If she had been childless herself, she thought, she must have looked in another direction. As it was, she just felt momentarily wistful; it was nothing distressing. The young mothers all paused for her, quite patient while they shared their marvels.

Everything glittered in the fine air of this high suburb. A warm, rubbery puff of air flowed out from the Underground station at the crossroads; and out of it, too, in a couple of hours, Pat would hasten—on a tide of rush-hour workers, gradually thinning themselves out in different directions, she down the hill under the trees to No. 20.



"Madison Avenue!"

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Outside a greengrocer's, on the wide pavement, was a stall of bedding plants, and although her basket was full, Hilda stopped to buy a pot of bright-red double daisies ("chubby" daisies, Pat had called them when she was a little girl). She was tired, for she had scoured the bath, and polished all the curly furniture, and was not used to doing so much. At her sister's, she was inclined to indispositions and began most days with a health bulletin, which was taken in silence—discourteously, she thought. They were selfish people, her sister and brother-in-law, she had long ago decided; too much wrapped up in themselves, in the manner of childless people.

The front door of No. 20 was open, and there were sounds of life. A toddler with wide-apart legs, napkins dropping, came onto the steps; then an arm swooped after him and lifted him back out of sight. I could get to know them, Hilda thought. I could keep an ear open for the baby while they went for a stroll in the evening. She even chose a pub in which they—whoever they were—could sit and have a quiet drink. She had noticed a nice one on her walk home from the shops; it had a horse's trough outside and a chestnut tree—like a country pub.

The flat was cool and smelled better now. She had discovered that other people's belongings were more interesting than her own—which by now were so familiar as to be invisible. She had innovated, improvised with the material to hand, and was pleased with the effect. Unpacking her basket, stacking food on bare shelves, she remembered her first home, her first shopping—such a young bride she had been that she had thought of it as running the errands, until the moving truth had dawned on her that she henceforward must choose, and pay for, and bring home. Again, after all those years, she had a feeling of being watched, of not being entirely spontaneous. Methodically, she put the food away, washed some lettuce, found a saucer for the pot of daisies, and began to lay the table for supper. "Hilda's managing well," she seemed to hear a voice say. It was as if she were doing everything for the first time.

The evening began to go slowly. She wandered about, waiting for Pat, putting finishing touches, glancing at the clock, straightening pictures (Too awful, she thought—heathery moorlands, a rosy glow on the Alps), turning the chipped side of a vase to the wall.

She would have liked to unpack the big suitcase which had arrived from the hostel, but she had done this for her daughter before, and been told that she was interfering.

She sat down in the living room, and stared out of the window, waiting for Pat's legs to appear above the area. She was by now quite nervous with anticipation, and felt that the girl would never come. As long-awaited people come in the end as a surprise, so Pat did.

"Hello, dear," Hilda said, almost shyly, when she had hurried to open the door.

"My *feet!*" Pat said, flopping into a chair, dropping gloves and parcels on the floor. She kicked off her shoes and stared down at her large, bare, mottled feet. Her heaviness—of bone and features—suggested sculpture. "Seated Woman," she might have been, glumly motionless.

"Did you have a bad day?" Hilda asked timidly.

"Oh, I had a bad day, all right," Pat said, as if this went without saying. She leaned back now—almost "Reclining Woman"—and shook a lock of hair off her forehead. "That man!" She yawned and her eyes watered. Even looking at her made Hilda feel weary. The man was Mr. Wharton, Pat's employer—a big Masonic Golfer, as she described him. He had a habit of returning from lunch at half past three and then would dictate letters at a great rate to make up for lost time, and Pat, trying at the end of the day to keep up, was worn out, she said, by the time she left to join the rush-hour traffic. Mr. Wharton was a very real person to Hilda, who had never seen him.

"Inconsiderate," she said, made quite indignant by Pat's long plaint.

"Comes back reeking—face the color of those daisies."

"Disgusting," Hilda murmured, following Pat's glance. "I bought them this afternoon. 'Chubby daisies,' you used to call them."

"Did I?" Pat was not so much in love with herself as a child as her mother was, and Hilda always found this indifference strange. "Expense accounts," Pat went on, and blew out her lips in contempt. "Eat and drink themselves stupid, and then go home and tell their wives what a hard day they've had. Well, it all looks very nice," she said at last, glancing round. "Even my cardigan smells of his bloody cigars." She sniffed at her sleeve with distaste. "You literally can't see across the office."

A huge man, like a bison, Hilda visualized. She felt great respect for her daughter, cooped up in that blue haze with such a character—managing him, too, with her icy reminders, her appearance at other times of praying for patience, her eyes closed, her pencil tapping her teeth. Hilda could see it all from her descriptions—Pat giving him one of her looks and saying briskly, "*Do* you mind," when he stood too close to her. It was not a question.

Mother and daughter had changed places, Hilda sometimes thought. She felt like a young girl in the shade of Pat's knowledge of the world. Yet once she herself had worked for her living—serving in a milliner's shop, full of anxieties, trying to oblige, so afraid of displeasing and being dismissed. To earn one's livelihood is a precarious affair, and even Pat would say, "Well, if I can hold down a job like that for all these years . . ." She held it down firmly, her clever eyes on those who might try to snatch it from her, but she made it sound a desperate business.

"Well, it's nice not to be in that perishing hostel," she said. Hilda glowed with pleasure when they sat down at the table and Pat began to eat, as if she were quite content to be where she was. "Canteens!" she said. "The Lord preserve me from them. Tinned pilchards. Cottage pie. Never again."

Hilda had been worried for years about the food, especially as she had heard about working girls in London going without lunch—window-shopping or having their hair done instead. It will all be different now, she thought, watching Pat's knife and fork slashing crisscross at the food, which, though not commented on, seemed to be approved. I can't at her age, Hilda thought, tell her not to talk with her mouth full—for all the time the knife and fork were shredding and spearing and popping things into her mouth, Pat was describing Mr. Wharton's private life. Hilda found it all trivial and uninteresting. She did not care enough to try to visualize Mr. Wharton gardening on Saturday, playing golf on Sunday, and going to cocktail parties, of which there seemed to be so many in the Green Belt, where he lived. She saw him more clearly in his smoke-filled office.

"I met his wife once," Pat said. "She came to call for him and they went out to lunch. Very dowdy. I'll give you a hand," she added, and stirred slightly as Hilda began to stack up plates.

"No, you sit still. Make the most of it while I'm here." But Hilda had begun to believe that she would never go. She would make herself so useful.

"I wish I had your figure," Pat said, watching her mother moving neatly about the room. She said it in a grudging voice, as if Hilda had meanly kept something for herself which she, Pat, would have liked to possess. It was not and had not been the pattern of their lives for this to happen.

Hilda blushed with guilty pleasure. There was something so sedentary about her daughter—not only because of her office job, for as a child she had sat about all the time, reading comics, chewing her handkerchief, twisting her braided hair, very often just lethargically sulking. At this moment, she was slumped back in her chair, eating a banana, the skin of it hanging down in strips over her hand.

"I might bring Mavis Willis back tomorrow evening," she said. "She's thinking of sharing the flat with me. Let her have a look round and make up her mind." She got up and went to the area window and looked meditatively up at the railings. "Quiet here, isn't it?" she said. She stayed there for a long time, just gazing out of the window, and Hilda, clearing the table, wondered what she was thinking.

MAVIS WILLIS was a young woman of much refinement, and Hilda, watching her eat her supper daintily, was taken by her manners. A rather old-fashioned type of girl, Hilda thought. If she had been asked to, she could not have chosen anyone more suitable to share the flat with her daughter. This one would not lead her into bad company or have wild parties; but Hilda had not been asked, and it was a disappointment to her that the question had arisen.

When Mavis had been shown round the flat before supper, something in her manner had surprised Hilda; there was

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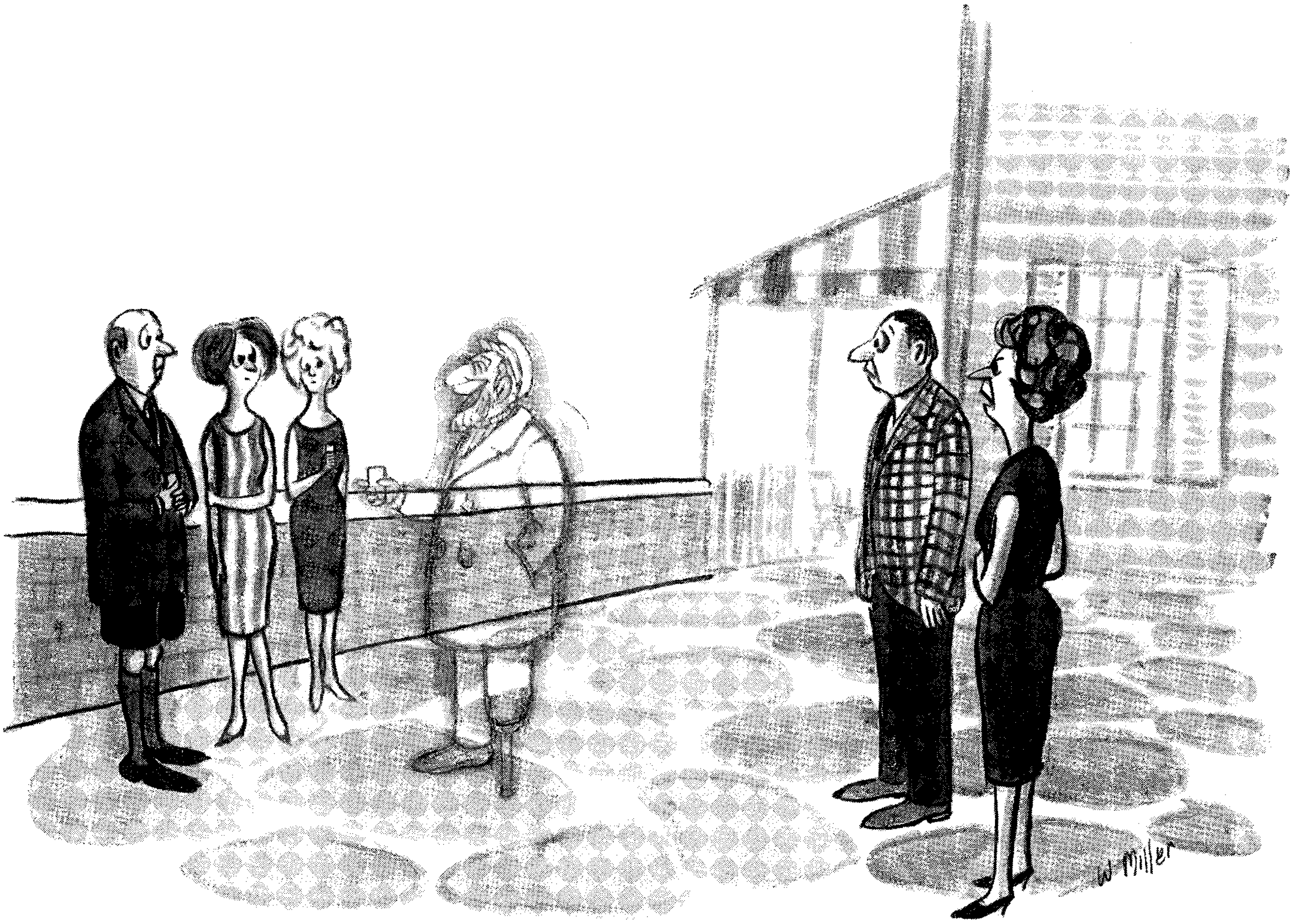
THE LIME UMBRELLA

In the hot street below—
a dream
of tawdry mists and rain
turning to steam—
a lime umbrella!
Blossom of the street, what aging lady,
grown pouchy now, wobbling in her haste,
but graceful, graceful, throws this flower
quickly over her shoulder and is lost
in a last flutter of the spirit?
And will you,
when even memories, Miranda,
flag in the summer, fade in mist—will you
keep such a color for the eye
that is shut off from you it must discover
signs of a hidden grace, as I
still do
even in good weather?

—MICHAEL GOLDMAN

• •



"*I really don't care* *what* *he is! I just wish he'd stop telling those filthy stories!*"

• •

a sense of effort she could not define. The girl had gushed without showing much interest, had given the bathroom the briefest glance, and had not opened the cupboard where she would be hanging her clothes—the first thing any normal young woman would do.

Now, at supper, she gushed in the same way about Hilda's cooking. Pat's compulsive grumbling about Mr. Wharton was resumed, and Mavis joined in. She referred to him as "H. W."—which sounded more officy, Hilda decided, listening humbly.

"One of these days, you'll find yourself out of a job," she told Pat, who had repeated one of her tarter rebukes to her employer—"I gave him one of my looks and I said to him, 'That'll be the day,' I said, 'when you get back before three o'clock. We'll hang the flags out *that* day,' I said to him."

Mavis took off her spectacles and began to polish them on a clean handkerchief she kept tucked in her cuff. She looked down her shiny nose, smiling a little. Her face was pale and glistened unhealthily, and she reminded Hilda of the languid, indoors young women who sat all day—long days then—in the milliner's workroom, stitching buckram and straw and flowers, hardly moving, sadly cooped up in the stuffy room. She, in the shop itself, had seemed as free as air.

Mavis put back her spectacles and rearranged her hair, and at once she appeared less secretive. She insisted on helping Hilda to wash the dishes, while Pat spent the time looking for cigarettes and then for her lighter.

"I hope Pat won't leave all the work to you, if you come," Hilda said.

"Oh, she won't." Mavis wiped a glass and held it up to the light. "Once we're on our own, she'll be enthusiastic. You know, she'll feel it's more hers and want to take a pride in it. Of course, it's been wonderful for her, having you to settle her in and get it looking so nice. Simply wonderful. You must have done marvels." She looked vaguely round the kitchen.

"Well, it was in rather a state," Hilda said warmly. "All I hope is you won't just live on tinned food."

"You can rest assured we won't."

"I'm afraid Pat hasn't been brought up to be very domesticated. I did try to show her things, but I ended up doing things myself, because it was quicker."

"Well, it always happens. I know I'd be the same."

Pat, in the living room, was looking for an ashtray. She moved clumsily about, knocked into something and swore. Hilda and Mavis glanced at one another and smiled, as if over a child's head.

"WHAT did you think of her?" Pat asked, as soon as she got back from walking with Mavis to the Tube station.

"A nice girl. I thought slightly enigmatic," said Hilda, who took a pride in finding the right word.

"Well, she's decided to move in next Monday. I said I thought you'd be going back at the weekend."

"I might stay and clear up on Monday morning. Leave you a little supper, her first night," Hilda said, and pretended she did not hear a resigned intake of breath from Pat.

That girl Mavis, Hilda was thinking—perhaps she's no intention of coming; perhaps she's wasting Pat's time. Yet she sensed something arranged between them, something she could not

"'Why, I am on my way to the tower, to rescue a fair maiden,' answered the good prince."

understand. She used the word "duplicity" in her mind.

They began to get ready for bed, and when Pat, stout in her dressing gown, came from the bathroom into the bedroom, she found the room in darkness and her mother peeping through the curtains of the French windows. "What are you doing, Mother?" she asked, switching on the light.

As guilty as a little girl caught out of bed, Hilda made for hers.

"I really love London," she said. "All that panorama, at night, and yet it's so quiet. I sat out there this afternoon for a bit, and it was so peaceful, like being in the country. It's been like a lovely holiday here."

"It's been good of you to come," Pat said, in a cautious voice.

When she had switched the light off, her mother turned on her side, put her hands under her cheek, and with faint purring, puffing sounds fell lightly asleep. Pat lay on her back like a figure on a tomb, and presently began to snore.

ON Hilda's last day, it set in wet, and she could not go into the garden again. She went out shopping in the rain, said goodbye to the shop assistants she had made friends of, and thought how extraordinary it was that the little High Street had become so familiar in such a short time. The view was obscured by mist. But the holiday feeling persisted and at twelve o'clock she entered the saloon bar of the little pub by the water trough and bought herself a glass of sherry. She had never entered a bar alone before, and was gratified that no one seemed surprised to see her do so. The barmaid was warmly chatty, the landlord courteous; an old man by the fire did not even raise his head. A stale beery smell pervaded the room, as if everything—the heavy curtains, the varnished furniture, even perhaps the old man by the fire—was gently fermenting.

"So cozy," said Hilda.

"A day like this," the barmaid agreed, scalloping a damp cloth along the bar.

"A fire's nice."

"It makes a difference. You live hereabouts?"

Hilda told her about Pat and the flat, and Mavis Willis.

"Nice to have a mother," the barmaid said.

"I think she appreciates it. But I've enjoyed myself. It's made a lovely break. I'd like a bottle of sherry to take away, if you please. I'll leave it as a surprise for the girls—warm them up when they come in wet from work."

"Well," said the barmaid, wrapping the bottle in a swirl of pink paper, "let's hope we see you when you're in these parts again."

"Good morning, Madam. Thank you," the landlord added, and Hilda, with her heavy shopping basket, stepped out into the rain. How very pleasant, she was thinking, rather muzzily, as she walked down the hill. The only pity was not having made friends with the people on the first floor. Glimpses of the toddler she had had from time to time, and she had heard his little footsteps running overhead, but she had not had a word with his mother. That had been a disappointment.

She made herself a cup of tea when she had hung up her wet coat. The flat was so dark that afternoon that she had to switch on the lights. The rain seemed to keep her company, as a coal fire does the very lonely—the sound of it falling softly into the ferns in the garden, or with a sharp, ringing noise on the dustbin lids outside the door. She could hear the splashing of cars going by on the road above the window, changing gear to take the hill.

Although she felt sad, packing her case, she cheered up when she was putting the finishing touches to the supper table, leaving the sherry on a tray with a note and two glasses. She watered the double daisies and added a reminder about them to her note. At three o'clock, she put on her still damp coat and was ready to go to the station. She locked the door and hid the key under the dustbin as they had arranged, and, feeling melancholy, in tune with the afternoon, walked with head bowed, carrying her heavy suitcase up the hill to the Underground station.

At four o'clock the rain suddenly stopped. Already on her way back to Nottingham in the train, Hilda watched the watery sunshine on the fields and the slate roofs drying. She reminded herself that she was always sad on train journeys. It's a sensation of fantasy, she decided, having searched for and found the word.

The sunshine was short-lived. The dark, purple clouds soon gathered again, and in London crowds surging toward stations, queuing for buses, were soaked. The pavements steamed in the hissing rain, and taxis were unobtainable, although doormen under huge umbrellas stood at curbs, whistling shrilly and vainly whenever one appeared in the distance.

IN a positive deluge, Pat and Mr. Wharton drove up to No. 20. He, too, had an umbrella, and held it carefully over her as they went down the garden path and round the side of the house.

"*Excusez-moi*," she said, stooping to get the key from under the dustbin.

"Could be a nice view on a nice day," he said.

"Could be," she agreed, putting the key in the door.

—ELIZABETH TAYLOR

WAR STORIES

IT is many more years ago now than it should be, the war—the hot and noisy tanks, the times when we killed and were killed, passionless, all strangers to one another, whether friend or foe, all caught in an intricate dance of death and suffering, each man fulfilling his role, bowing to present the shells into the breech or crooking his finger delicately over the machine-gun trigger. But that is not what I best remember. I cannot forget the carnage, but, truthfully, it is now, as it was then, merely a hideous vision, baffling and affecting but not personal at all. We were all possessed, and I suppose I look upon our battles as one looks upon illness or rage or the other abdications of the deliberate self—I exclude them from the pattern of my life. What I do remember well out of those years are the points of sanity. They are few enough, but they suffice, and I even call upon them now for comfort.

I remember one night being sent—though this was at the front—to stand guard over an officer who was awaiting court-martial, for what breach of conduct I never learned. I remember that we were given rifles to carry and that, being accustomed to the lighter carbine, I felt the chafe of the sling on my shoulder. We arrived in utter darkness at the place where the prisoner was, a long building on low stilts, with a tin roof, and were shown briefly about by the sentries we were relieving. We hardly got the measure of our posts, and of what lay beyond on any side we knew nothing. We might have been nowhere—archangels guarding a limbo in which the officer was.

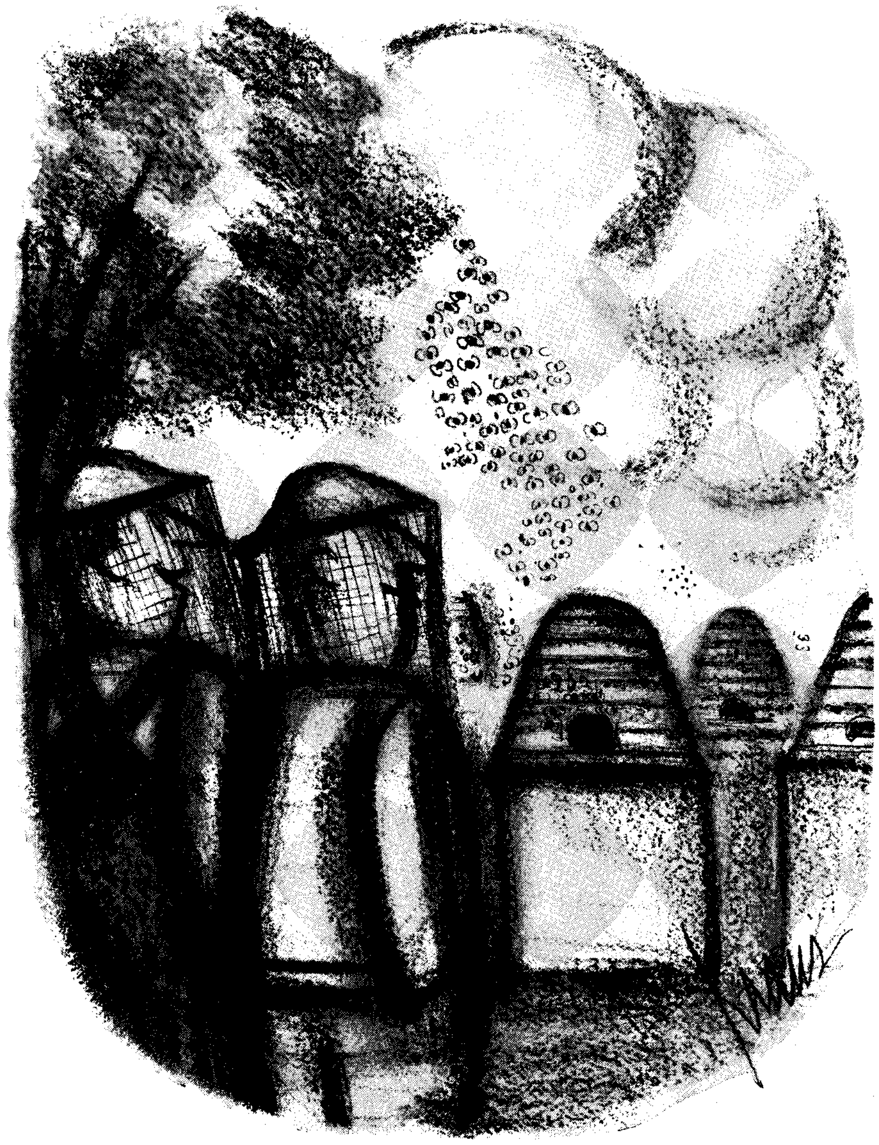
But I remember thinking about the psalm, about the verse that I had seen translated "My soul waits for the Lord more than sentinels wait for the dawn." I was yearning for the light of morning, and as time passed, the more I yearned and the more I admired the psalmist's image. The sling cutting my shoulder, my perfect loneliness (guards did not speak to one another at night, for fear of attracting snipers), the silence of that night, the path on which I passed and repassed, as if walking a high wall—for everything outside the path was strange—gave me so strong a sense of the exactness of the soul-and-sentinel simile, which had not even come to mind for years, that I felt almost exultant at the revelation.

Of course, the dawn did come, but not so much with light as with song, the songs of the birds—birds of this other land, whose appearances I did not know but whose throats I knew, singing out of their alien little bodies the universal song. First one bird, startling me, so that I shifted the rifle and wondered whether the human cords of my enemy could vibrate to that pitch and timbre. There was no light that I could make out then, and this harbinger sang and was silent, so that I waited upon the edge of his silence for him to sing again. He sang again, was silent, sang again, was joined by another; both were silent, both sang again. As the sky lightened in what I knew now was east, the songs swelled and joined, so that there was one song, and I cannot say how moving it was to hear these creatures reach back and over, announcing their sameness with the blue jays and cardinals of my boyhood, of my own land—raising an incredible roar of melody, hidden in the trees and bushes, so that trees and bushes seemed to be singing, the world was metamorphosed into song.

My companion said, now that we could be seen better than heard, "Did you ever hear so many birds?" I regarded this as a remarkable statement, a corroboration of my own feelings, a perceptive interpretation of the event, and I beamed at him.

As long as we were there, we were beaten upon by song, fairly assailed. We pushed our way through song as we walked, and the notes riffled apart like confetti before us. When our relief came, I delighted in showing my post, and I set off back to my tank with a certain feeling of regret to magnify my joy at going, as gain is always set off, pointed up, by an element of loss.

OF most of my sleeping during these times, I can only recall an impression of having seized rest desperately and coldly, of having fallen roughly upon sleep without even composing my limbs, of having spun feverishly through a thousand imagined dangers as, exhausted and often ill, I had no real



"It's an ideal arrangement. They make the honey; I sell it."

rest. What I best remember are the infrequent occasions when I was recollected for sleep. Sometimes, when our company was in reserve, we backed and wheeled through what must have been covering movements against the possibility of defeat. From our view, they were reprieves—stays in the execution of the general sentence of pain and death that hung over all of us. Incredulously, we turned our tanks away from the places where our enemy waited, and headed in wide circles through quiet lands inhabited by peace. When night came, we halted, switched off our engines, and, if we were far enough away from the lines, dismounted. As each engine stopped, the level of the clamor about us fell by another degree, until, sound climbing down rung by rung into silence, there was at length only the murmur of our voices and movements and of the land itself. It was as if we had been projected out of a cave into the open air, or from a storm into a sudden calm, or from anger into delight. The world fell upon our senses in a flash, and all we could do at the beginning was to look dumbly at it and at each other. Conversation faltered, and our movements were stilled. We admired what we had wholly forgotten there was to admire.

On one of these nights, my squad had been posted on a plateau where the air was not so rank as in the jungle below and the cover not so heavy. After the shock of silence had gone and our talk had picked up again, we began to occupy ourselves with eating and with servicing our equipment. We found ways to be kind to one another. As the darkness became deeper, we laid our beds beside our tanks, arranging them gently and carefully. We settled upon them, those of us who were not on watch, speaking softly to our neighbors, watching the sky above, listening to our pulses beating in our ears.

A SPARROW'S FEATHER

There was this empty bird cage in the garden.
And in it, to amuse myself, I had hung
pseudo-Oriental birds, constructed of
glass and tin bits and paper, that squeaked sadly
as the wind sometimes disturbed them. Suspended
in melancholy disillusion, they sang
of things that had never happened, and that never
could in that cage of artificial existence.
The twittering of these instruments lamenting
their absent lives resembled threnodies
torn from a falling harp, till the cage filled with
engineered regret like moonshining cobwebs,
as these constructions grieved over not existing.
The children fed them with flowers. A sudden gust
and, without sound, lifelessly, one would die,
scattered in scraps like debris. The wire doors
always hung open against their improbable
transfiguration into, say, chaffinches
or even more colorful birds. Myself, I found
the whole game charming, let alone the children.
And then, one morning—I do not record a
matter of cosmic proportions, I assure you,
not an event to shake the Volscian dovecotes—
there, askew among these artificial images,
like a lost soul electing to die in Rome,
its feverish eye transfixed, both wings fractured,
lay—I assure you, Catullus—a young sparrow.
Not long for this world, so heavily breathing
one might have supposed this cage his destination
after laboring past seas and holy skies
whence he had flown, death not being known there.
Of course, there was nothing to do. The children
brought bread crumbs, brought water, brought bright eyes,
perhaps to restore him, that shivering panic
of useless feathers, that tongue-tied little gossip,
that lying flier. So there, among its gods
that moaned and whistled in a little wind,
flapping their paper anatomies like windmills,
wheeling and bowing dutifully to the
divine intervention of a child's forefinger,
there, at rest and at peace among its monstrous
idols, the little bird died. And, for my part,
I hope the whole unimportant affair is
soon forgotten. The analogies are too trite.

—George Barker

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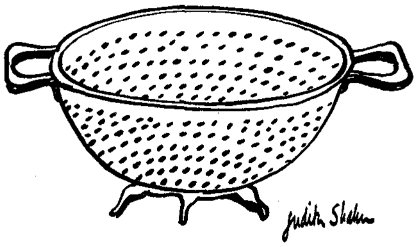
There was no moon, but for some reason the sky was as bright as if the sun were just over a hill. There was a faint breeze. I remember particularly my wakefulness just before I went to sleep that night. Quite alert, I contemplated the sleep that was coming, turning it over in my mind and admiring the possibilities of dreaming. Down one of the corridors of sleep were my people—my father and mother, uncles, aunts, cousins, my girl friend—gathered in a solemn semicircle, standing, or sitting on chairs or cross-legged on the ground, waiting to welcome me. Down another was my childhood, the games and ghosts of that time gone by, the poor confusions and sorrows, arrayed like scenery flats, one behind the other. Down another were the years ahead, figures of peace and opulence, power turned to virtuous ends, courage rewarded not immoderately but in measure, with due regard for the realities. When I fell asleep, I chose to.

Eventually, my sergeant shook me by the shoulder to rouse me for my watch. I got up gladly this time and picked up my carbine. A mist had risen, lying lightly where we were but below us lacing the trees thickly in heavy streamers. I walked among the tanks, making no noise, seeing the other men where they lay securely sleeping, the mist passing my face with a light touch of moistness. There was no breeze at all now, but the cooler night air felt good anyway. I walked rhythmically, lulling myself with the movement of my feet, singing in my throat, "I Saw Three Ships." My thoughts soared away from the place where I was.



I HAVE in mind not only nights but days. I remember one morning during which we lost two tanks out of our

"*Madge, you're a* good *wife!*"

squad, with every member of their crews. I can call up the faces of those who died then, and I do. But on the same morning we got two of their tanks, too, and there is an equivalence in that. The dancers bow and four are out.

At noon, the sun being hot overhead, there was a lull in the battle. We were pulled back, and our places were taken by others. We drove for a time, stopping at length in a field open on three sides but flanked on the fourth by a low hill with a screen of trees along its crest. We were ordered out of our tanks and up the hill.

We set out in twos and threes, our minds still fixed upon conflict, not speaking, weary, wondering in a very detached way what was at the top of the hill. Some of us had our weapons at the ready. The soil was loose under our feet, and they kicked up clouds of dust. The rays of the sun were upon our backs like a burden. Relson, my tankmate from the Southern mountains, was next to me, and he was repeating softly the words of a song we knew that went, "When the generals use tankers as infantry, write your mom, say your prayers, we can't win-fantry. . . ." I don't believe he thought we were really assaulting that hill, but no one knew what it was we were doing, and we were all uneasy.

When we reached the crest of the hill, we passed through the trees and came out to find a Red Cross lady with doughnuts and coffee on the other side. We bunched up at the edge of the trees like schoolboys, looking down, lowering our weapons self-consciously, shuffling our feet. But the lady, who was standing in the back of a truck, motioned us forward with her arm. We advanced irregularly, feeling embarrassed, and she gave each of us a cup of coffee and two doughnuts. She had a round, kind, ordinary face, and her hair, which should have been arranged in careful curls, hung down in tangled bits from underneath her helmet. We stood and ate and drank, adding cream if the coffee was not to our taste, or sugar, thinking about the lady, now feeling guilty that she had been caught up in our war and at the same time reassured that her little face had remained the same, as inappropriate as ever, unaffected as we ourselves hoped we were unaffected. When our coffee was gone, we returned to our tanks.

And I think of coming late one afternoon into a little town that, as we approached it, was indistinguishable from many other towns through which we had passed. We were at this time far behind our lines, in territory that had been occupied weeks before—on our way, we had heard, to the staging area for a new offensive. But that was in the future, and at the moment we were riding calmly with hatches open. After we had caught sight of the town, the dirt track we were following descended into a hollow, and the town came back into view only just before we entered it. The road curved gradually to the right, and, my head and shoulders out of one of the hatches, I saw the meshing trees part ahead of our tank, which was in the lead, to reveal a prospect of such balance and timelessness that it separated itself from what I saw before and after and remained with me. The road we were on became the main street of the town, which on closer view seemed to be a district capital of some kind, for beyond the line of poor dwellings on either side of the street was a more imposing structure, two stories high, with tall shutters beside the windows and decorative ironwork across them. There had been a garden in front of the building at one time, evidently, though there were no flowers in it now, and an unnecessarily long staircase with balustrades led to the tall front doorway. The building was white, but long rivers of rust trailed down the walls from the corners of the iron grilles. The door itself was missing, and at the peak of the tile roof there was a flagpole without any flag on it. Not a single person was in sight.

But even as briefly as I had this perspective upon the town, my mind was already beginning to improvise upon it. I could easily imagine men and women strolling casually around the corner of the building, speaking softly, gesturing lightly to one another, then perhaps sitting upon the stairs in attitudes of repose. In the soft shadows of the day's end, it was not difficult to make out door and flag where there were none, and a profusion of orange bloom in the garden. Above the people, the governor came out to take the air and smoke his pipe. A ginger-colored dog walked languidly along the street, and a baby and its mother leaned out of a window

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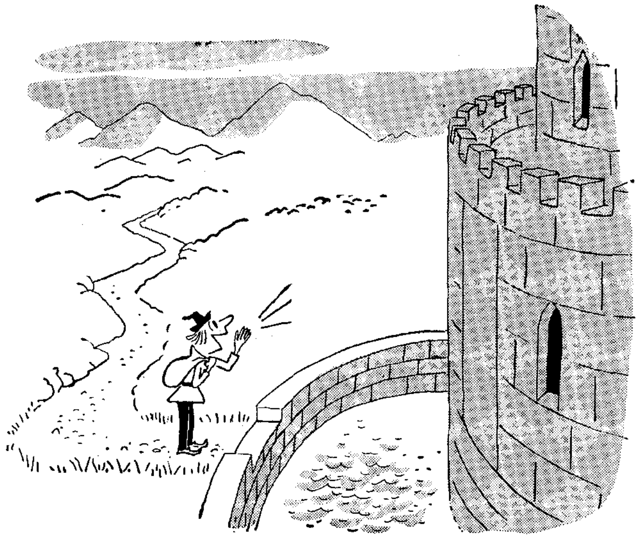

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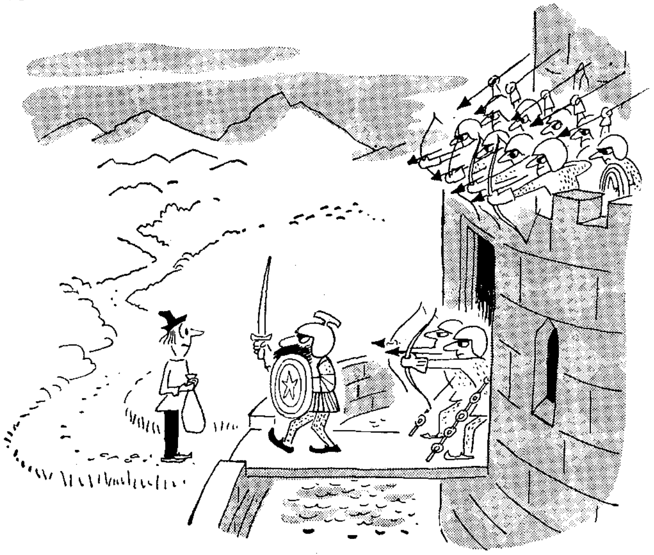

of one of the houses nearby. I imagined this fantastic life in a moment, and, as unreal as I knew it to be, it nevertheless seemed familiar. I could almost have named the men and women, and I was sure the dog—imagined or not—would have come if I had called. All these creatures vanished as my tank went pitching through the town, the dog wagging its tail and the people looking delicately at me just before their dissolution, but the sense of familiarity did not vanish, and the building as I passed it reminded me in a way of the county courthouse near my home.

Yet of place I can remember nothing when I think of one little native boy I saw during these days. He runs on the firmament of my mind, and in his running he is alone except for the butterfly he is chasing. He throws his legs well forward and behind, hardly bending them at the knee at all. One hand is up, not so much in a reach as in a cupping, an offering. The butterfly is just beyond his fingers, and he is laughing and wholly himself, for he is not running for me but for himself, and perhaps for the butterfly. He does not want to catch it, but he is delighted to be chasing it. He wears a ragged shirt and that is all, and he is slight, a little thin. Because I can see him in no specific place, I see him in the war, not as a symbolic landscape of blasted trees and ruined houses but as an invisible condition. He runs among all my memories of it, excusing nothing but on the other hand proving the existence of boys who chase butterflies, come what may.

I REMEMBER a photograph of my wife—we were not yet married when I saw it. I got the picture in the morning. I had been two or three nights without sleep, and I had fallen into the state of alienation that fatigue brings on. I had a burn on my arm from having been thrown against the hot gun of the tank, and my throat and lungs were still sore from the powder smoke I had inhaled. I had a bad rash on my leg, too, but bore these physical pains coldly, helplessly, not caring about them, in a state of mind that was itself my worst infirmity. I ate no breakfast, but there was a mail call afterward, and I forced myself to go to it.

I got a package. I turned it round and round in my hands. I had been used to V-mail and its drab microfilm prints of letters, and it seemed astonishing to me to find that people did still send real objects to one another, and that they, not reconstituted or counterfeited, could be received bearing the genuine traces of those who had mailed them. There was my girl's writing, and the package was wrapped as she wrapped packages. I have since lost the picture I found inside that morning, but I remember it exactly. She is sitting on one of the pebbly beaches of Lake Erie, near a cottage her parents had. Her legs are drawn up and her arms clasped around them. She is wearing sunglasses, but even so she is squinting a little. She has on a striped beach outfit. Her hair is gathered loosely on the top of her head, and she is smiling. Behind her is a wooden beach chair, and behind the chair the trees of the shore and the cottage.

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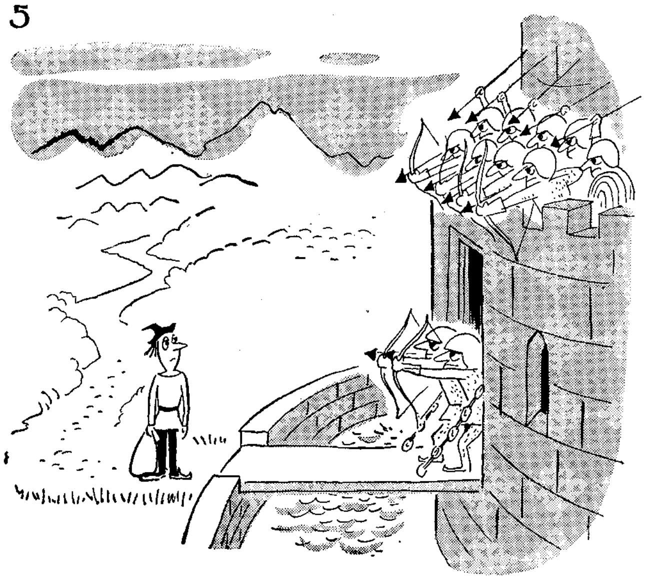

But what I most saw was what was behind all that—a whole range of warm possibilities leading up to her being there—and what was in front—me and an equal range of new possibilities. Past and future were poised on either side, and through her I found that morning the relation to both that I had lost. It struck me how ridiculous the war was, how silly through and through, how essentially funny it was that I myself should be so miserable. There got to be something Chaplinesque about my burn, the soreness in my lungs, my rash. They were preposterous, and, regarding them in this way, I could accept them. In the years that have passed since then, I have found that this was a true picture of my wife and of the world.

STORED in my mind, too, of course, is my coming home, when all the suffering had given way to a brief joy, and then to the tediousness of being investigated and cast out by the ponderous

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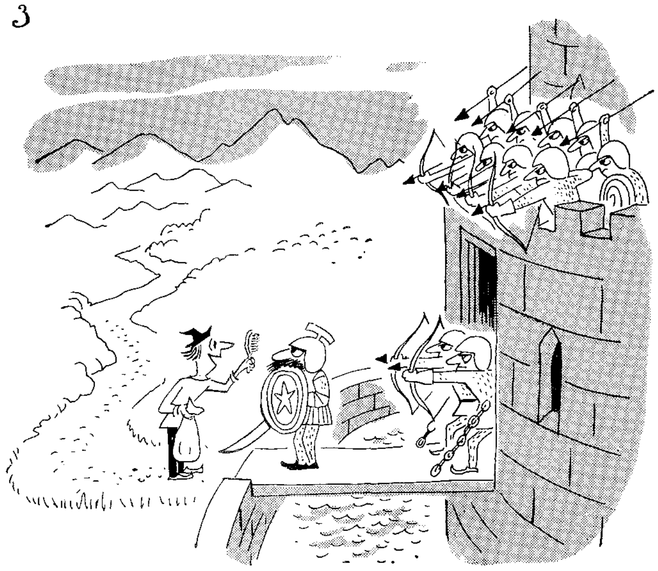

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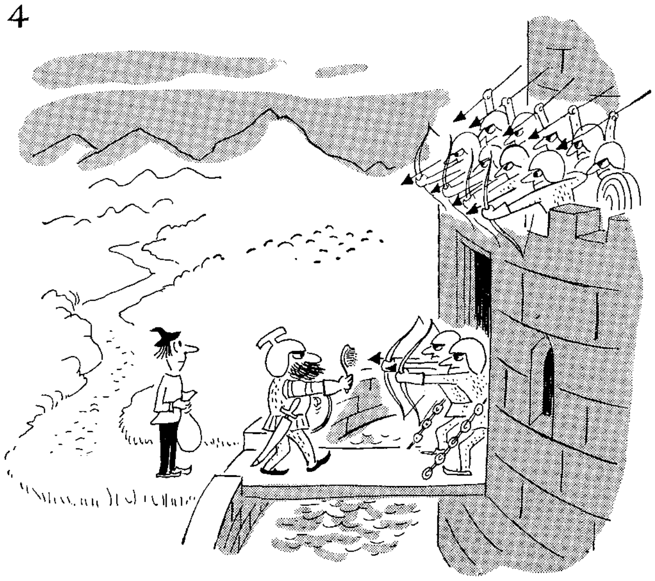

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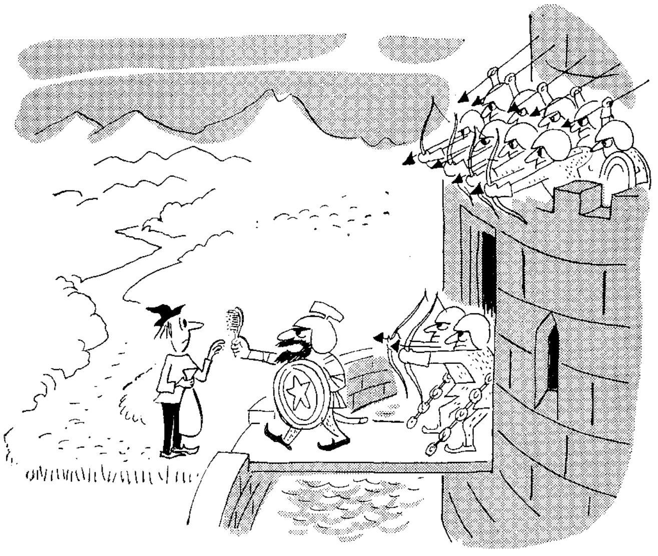

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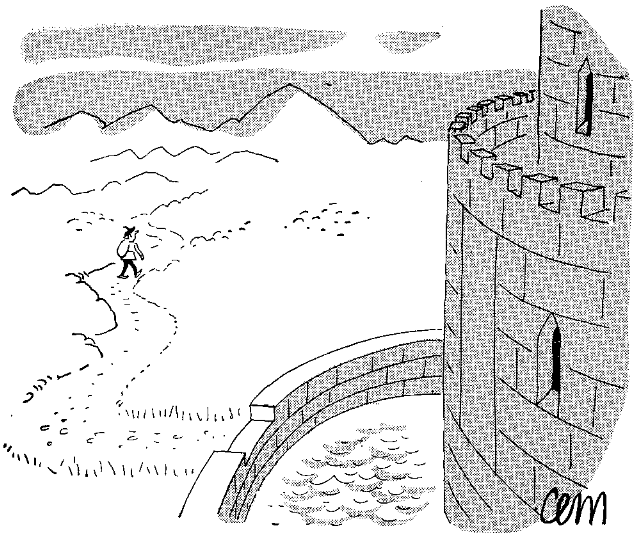


military creature in whose belly I had ridden for four years. I came home on the train. There were other soldiers on it with me, and we were all tired. My own home was near the end of the line, and there were not many people getting off when I did.

When I stepped down, the conductor on the platform beside the train smiled and put his hand on my shoulder. I remember the smell of the steam that was drifting from under the cars, and of the pitch from the boards of the platform. My duffelbag swung awkwardly against my hip, and I put it down. There was a persistent shiver on my back. I saw my father and mother. They had not come forward but were standing, together, against the station wall. They looked patient, plain, and small. I read their faces for change—not measuring them against my memories but my memories against them. In an instant, their image in my mind had shifted so that I could not help believing that I was seeing them now as they had always been, so that I recalled them from my earliest youth as they were now—the same marks of age in my father's flesh when he taught me the mystery of balancing a bike, my mother's hair as faded when she held me, too big to be kept there longer, high in her arms for a moment to see a Fourth of July parade over the heads of the crowd. Now my mother raised her hand shyly in the same gesture of greeting that had followed every other parting. My father removed his hat.

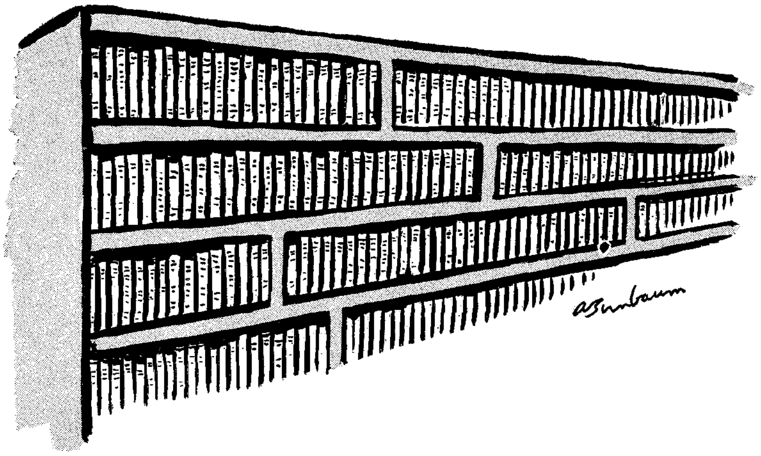
Someone jostled me, and I took this as the signal to move toward them, but I could not seem to pick my bag up. I got it halfway up, and it slipped, and I had to try again. I finally started toward them. They had waited for me, I was thinking. With all the plans of the world's millions of people, these two had intersected with me once again, as they had for all my life. What call did I have upon them that they should work their intricate ways so as to be here now? Why weren't they doing something else—my father at his office, my mother at home? And what in myself had brought me here at this time, after all the death and suffering?

With my eyes on them, I nevertheless was thinking not only about them but about all the layers of belief and action, all the complex interactions, all the justice and injustice, the cruelty and kindness in me and in all men, at peace or at war. And I thought that these elements were bound together, so that every motion in one part was rippled to the others, and I was sorry for me and for my parents and, equally, proud and loving. I could feel the whole army getting off that train with me and, waiting, all the old people and the children of the world, the Red Cross ladies and the girl friends, and the dead waiting, too, and as we met we spoke not a word of what had gone before but made vows of compassion. —Howard Webber

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

CAN THE RICH WRITE?

SOME years ago, in the course of writing a treatise on the treatment of money by American novelists, I had occasion to quote a passage from John O'Hara's introduction to "The Portable F. Scott Fitzgerald," published in 1945, in which Mr. O'Hara states that "Americans who write . . . have very little contact with the rich or none at all," that "the exceptions are the small number of men who get to know the rich at Yale, Harvard, or Princeton," and that "in this country the rich don't write; there are really so few of them, and they can't write anyway." This last observation has kept revolving in my head and has caused me to undertake a far more ambitious inquiry; to wit, do the rich write, and *can* the rich write?

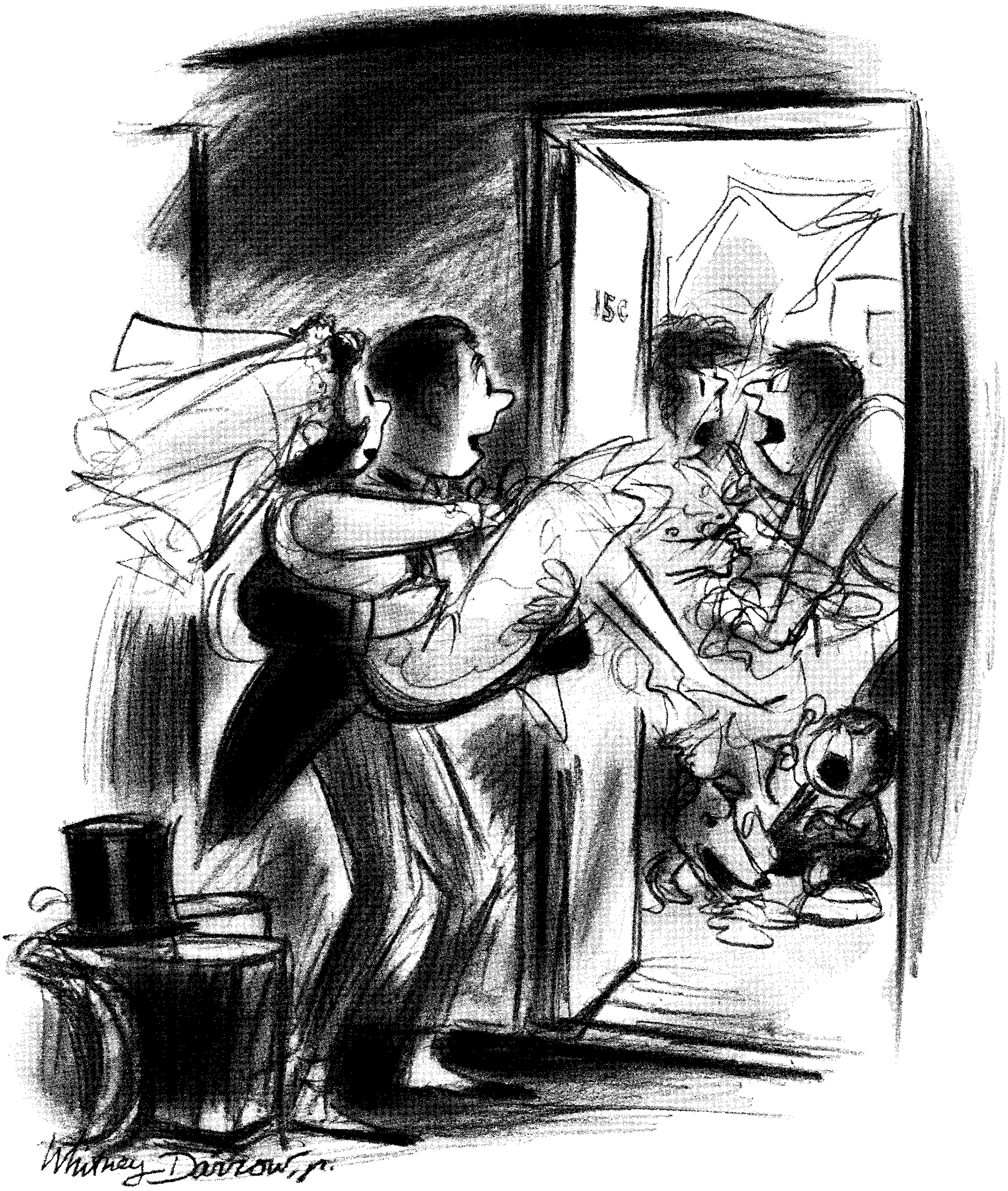


My initial task was to define the terms "rich" and "write." "The rich I mean," Mr. O'Hara wrote in the same place, "are the kind of people who can say, 'If you have to ask how much a yacht will cost, you can't afford it.' " This definition is too restrictive for my purposes; the rich in this sense are so few (as Mr. O'Hara says) that it would be idle to expect to find many writers, or painters or singers or doctors or, for that matter, stockbrokers, among them—although even in this corporal's guard there is, as we shall see, a fringe imbued with the *cacoëthes scribendi.* (This type of investigation begets Latin tags *ab initio.*) I have evolved no rule of thumb for recognizing the rich, but would say, as an ad-hoc definition, that "rich" postulates a fiscal condition in which the writer, from his (or her) avocado-salad days on, is sufficiently in clover—a mixed metaphor but herbivorous throughout—not to give a damn financially whether his (or her) books sell. This gets us into imponderables, which I have done my best to ponder. Was Sarah Orne Jewett rich in this sense? The possessor of a modest independent income, she lived out her life in her grandfather's house in Maine, with many a trip abroad and nary a dependent. How about Edgar Saltus, author of "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure" and a shelfful of other novels, who is down in the late Van Wyck Brooks's "The Confident Years: 1885-1915" as "a New Yorker 'born with a gold spoon in his mouth' " but is credited in a biography by his third wife, "Edgar Saltus: The Man," with having received only "a small inheritance from his father"? Shall we admit Edgar Fawcett, who wrote his first novel, "Purple and Fine Linen," at twenty-six and followed it up with nearly forty others? The son of "a prosperous merchant," the Dictionary of American Biography says of him, "after leaving college, since he was under no necessity of entering a gainful occupation, he devoted himself to literature and 'elegant leisure.' " He's in! But look at what Brander Matthews says in "These Many Years: Recollections of a New Yorker": "Fawcett . . . supported himself by concocting sensational series for one of the cheapest weekly story-papers." He's out! How about Professor Matthews himself, one of whose works, "The Royal Marine: An Idyl of Narragansett Pier," starts out promisingly with the O'Hara-style rich in an opening sentence reading, "It was not yet half-past eleven o'clock of a bright, warm morning towards the end of July when Mr. Joshua Hoffman's steam-yacht *Rhadamanthus* announced her arrival at Narragansett Pier and dropped anchor off the beach"? He recalls that his father, a Wall Street real-estate owner whose rent roll in 1873 was half a million dollars, educated him "for the profession of millionaire," and John Erskine, in "The Memory of Certain Persons," calls him "the heir to a sizable fortune . . . conditioned by social contacts and by wide travel for the life of a cosmopolitan, the kind of world citizen who would feel at home anywhere in the best clubs, the best restaurants, the best theatres," but the panic of 1873 ushered in a downward trend in the senior Matthews' fortune, and when he died, in 1887, his estate, according to the son, "was small." How small? Is the idyllist in or out? And how about Robert Grant, a multiple-clubbed, East India-trade-connected Bostonian whose first book, "The Little Tin-Gods-on-Wheels," a collection of satires originating in the Harvard *Lampoon*, was published in 1879, when he was a Harvard law student; whose second, "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl: A Story of Fashionable Life," the precursor of twenty-odd other novels, appeared the following year, when he was dividing his time between the desultory practice of law, writing, and a fashionable life killing salmon in the Gaspé and attending balls and routs in Boston ("At formal dinner parties for young people there were half a dozen wine-glasses at every plate," he wrote in "Fourscore: An Autobiography," fifty-four years later); and whose "The Chippendales," an excellent pre-Marquand dissection of Boston society, was written in 1909, when he was a probate-court judge, a Newport, Murray Bay, and Scotland summer cottager, and the father of, *inter alia*, an incipient Lee, Higginson partner? Sounds rich, but observe the following "Fourscore" passage:

> Time was on the wing, and a couple of years later—that is, in 1903—the eldest [of Grant's sons], Robert, entered Harvard and two of his brothers, Alexander and Patrick, in the two years immediately following. Consequently for two years I had three undergraduate sons in college at once, to whom I allowed fifteen hundred dollars apiece, which was supposed to cover expenses during the summer vacation. . . . It was well for me that my books were doing well, for as I look back, I must have had doubts as to where the extra six thousand dollars was to come from.

I'd say that Grant was in in his wine-bibbing youth but that the responsibilities of family life later disqualified him.

A large number of other financial problems arise. I've attempted to solve them in the Public Library; in the New York Society Library, which I prefer to the Public, because if you're a member you can roam around the stacks *ad arbitrium;* in my book-lined study, for which I've ransacked a large num-



"Oh, oh! Wrong apartment!"

• •

ber of the city's second-hand bookstores; and by conducting ruthless interrogations, at literary gatherings, of writers with extra-writing incomes. For example, I recently cornered Louis Auchincloss, the author of "Portrait in Brownstone" and other novels, a lawyer with the firm of Hawkins, Delafield & Wood, and the son of a Davis, Polk, Wordwell, Sunderland, and Kiendl partner, and asked him if he gave a damn financially whether his books sold. He nodded vigorously. Correspondence has been another weapon in my armory. The late Arthur Train—like Grant and Auchincloss, a fiction-writing lawyer—published the first of some forty novels in 1905, when he was an assistant district attorney of New York County, and in 1922, at forty-seven, gave up his practice to devote his time entirely to writing. "My desire for publication was not mercenary," he writes, in "My Day in Court,"

"Once again I'm asking you. How are we going to make our getaway?"

• •

of the period when he began to produce fiction. "I had a good salary and was not in need of money." He's in! But wait! Taking advantage of prior acquaintance, I wrote to his daughter, Mrs. Charles Dewey Hilles, Jr., a novelist herself, and asked her what she could tell me about her father's financial hopes and fears, and also those of her mother, Ethel Kissam Train, since Mrs. Train, too, was a writer. "I don't know whether my father falls into your classification or not," she replied, and went on with gratifying responsiveness:

> He was a poor but well-educated young man of professional stock, which he explained to me was not social, in the narrow sense, in Massachusetts, in those days. He started out in New York as a lawyer, but was always interested in writing... and when he reached the point where he figured he could make as much money writing as at the law, he gave up the law. He aimed at six short stories and a novel a year, and I think he always made it.... My father always disapproved of young authors' trying to support themselves by writing. He said they should get jobs and write on the side.... Certainly he wrote for a living, and had an entirely pro attitude. It is true that he had married an "heiress" (I think $12,000 a year) who was related to Vanderbilts and things, so I don't know whether he actually *had* to or not. Mother... wrote every day, too.... She had very high literary standards, and did not write with either popularity or money in mind.

What an interesting cross-section, literarily-financially speaking, the three writers in the Train family constitute! Mr. Train, by the terms I have laid down, qualifies for this omnium-gatherum at the outset of his writing career but, as his avocation became his vocation, paradoxically poops out, fiscally speaking. Shall we take up his pre-1922 novels, such as "Tutt and Mr. Tutt," and duck the later ones, such as "Tut, Tut, Mr. Tutt"? Let me think it over. Mrs. Train, who wrote "Bringing Out Barbara," a novel, and "Son," a book of short stories about children, qualifies, and so, I think, does their daughter, who, as Helen Train Hilles, has published two cookbooks, an autobiographical book about her farm in Millbrook, seven juveniles, and a novel, "The Swift Seasons," which is a touching account of the childhood and adolescence of a rich New York girl in the pre-juvenile-delinquent era. Such are the inhibitions remaining from my own childhood ("Tut, Tut!" my father used to say when I asked him what his portal-to-portal pay was) that I haven't asked Mrs. Hilles what her private income is, but her husband, a lawyer, who has recently retired as executive vice-president of the International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation and remains a director, is also a director of the International Holdings Corporation, and the Royal McBee Corporation, which manufactures Royal typewriters. Mrs. Hilles uses a Royal typewriter. I hope you don't mind these homely touches.

One word more about "rich." I shall occasionally and arbitrarily expand the interpretation of this adjective to include writers who *sound* rich. This will enable me to slip in one or two borderline, non-Drexel Biddles (Drexel Biddles are *always* rich) without taking the time to consult Dun & Bradstreet and the probate courts in order to find out whether they are rich Biddles or poor Biddles. Time is money, and I would like to be in clover myself.

"Write" is easier to deal with than "rich." It will refer herein only to fiction, since that is presumably what Mr. O'Hara had in mind, and since, except in democratically broadening the base of his definition of "rich," I am glad to abide by his assumptions. Apply "write" in conjunction with "rich" to nonfiction and you're in a ballroom peopled, in part—and in part posthumously—by Rockefellers (John D., Jr.: "The Colorado Industrial Plan;" James S., Jr.: "Man on His Island"); du Ponts (Bessie G.: "E. I. Du Pont de Nemours and Company: A History"); Clewses (Henry: "Fifty Years in Wall Street;" Elsie Worthington Clews Parsons, his daughter: "Hopi and Zuñi Ceremonialism;" John E. Parsons, her son: "The Peacemaker and Its Rivals: An Account of the Single-Action Colt"); Van Rensselaers (Mrs. John King: "The Social Ladder;" Mrs. Schuyler: "Poems"); Belmonts (August: "Letters, Speeches and Addresses;" Perry: "Return to Secret Party Funds;" Mrs. August II: "The Fabric of Memory"); Pulitzers (Ralph: "New York Society on Parade;" Walter: "Cozy Corner Confidences"); Brown

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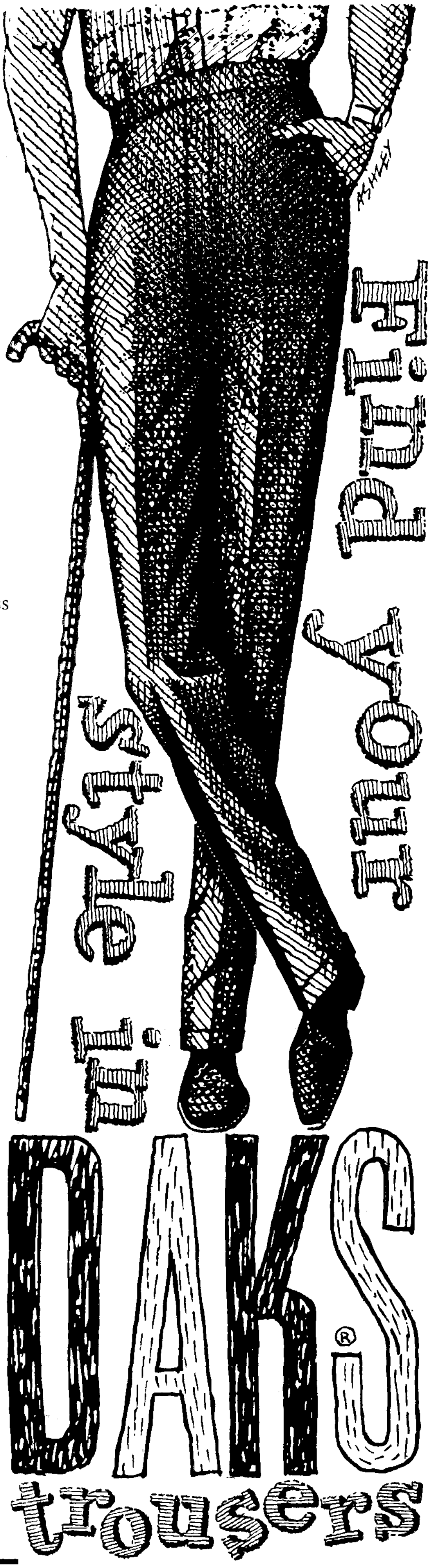

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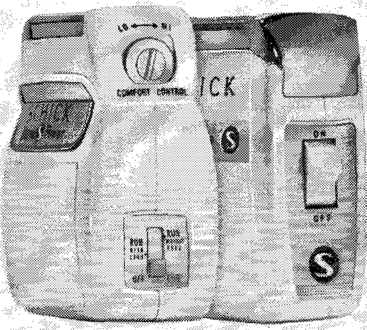

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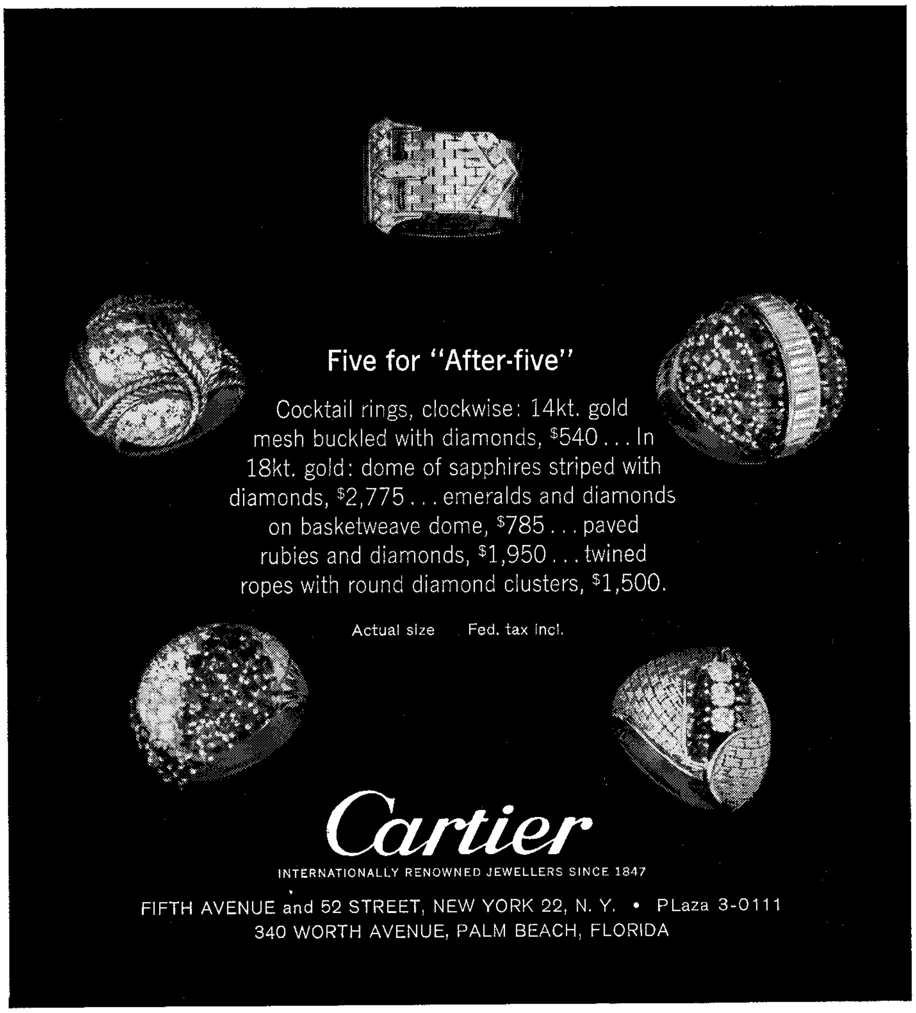
the World on a Large Steam Yacht"); Carnegies (Andrew: "An American Four-in-Hand in Britain"); Carnegie relatives (George Lauder Greenway: "Some Predecessors of Sir Joshua Reynolds in Criticism of the Fine Arts"); and Morgan partners (R. Gordon Wasson: "The Hall Carbine Affair"), not to mention, in addition to Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Miss Lowell, and Mrs. Robinson, poetesses named Whitney, Vanderbilt, Lazarus, Speyer, and Lindbergh (Helen Hay, Gloria, Emma, Leonora, and Anne). A stately rock 'n' roll, no doubt, with plenty of dolls to cut in on, but we'll have to forgo the pleasure.

I'm thinking, too, in terms only of *American* Rich Writers. Again this is, or these are, what Mr. O'Hara evidently had in mind, and again it is what I am glad to keep in mind, since, again, it mercifully rules out a bunch that might have swamped me: Tolstoi (real estate); Turgenev (ten thousand serfs); Horace Walpole (political sinecures); William Beckford, who inherited a fortune at eleven, wrote "Vathek" in his twenties, and spent two hundred and seventy-three thousand eighteenth-century pounds, not out of royalties, on his country house; Lady Caroline Lamb, who wrote a *roman à clef* about Byron, a rich poet (the rich like to write about the rich; *vide* William Guggenheim and B. M. Baruch, *supra*); Winston Churchill and Benito Mussolini, both of whom wrote novels—"Savrola" and "The Cardinal's Mistress," respectively—when they were twenty-six (Were they rich then? No matter; name-dropping's the thing); Enid Bagnold, who was securely married to the head of Reuters when she wrote "Serena Blandish;" Proust; Gide; and I don't know who else. There are some doubtful cases, geographically speaking, and I am sorry to lose Howard Overing Sturgis, a Boston Sturgis whose father was an American partner in Baring Brothers but who was brought up in England. I am sorry to lose Sturgis, because his three novels, "Tim: A Story of School Life," "All That Was Possible," and "Belchamber," which I read before I realized I was out of bounds, are full of odd locutions ("If I was to hop the twig," one of his characters says, referring to his possible demise) and worldly touches ("Why, Mrs. Jack is smartest of the smart. She knows hardly anyone but Jews and royalties," says another), and because in "Belchamber" the author, after assuming a genteel Jamesian financial stance by writing, "Of the thousands of acres of which the property consists, the farms and manorial rights,



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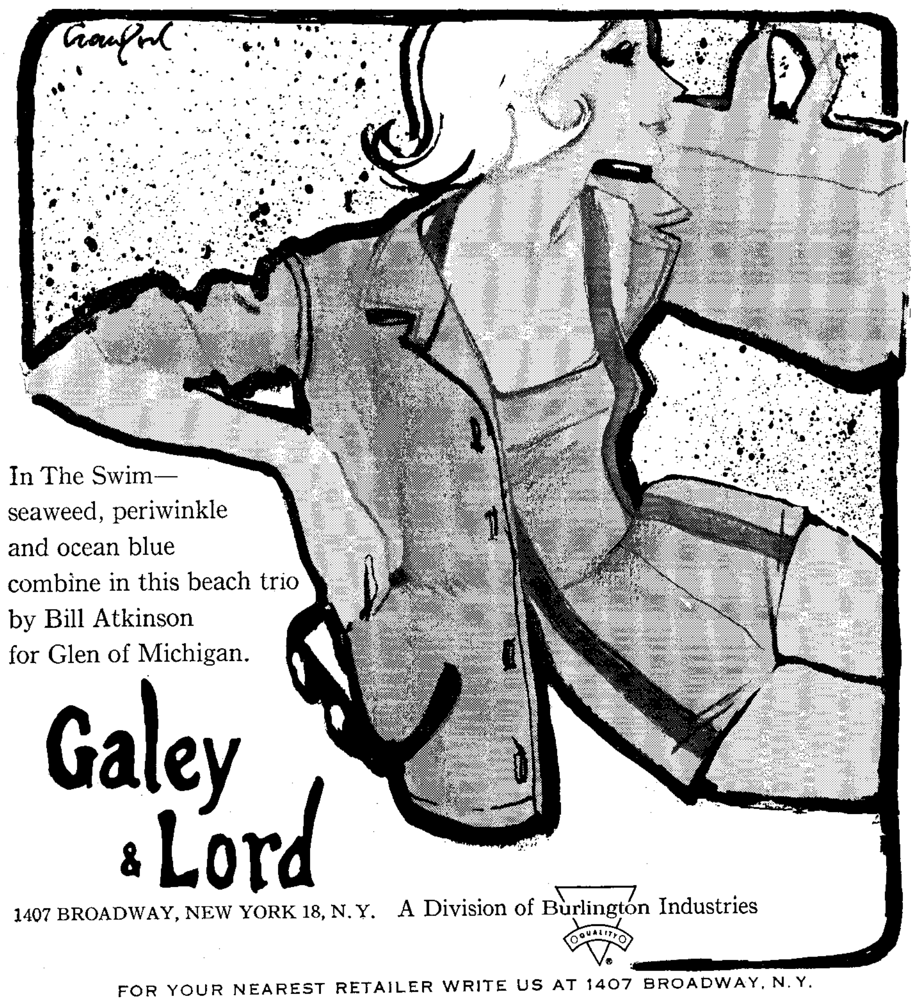

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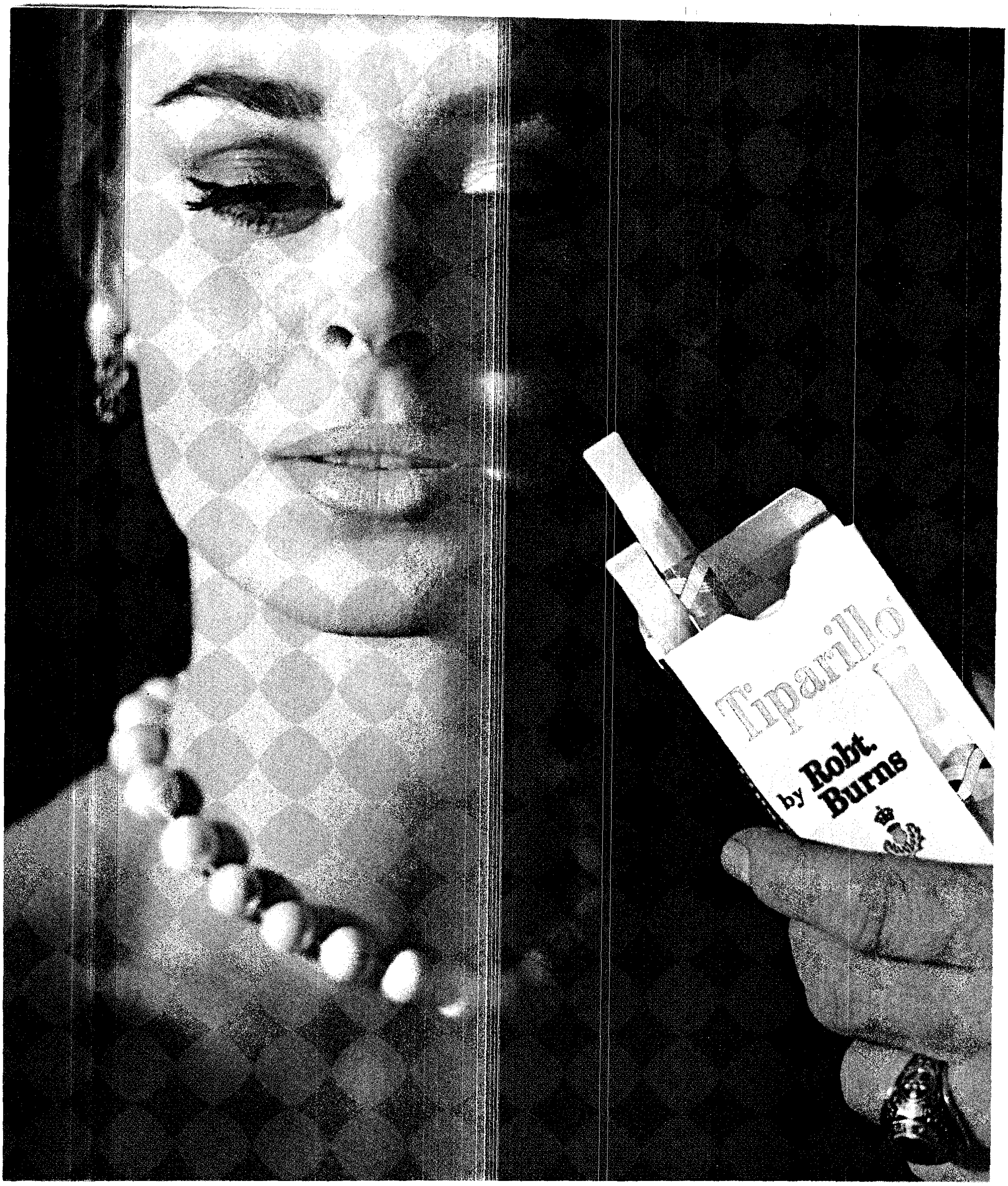

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and livings in the gift of the owner, it is not necessary that I should give a catalogue; it is not the business of the novelist to value for probate, but if possible to convey a vague but imposing impression of wealth and position," goes to pieces and, just like a nosy old Balzac or Dreiser, tells us precisely what the heir to this cloudy property is worth—fifty thousand pounds a year.

A little more underbrush cutting and we'll put the show on the road. I have brought up the matter of rich American novelists at a lot of rich American cocktail parties, and I am going to reject suggestions from many well-meaning persons that Henry James and James Fenimore Cooper be included in this category. These suggestions reflect a widely held opinion that has been canonized in tomes bearing the imprimatur of our leading scholars. "The father," Carl Van Doren writes, of James's father, in the Dictionary of American Biography, "had inherited from *his* father [italics mine], a merchant of Albany, a fortune which not only permitted the elder Henry James to devote his life to speculation and conversation, but which enabled him to transmit to his children the advantages of a similar leisure." Van Doren has goofed here. James's grandfather *did* leave a conversation piece of three million dollars, in 1832, but he also left a widow and eleven children. Henry, Senior, who didn't hop the twig until Junior was thirty-nine (and had nine novels under his belt), inherited ten thousand a year after breaking his father's will, which had left him two thousand. James himself was as explicit about money in his own life as he was vague and imposing about it in his books. Hark to Leon Edel's illuminating introduction to "The Selected Letters of Henry James":

> The business letters here published for the first time reveal a side of James never before fully disclosed: the Henry James of the market place, a professional writer driving his bargains and conducting his financial affairs with an airy majesty that brooks no contradictions and makes few compromises. . . . These letters are shrewd and practical: their money-hauntedness would not be questioned in any professional correspondence but might be in this instance because of the legend that James did not really have to live by his pen. The truth was, however, that he did. He had early demonstrated that he could earn his way by his writing. He did not like to appeal to his father for funds, especially since the family income was heavily drained by the needs of the younger sons and the invalid daughter. Writing was the key to the freedom which Henry cherished, and he was practical enough to sell to the best market, and artist enough to feel that the world could never pay him sufficiently for what he had to offer. In-

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deed when he finally inherited his share of his father's estate, at forty, his affairs had so prospered that he turned over his annual income entirely to his sister and continued to make his way by his profession.

Mr. Edel has informed me, in private conversation, that this annual income was a mere hundred dollars a month, and that James began to use it, and the capital from which it derived, for himself only at fifty, when Alice James died. His private financial attitude was not vague, but it *was* imposing. "Farewell then, my dear Macmillan," he wrote his British publisher, Sir Frederick Macmillan, in 1890, after Macmillan had offered him seventy pounds for "The Tragic Muse," and this brought the niggardly knight to heel.

What of Cooper? I regret to state that Carl Van Doren has goofed again. "Though he reduced his fortune by unsuccessful speculations, he was never in any serious distress," Van Doren writes in his account of Cooper in the D.A.B. (on whose management committee he served), while Van Wyck Brooks, perhaps inheriting Van Doren's goof, observes in "The World of Washington Irving," "Cooper had inherited from the founder of Cooperstown, his father, a sufficiently ample fortune and twenty-three farms," and "Money was the last of his cares." Sufficiently ample for what? Cooper was only twenty when his father died, leaving his children seven hundred thousand dollars, but these children numbered six, all male, the estate went to pot, and, as far as I can make out after diligent research, Fenimore's take was not more than fifty thousand. He himself had seven children to support, including two daughters who never married; all his brothers had died, mostly broke, by the time he was thirty. Hark to James Grossman in his fairly recent biography of this financially carefree man: "Either through [his brothers'] extravagance or because its own foundation was speculative, the fortune that had been left them was gone. Otsego Hall [the family mansion] was sold. Some of the brothers died insolvent and the burden of making good on their debts and of contributing to the support of their widows and children fell on Cooper." And hark—in fact, hark back—to Thomas R. Lounsbury, professor of English at the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale College, who in 1882 wrote in his life of Cooper entitled "James Fenimore Cooper":

> The pressure upon his means had . . . been one of the main reasons, if not the main reason, that had led him to contemplate pursuing a literary life. The

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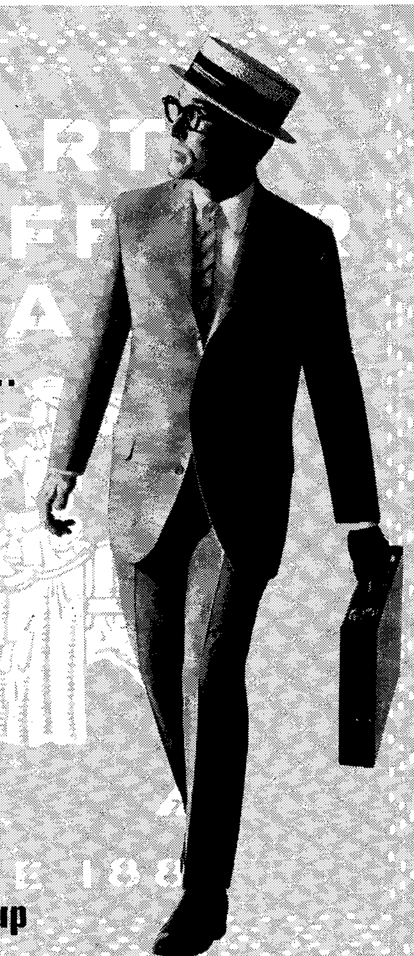

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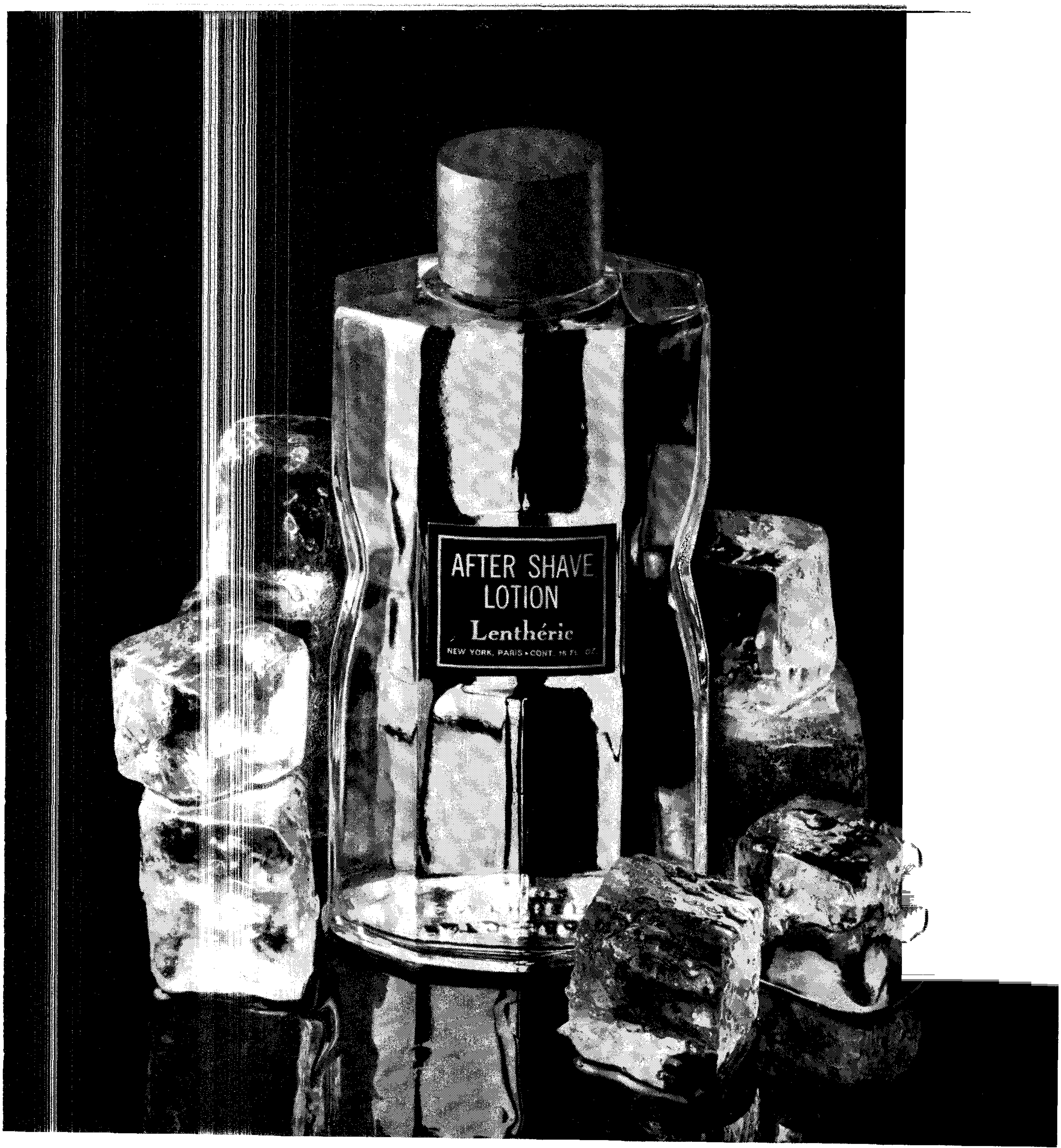

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> property left by his father had gradually dwindled in value. . . . The result was that he found himself without the means which in his childhood he might justly have looked forward to possessing. So far from being a man of wealth he was in the earlier part of his literary career a poor man.

I think the Dictionary of American Biography and people who go to cocktail parties would *like* writers to be independently rich, but there you are.

Edith Wharton, not to be so damned negative about everything, qualifies—she was a Jones, and her mother was a Rhinelander, and her grandmother was a Schermerhorn—but since she is so much in the public domain, and since my aim is to electrify one and all, the only thing I shall say of her works and pomps is that she was a rich writer who could write, at least during her early and middle periods. Is this Jones allusion too arcane for 1963? Let me document it. Jones, in this context, refers not to a bunch anyone in his right mind would try to keep up with but to a rich old New York family whose bones pepper the vaults of St. Marks in the Bouwerie and after whom Jones Beach, which includes land its members once owned, is named. I am indebted to a rich abstract artist of my acquaintance, George L. K. Morris (O'Hara is right; I got to know him at Yale), who is an authority on rich old New York families as well as on abstract art, for the following bulletin, which I solicited:

> Edith Wharton was my father's first cousin (his mother was a similar Jones). These particular Joneses were quite something, I was always led to believe, and they derived their funds from the Chemical Bank, which was their bank to start with. (They no longer have funds, and the Bank has been amalgamated with something else.) Their country-place was Jones's Wood (somewhere around East Sixtieth to Seventieth Street). . . . I once went on a two-hour auto trip with her, during which she discussed her genealogy uninterruptedly.

The Chemical Bank Joneses are not much on getting themselves written up in the canonical biographical compendiums, and the chief thing Mrs. Wharton has to say about them in her autobiography, "A Backward Glance," is that they belonged to a prosperous class of merchants, bankers, and lawyers. However, primed with Mr. Morris's tip, I have located one of them in a paragraph, headed "Mr. Jones, of the Chemical Bank," in "Twenty Years Among the Bulls and Bears of Wall Street," by Matthew Hale Smith, LL.D., published in Hartford in 1870, which I believe tells as much about Mrs. Wharton (who was then eight) as any

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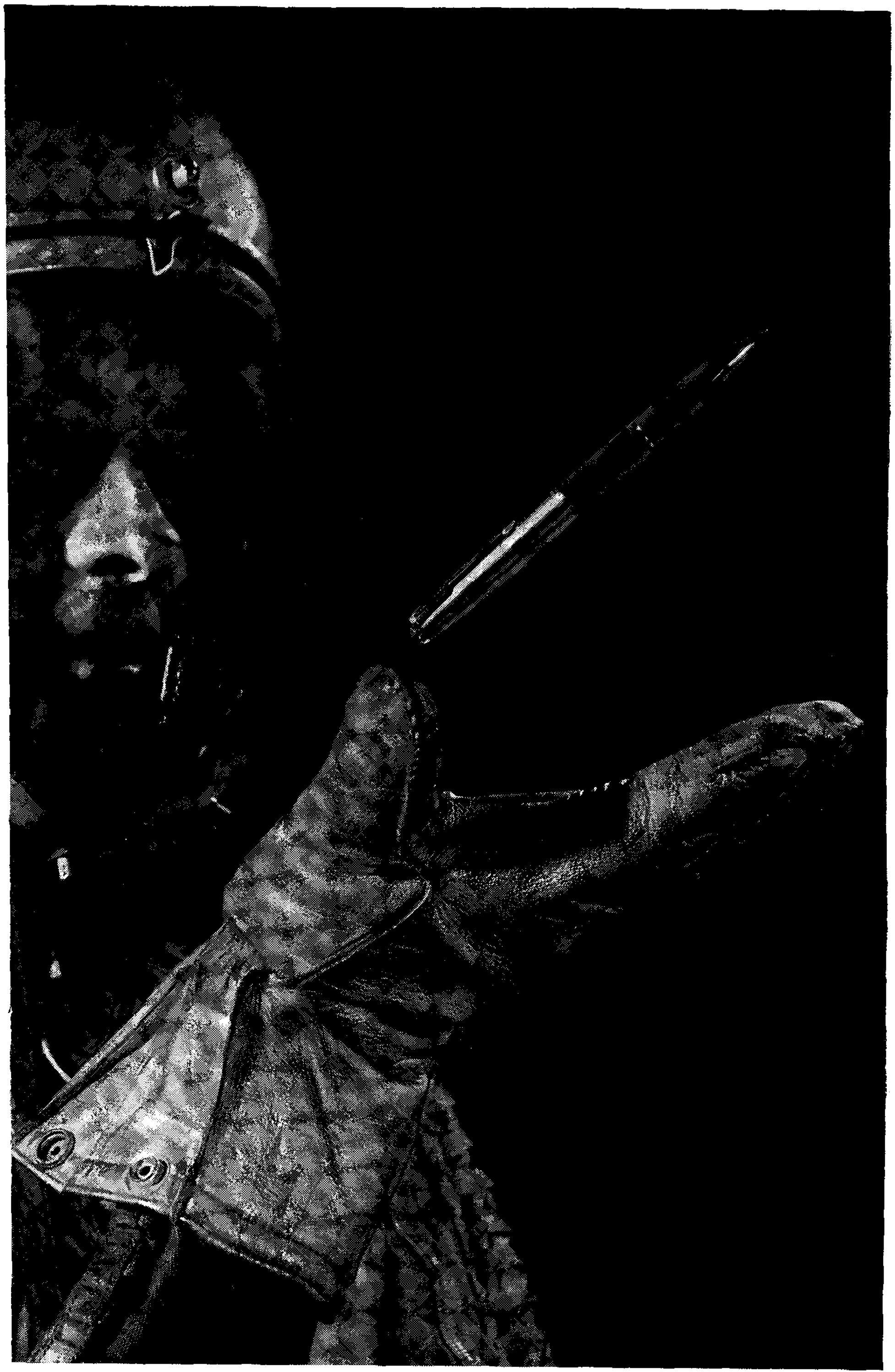

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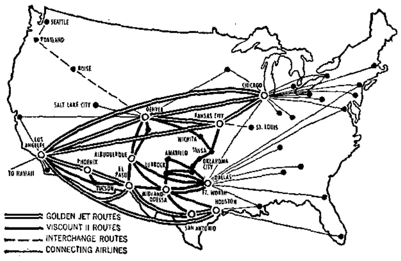
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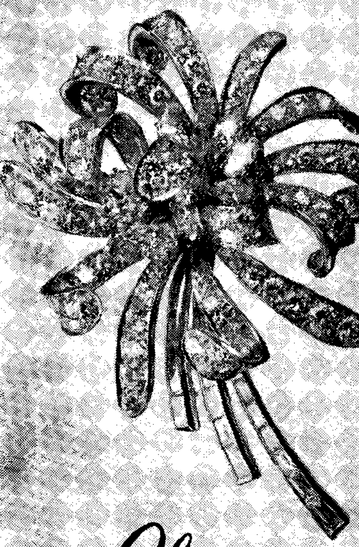

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number of passages from "The House of Mirth" or "The Age of Innocence":

> The Chemical Bank is a bank of the olden time [it reads]. It has none of the North River steamboat style in its banking house. A small, low, granite building on Broadway, opposite the Park, of humble pretensions, and unattractive in appearance, is all that greets the eye. Yet it is the most profitable banking house, with the most valuable franchise in the city. Like the Manhattan Bank, it was created for manufacturing purposes. These purposes were chemical in their nature, as the name implies. The capital of the bank, at the start, was three hundred thousand dollars. It has never been increased. It has never suspended payment, has very few stockholders, and is not anxious for business. It is owned by a few persons, and these principally directors. The stockholders are John I. Jones, the president, who has been at the head of the institution twenty-five years, and the Rosevelts [*sic*] and their relatives, who, with a few friends, own the institution. The surplus of the bank is enormous, being about two millions added to its capital, making a dividend on eight times the capital of the bank. All the stockholders are wealthy. The president is a careful, quiet, prudent man, with little to do, and large pay.

IN order to keep my bearings as I go about writing this monograph, I have arranged my authors alphabetically, and it is my plan to concentrate most of my attention on the early letters of the alphabet and, in the most highhanded manner, to give short shrift to the later letters. I may someday get back to the latter section of the alphabet, but I doubt it. This means that I will have to start the ball rolling with a tragic novelist—Henry Adams—which I regret, since I like to keep things cheery. Adams, like James, had a rich grandfather (Peter Chardon Brooks; two million dollars), but this prudent man died when Adams was ten, and since Adams' parents were already well off, he, unlike James, never had to think about earning a livelihood. "That one could work for anything but 'reputation,' even in public life, he could scarcely imagine," Van Wyck Brooks writes of him in "New England: Indian Summer, 1865-1915," and in one of this invaluable book's five hundred and seventy-one footnotes he quotes Adams in an 1858 letter: "Of *Atlantic Monthly* and *Putnam* and *Harper* and the men who write for money in them, my opinion is short. Rather than do nothing but that, or make that an object in life, I'd die here in Europe."

In his autobiographical and fictive writing, Adams exhibited a disregard not only for money but for reputation. Although he signed his historical works on Gallatin, Randolph, Jefferson, and

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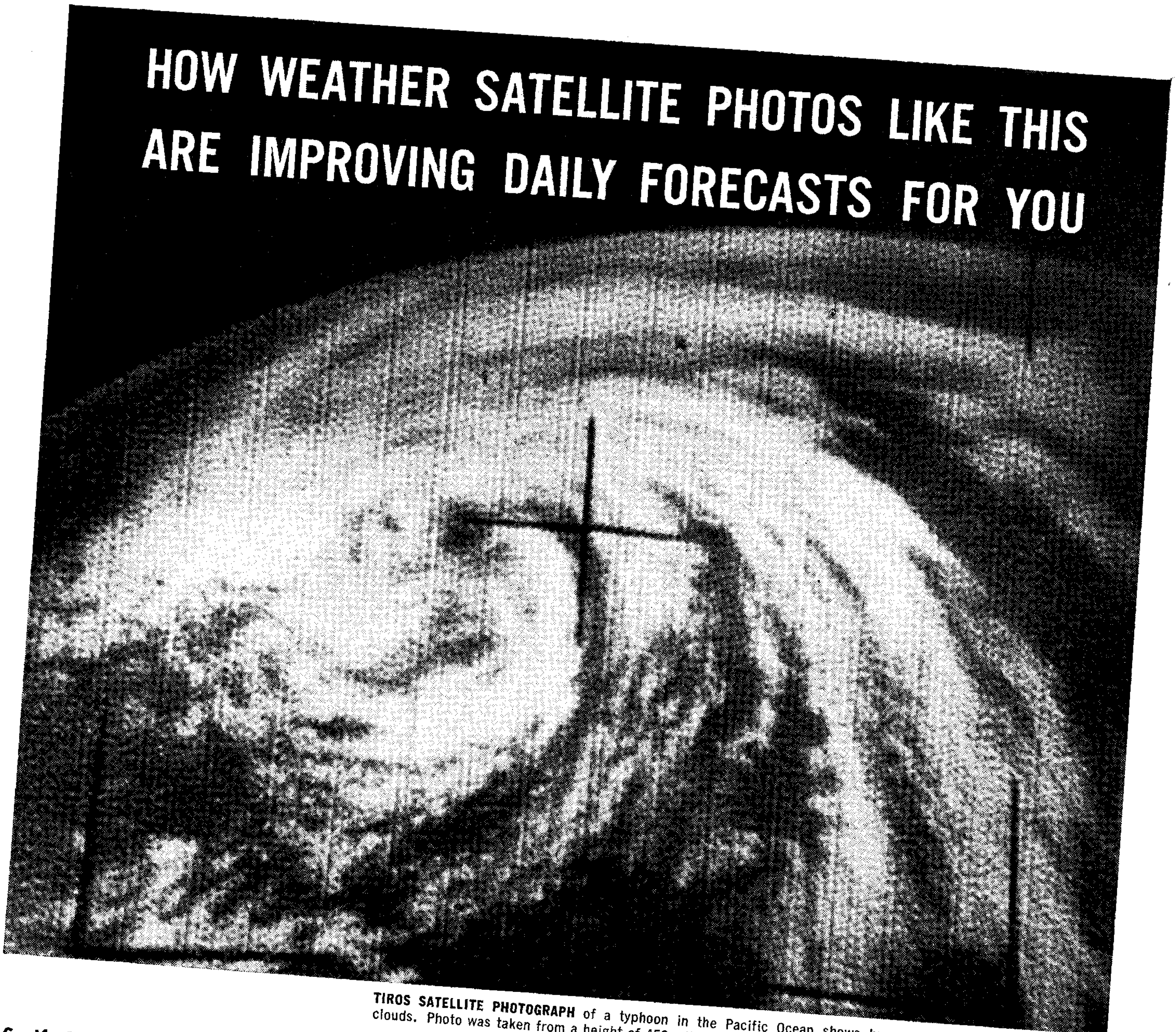

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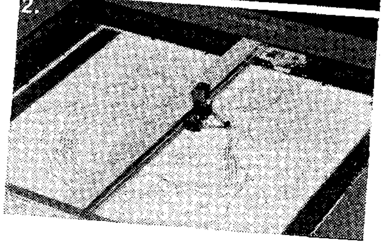

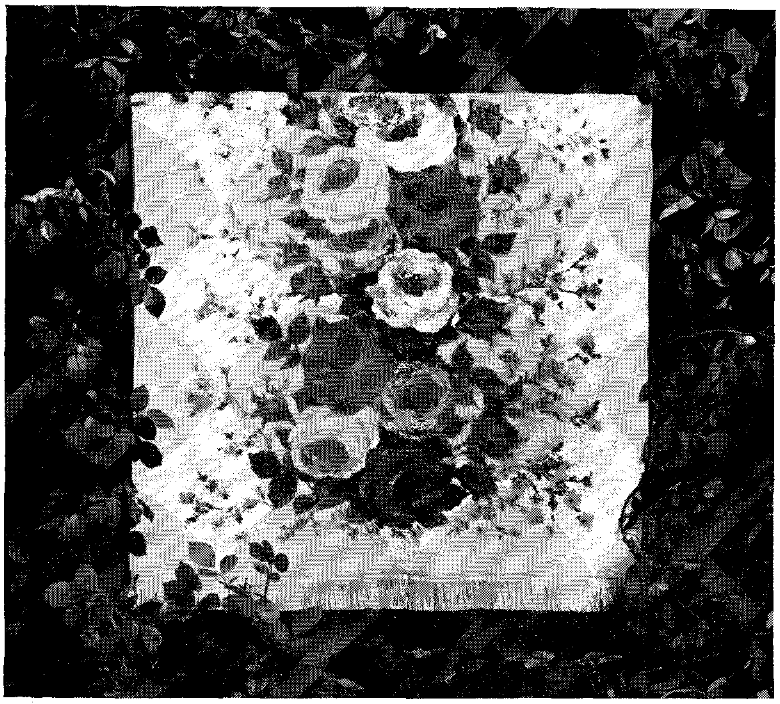

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Madison *proprio nomine*, and forthrightly labelled his autobiography "The Education of Henry Adams," he published the last privately, in an edition of a hundred copies, which he sent to friends, and he did not affix his name to the two novels he wrote. The first of these, "Democracy," was published anonymously, and the second, "Esther," bore a nom de plume, and a female one at that. During his lifetime, "Democracy" was widely attributed to two of his closest friends: John Hay, another rich crypto-novelist, whom we will deal with later on, and Clarence King, the author of "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" and a geologist who became the eponym of a Western box elder, or maple tree—*Acer kingii.* Alas, the species is very doubtfully separable from the common box elder, *A. negundo*, and has relapsed into synonymy. I am indebted for this information to the June, 1957, *Bulletin* of the Cosmos Club, of which both King and Adams were founders. You never know what is going to be grist for your mill.

"Democracy," which appeared in 1880, is a vigorous novel, and one of the sources of its vigor is Adams' contempt for money, especially New York money. Its heroine, Mrs. Lightfoot Lee, a thirty-year-old Philadelphia-born widow "with twenty or thirty thousand dollars a year" and a taste for dry champagne, has come to Washington from New York, where her husband had made his pile and where "she knew, more or less intimately, a dozen men whose fortunes ranged between one million and forty millions." "What did they do with their money?" she asks herself, and am I wrong in assuming that Mrs. Lee's question is also Mr. Adams'? "What could they do with it that was different from what other men did? . . . After setting aside a certain income sufficient for all one's wants, what was to be done with the rest? To let it accumulate was to own one's failure; Mrs. Lee's great grievance was that it did accumulate, without changing or improving the quality of its owners."

Oh, my! Would Mr. Adams have qualified for this treatise if Peter Chardon Brooks hadn't permitted his money to accumulate? But, of course, that was Boston money, and conceivably not quite as non-U as the aforementioned moola. In another "Democracy" passage, which describes the visit of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Baden-Hombourg to America, Adams writes:

> The newspapers hastened to inform their readers that the Grand-Duchess was

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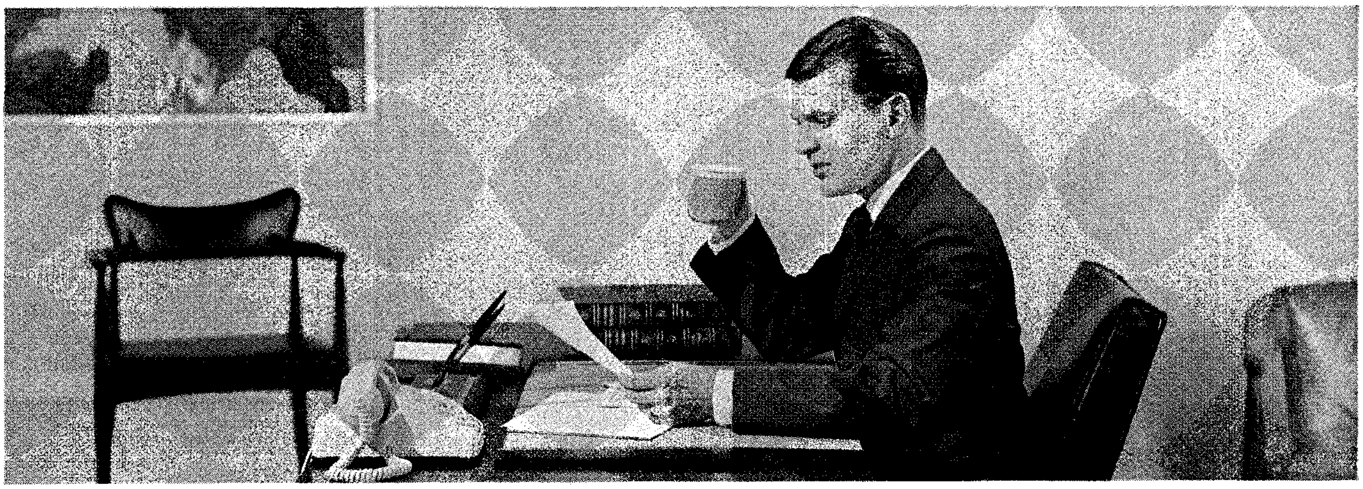

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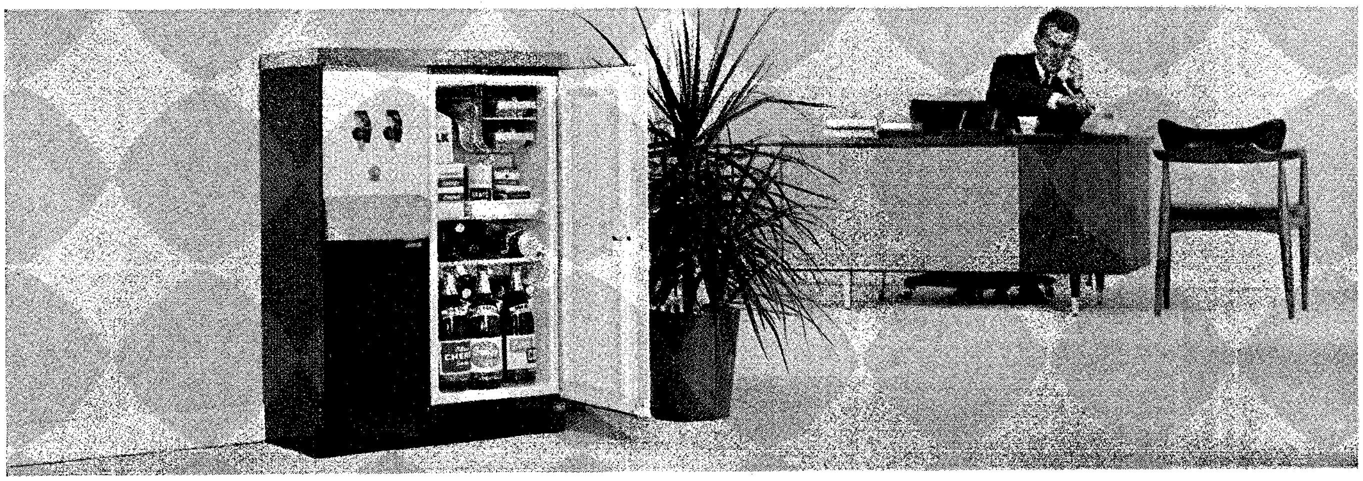

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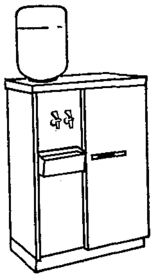

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a royal princess of England, and . . . every one who had any sense of what was due to his or her own dignity, hastened to show this august couple the respect which all republicans who have a large income derived from business, feel for English royalty. New York gave a dinner, at which the most insignificant person present was worth at least a million dollars, and where the gentlemen who sat by the Princess entertained her for an hour or two by a calculation of the aggregate capital represented.

Madeleine Lee, "bitter against New York and Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston, American life in general and all life in particular," settles in Washington for the winter in order to get "to the heart of the great American mystery of democracy and government." This is exposed to her by the Honorable Silas P. Ratcliffe, "the Prairie Giant of Peoria, the Favourite Son of Illinois" (modelled after James G. Blaine, the so-called Plumed Knight of Maine), a transplanted New Englander and a widower of fifty, who "dodges all the sharp issues;" wears "the largest and whitest pair of French kids that could be bought for money on Pennsylvania Avenue;" tells Madeleine "frankly that the pleasure of politics lay in the possession of power;" sneers at Darwin ("Such books disgrace our civilization; they degrade and stultify our divine nature"); admits that while he was governor and was running for a second term, he rigged an election; attends church for vote-getting reasons; and is revealed to Mrs. Lee by John Carrington, a forty-year-old bachelor lawyer who is described as an educated Virginian "of the old Washington school," as the recipient of a hundred-thousand-dollar bribe from the Inter-Oceanic Mail Steamship Company, paid to obtain a heavy subsidy from Congress that would enable it "to extend its service around the world."

MY next alphabetical selectee—and, chronologically, the earliest—is Washington Allston, the leading American painter of his day, whose sole excursion into fiction, "Monaldi: A Tale," was written in 1821 for a magazine that folded, and was thrown into his desk, not to be published until twenty years later and just two years before his death. Was Allston rich? Let's look at the record. What does Moses F. Sweetser say in his 1877 biography, grandly titled "Allston"? He says, right in Chapter 1:

> The district of Waccamaw, in South Carolina, is a long strip of land, between the Waccamaw River and the Ocean, from three to six miles wide, and separated by Winyah Bay, on the south, from the Santee country. On this sequestered and sea-fronting peninsula, a century ago, several

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❝Whether or not (Caesar) will continue to prevail may depend in large part upon his ability to restrain himself; so some believe, for they claim that one reason he went off the air was his inability to control his material. They believe the king's view that the king could do no wrong was responsible for the king's dethronement. Others take the opposite view. They say that Caesar's excesses were what made him great originally, and that he cannot, and will not, ever learn restraint. And although some may view part of his behavior with alarm, most believe that his performing strengths stem from his weaknesses.❞—from a TV GUIDE profile by Richard Gehman. Typical of what you will see in TV GUIDE this week, next week, any week. A rich diversification of viewpoint—differing sharply, sometimes, from our own. All of it about television. In a depth not duplicated anywhere else. For readers with a need to know this medium that so thoroughly dominates American leisure. This week more people will buy TV GUIDE to read about television than will buy any other magazine to read about anything else.

'IT WAS MY MEDIUM'

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Best-selling weekly magazine in America patrician families lived under an almost baronial *régime*, with their broad plantations, their many vassals, and their generous hospitalities. Prominent among these were the Allstons, from whom arose one of the foremost of American artists....

Washington Allston was born in 1779. His father died before the boy's second birthday, and young Washington, when he got out of Harvard, "fearful of litigation and delays, and unskilled in matters of business . . . disposed of his share of the paternal domain at a ruinous sacrifice," but he was still well off ("By selling his share of an ancestral plantation in South Carolina," Alexander Eliot, the former art editor of *Time*, wrote in "Three Hundred Years of American Painting," "Allston raised enough money to live and learn for many years in Europe"), and Sweetser's picture of him in later life in Cambridgeport reflects a kind of eccentricity that is the hallmark of the rich:

> The delicate sensitiveness of the master was shown in many and peculiar ways. When india-rubber shoes began to be worn, he purchased a pair, but could never put them on or remove them except with the tongs. He disliked the touch of metallic door-knobs, and usually interposed the skirt of his coat, or a handkerchief, between his hand and the metal.
>
> One of the singular customs of the artist's household was that in relation to a fire on the hearth, which was kept up throughout the year, so that visitors were favored with the music of a few crackling brands, even during the sufficient heats of an August evening.

In any event, at the time he wrote "Monaldi" his paintings had been selling well for many years, and the fact that he left it unpublished for two decades indicates that he didn't rely on his earning power as a novelist. Moreover, at the time of its publication he was definitely on Easy Street, since in 1830 he had espoused a rich second wife, a Dana (his first was a Channing—not bad, either), of whom Sweetser says, "Mrs. Allston's means were not small, and hence the dreamy artist was free from the desolating apprehensions of want and poverty."

"Monaldi" starts out with the weather:

> There is sometimes so striking a resemblance between the autumnal sky of Italy and that of New England at the same season, that when the peculiar features of the scenery are obscured by twilight it needs but little aid of the imagination in an American traveller to fancy himself in his own country; the bright orange of the horizon, fading into a low yellow, and here and there broken by a slender bar of molten gold, with the broad mass of pale apple-green blending above, and the sheet of deep azure over these, gradually dark-

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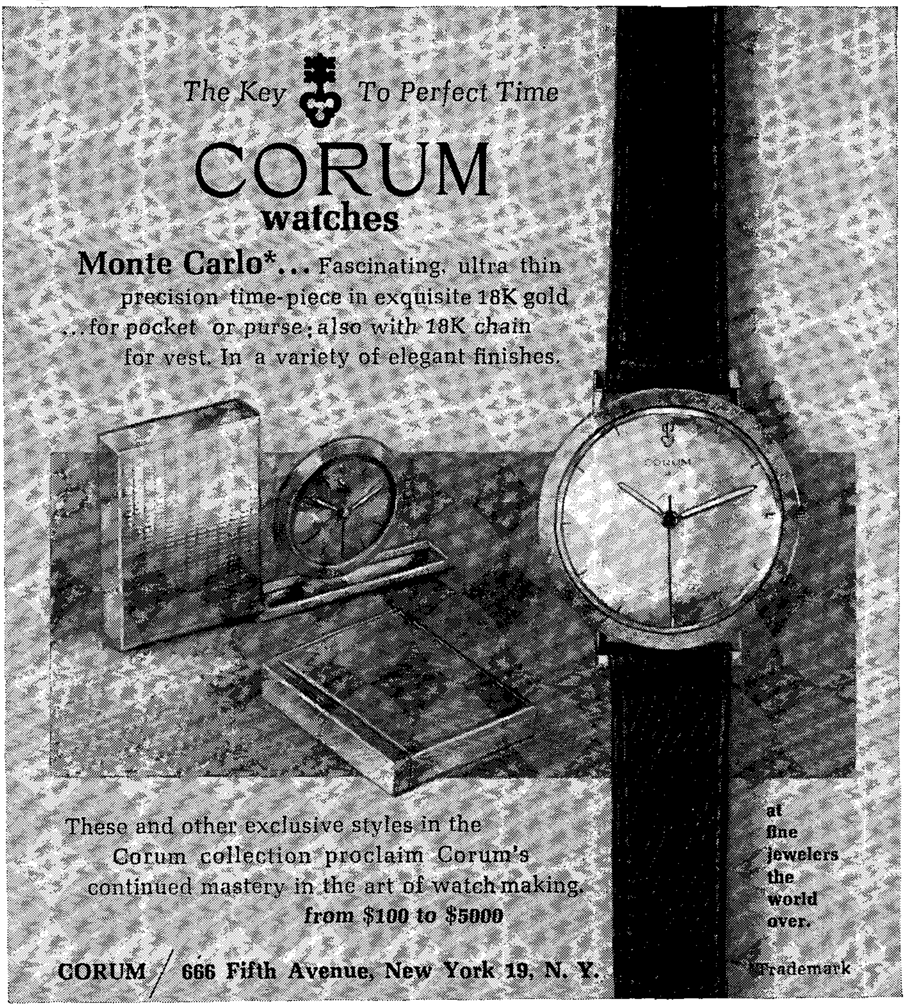

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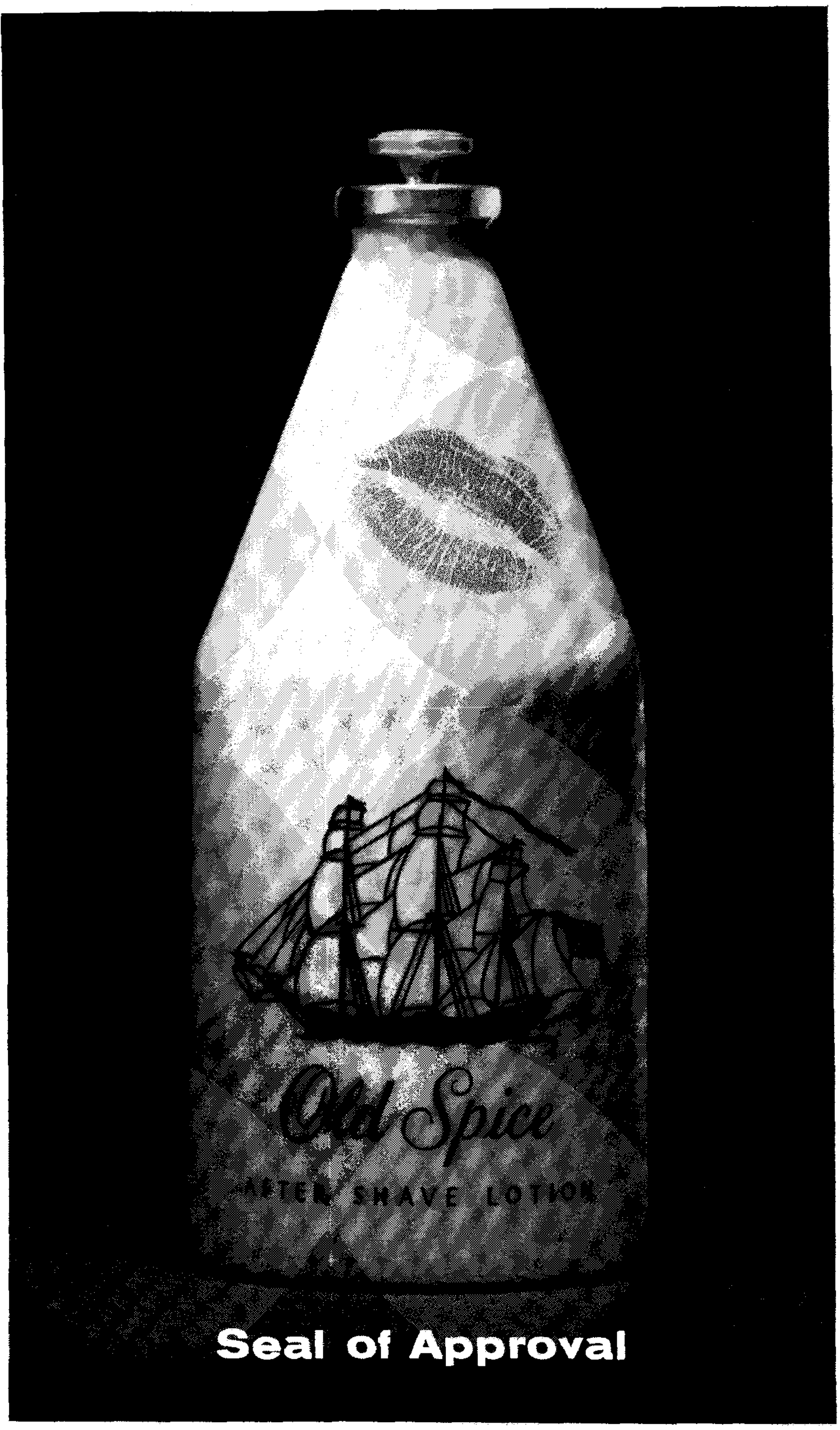
ening to the zenith—all carry him back to his dearer home.

The time is the eighteenth century; the scene, for the most part, Rome. “Abode”s abound, as do “Begone”s, “Nay”s, “ ’Tis”es, “Pshaw”s, and “Tut”s; spirits are manly, cholers rising, retorts fierce, calumnies senseless, and occurrences mortifying; recesses harbor pallets, desperate strokes are meditated, images are allowed to linger, fears are allayed (for the nonce), appetites are whetted confoundedly, and teeth are ground; and there is no dearth of such passages as “ ‘Your purse or your life,’ cried the stranger,” “ ‘Now, my good fellow-caitiff, what is your infernal errand?,’ ” and “ ‘Ay, strumpet!’ said he, in a voice scarcely articulate. . . . So saying, with a frantic laugh, he plunged his dagger into her bosom.”

The perpetrator of this grisly deed—Monaldi, principal painter to the Pope—has been driven to it by his false friend Maldura, an unsuccessful poet, who, unhinged by envy of Monaldi’s fame and his marriage to Rosalia, a beautiful papal connection who rejected *him*, has hired Count Fialto, a no-goodnick “among [whose] many seductions, the most notorious, and the one for which he was most dreaded, was that of a nun,” to instill in Monaldi suspicions of his impeccably virtuous wife. So devilishly successful is Fialto—planted letters, bribed servants, an entry into a bedroom disguised as a friar—that Monaldi kills his wife. No! A surgeon saves her, but her husband, convinced, *post factum*, of her innocence, and thinking that she is dead, goes off his rocker and repairs to a hovel, where he paints a picture of Satan and stares into space. Maldura, repentant, dies in a convent; Fialto, unrepentant, sails for Marseille with his doxy nun and is drowned; and the action concludes with Rosalia, who has become a boarder at a convent near Monaldi’s hovel, holding the hand of her expiring and at long last lucid husband. A far cry from Waccamaw vassals, Channing and Dana brides, India-rubber shoes, and crackling August hearths in Cambridgeport! Such are the visions of dreamy artists with independent incomes.

NEXT, Margaret Armstrong. I was put on to her by her brother Hamilton Fish Armstrong, an ex-president of the New York Society Library who is the editor of *Foreign Affairs*. The striking thing about Miss Armstrong is that she began to write fiction, with considerable success, in her seventies. A daughter of D. Maitland Arm-



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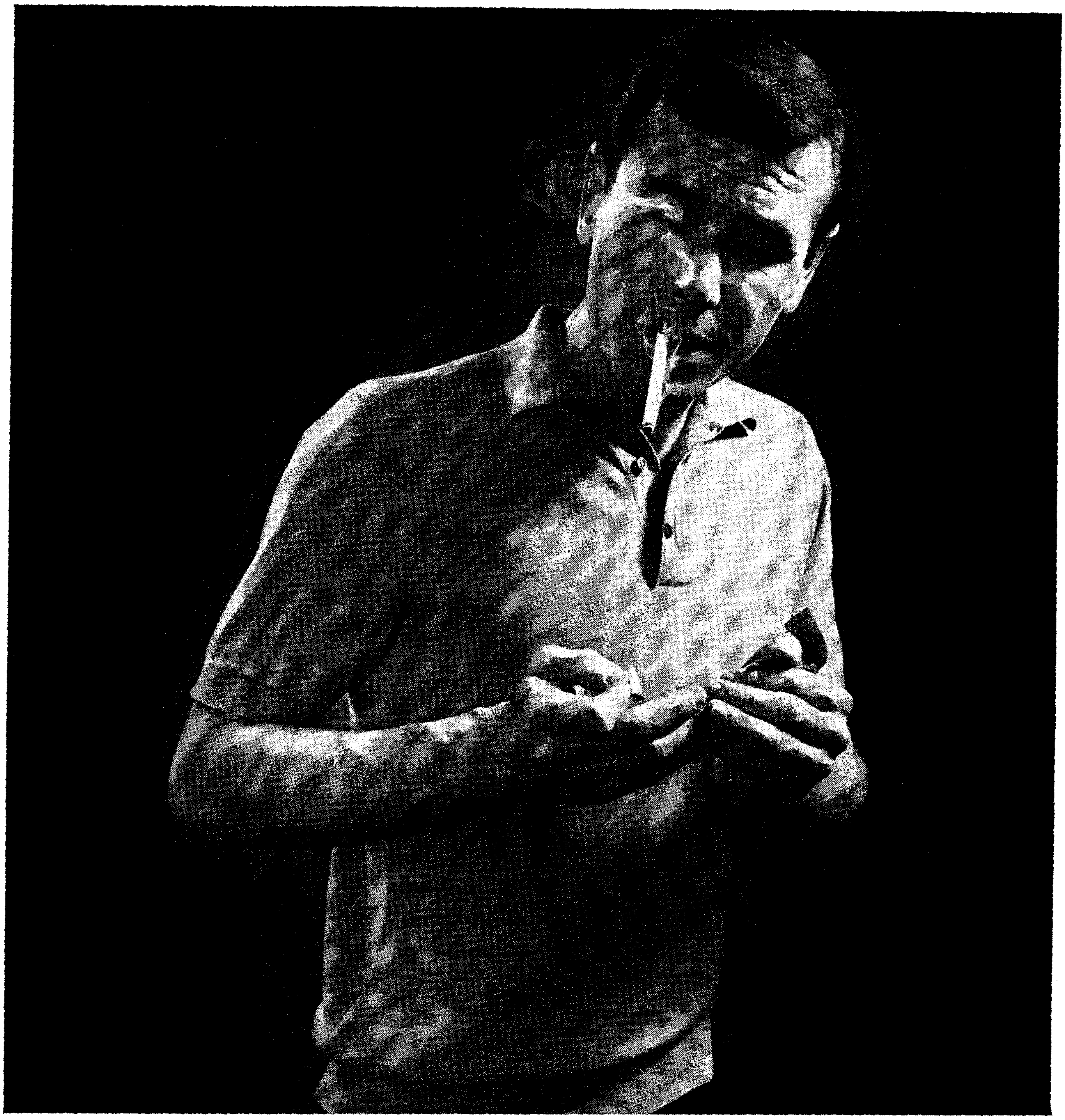

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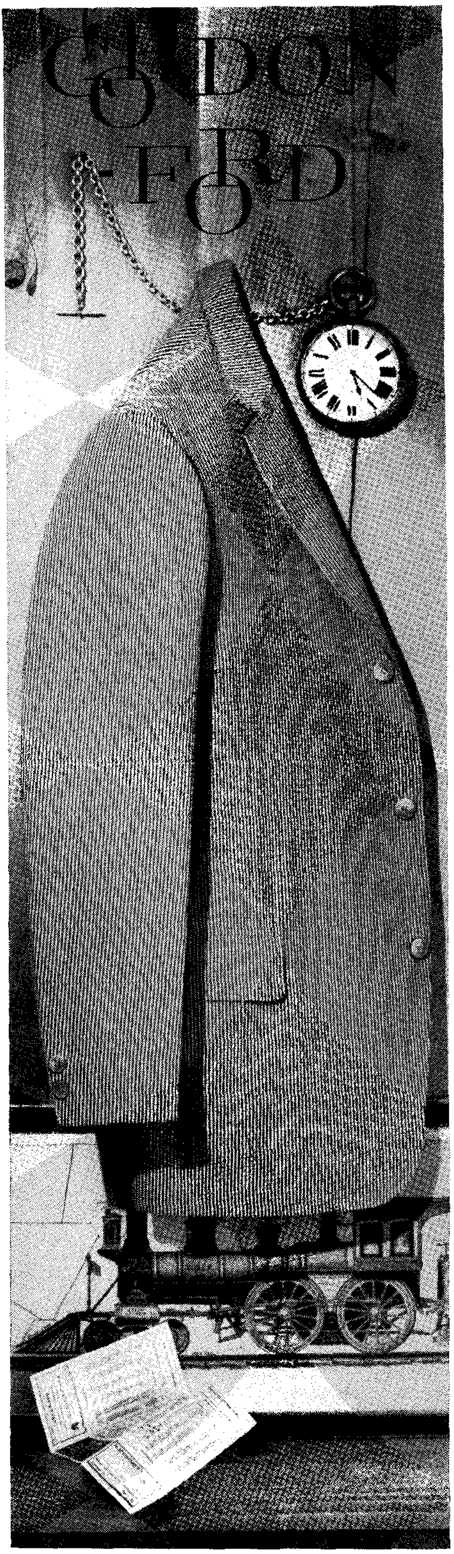
strong, a well-known artist who specialized in mosaics and stained-glass windows for rich churches and rich Belmont and Brady private chapels, she was an illustrator and painter herself, and she first burst into print in 1915, when she was forty-eight, with a "Field Book of Western Wild Flowers," containing five hundred of her drawings and forty-eight of her water colors. Fifteen years later, she produced "Five Generations: Life and Letters of an American Family" (the Armstrongs), and eight years after that came a biography, "Fanny Kemble: A Passionate Victorian." The following year, she wrote the first of three murder mysteries—"Murder in Stained Glass." How's your arithmetic? She was seventy-two. At seventy-three, she published another biography, "Trelawney: A Man's Life;" at seventy-four, "The Man with No Face" and "The Blue Santo Murder Mystery." She died at seventy-six.

Like "Monaldi," both "Murder in Stained Glass" and "The Man with No Face" start out with the weather:

> I suppose weather, bad and good, has often made a lot of difference in people's lives. . . . Anyhow, when I think back and consider the part I played in the Ullathorne affair, I realize that if the sun had not been shining on one particular Monday morning last March, nothing that happened at Bassett's Bridge would have happened in exactly the same way, and some of it would never have happened at all. For I shouldn't have been there.

> The funeral was over at last. . . . The service had been long and the day hot, unusually hot even for a December day in Australia. Not a breath of wind was stirring, the leafy fringes of the acacias bordering the road hung limp as rags and the sun beat out of a dazzling sky.

Although "Murder in Stained Glass" is full of surprises—Ullathorne's remains aren't his remains at all, or, indeed, those of a murdered person, but an authentically done-in corpse is supplied, in a copse, later on—I prefer "The Man with No Face," on account of its lofty social tone. True, some of the goings on are rather sordid, involving, as they do, poison gas and poisoned saccharine pills, but there are also poisoned cigars and poisoned Maillard's Thin Mints, and Miss Armstrong reaches an even more elegant pitch with references to the *Social Register*—"You could find the address in the St. Louis *Social Register*," one of her characters says, and another, "If they are not in the *Social Register*, they must have left Chicago"—and to the Colony Club. Abandoned by the villain in Grand Central Station, Laura Sands, a newcomer to New York, picks up two strangers, a Mrs. Benson and



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her daughter, and tells them she is expected at a Mrs. Wigham's, on Park Avenue. This sparks the following capital dialogue:

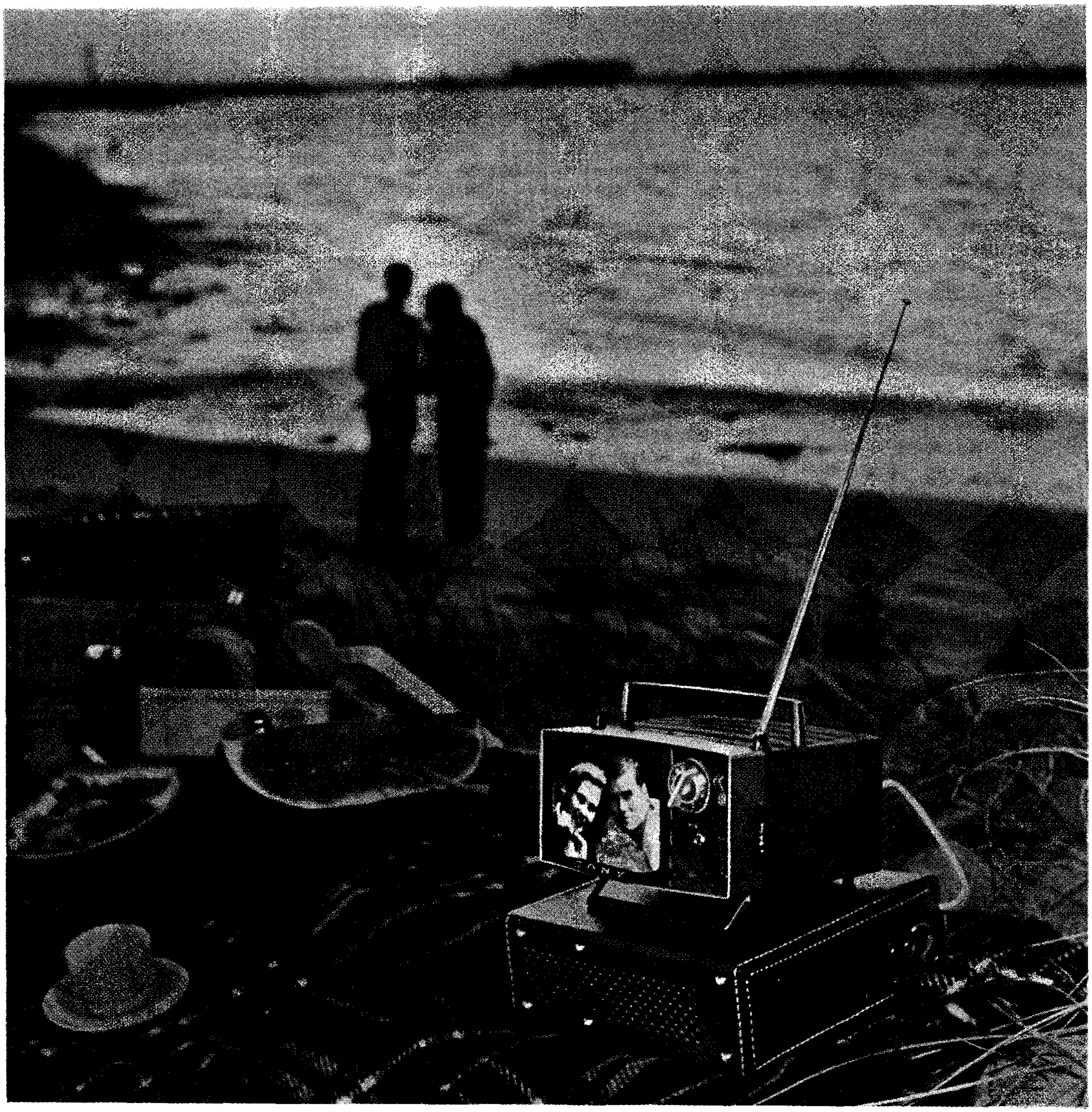
> "What is Mrs. Wigham's number?"
> "564 Park Avenue."
> Mother and daughter exchanged glances.
> "That is the number of the Colony Club," Mrs. Benson said.

Mrs. Benson and her daughter are not alone in this recondite knowledge. When Jim Northcote tells his friend Minton Marbury that Laura is staying at a Mrs. Wigham's, at 564 Park Avenue, "Marbury stared. 'Something wrong,' he said. 'That is the number of the Colony Club.' "

Moreover, Miss Armstrong's genealogical know-how, well exemplified in "Five Generations," which winds up with a family tree outlining her descent from Peter Stuyvesant, is also evident in "The Man with No Face," which contains a *seven*-generation family tree, showing the descendants of the man whose death motivates the murder. The three victims of the murderer are all cousins, as is a fourth person, whom he tries to kill; a fifth, whom he may have killed, is also a relative. The murderer is an *adopted* relative, of unknown antecedents; blood will tell. Another tony feature of this thriller, and of the two others, is the quotation that prefaces each and every chapter. In "The Man with No Face," Miss Armstrong draws upon, among others, Shakespeare, Dante, Wordsworth, Lewis Carroll, Charles Kingsley, Cowper, Herrick, John Marriot, Milton, "Scottish Ballads," Dinah Mulock, Mother Goose, and Edmund Waller; in "Murder in Stained Glass" she gives us Ezekiel, Aristophanes, Sheridan, W. S. Gilbert, Rossetti, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Samuel Rogers, Gray, Tennyson, and the Psalms; and in "The Blue Santo Murder Mystery" she invokes Terence, Shakespeare, Southey, John Gay, Sheridan, Walter de la Mare, Cowper, Coleridge, Thoreau, Kipling, Macaulay, Talleyrand, Thomas Hood, Carroll, and James Whitcomb Riley. The rich are terribly cultured, and they can be scientific, too. As befits a work by the author of "Field Book of Western Wild Flowers," "The Blue Santo Murder Mystery" has a murderer who is a botanist, and the book is full of Serapias and vascula.

WE now come to two novelists who measure up to even Mr. O'Hara's definition of "rich"—William Waldorf Astor and John Jacob Astor IV. William Waldorf, who, under Italian influence after a stint as United States Minister to Italy, wrote two novels—"Valentino: An Historical Romance of the Sixteenth Century in Italy" and "Sforza: A Story of Milan"—as well as a score or more of short stories with titles like "Pharaoh's Daughter," "The Ghosts of Austerlitz," "The Red Dwarf of Rabenstein," "Under the Black Flag," "Madame Récamier's Secret," "A Kiss of Delilah," "A Dragon in the Garden of Eden," "The Vengeance of Poseidon," and "The Theft of the Holy Grail," was worth a hundred million dollars. He became a British subject, and the first Viscount Astor, but only *after* he'd written his novels, so he's in. His cousin John Jacob, who inherited some fifty million, was less prolific. He wrote one book, a pioneering space-travel novel called "A Journey in Other Worlds: A Romance of the Future," in which he journeyed ahead, chronologically, as resolutely as William Waldorf went backward. William Waldorf got into type before his cousin did, so I'll violate my alphabetical sequence and take him up first.

What is there about the weather that so captivates rich writers? Both "Valentino" and "Sforza" start out with it: "In Rome, on a crisp December morning in the year 1501 . . ." and "A fine breezy July morning had dawned upon Milan." Both are also pretty rough going; for every ejaculated "Hush!" that one has, the other has an ejaculated "Tush!" "Valentino," which was published in 1885, seems to me the stronger of the two, but perhaps I was bushed when I got around to "Sforza," which appeared in 1889. On the other hand, perhaps Astor was bushed. "Valentino," the story of Cesare Borgia, is an even more rococo monument to the resounding cliché than "Monaldi." It would take a diligent I.B.M. machine, thinking fast, to tabulate all its "Prithee"s, "Methinks"es, "Forsooth"s, "Perchance"s, "Begone!"s, and "Verily"s. Repasts are light, poniards poisoned, steeds jaded, superb chargers caparisoned, conclusions vouchsafed, assemblages motley, goblets drained, varlets ill-mannered, emotions well feigned, fratricides redhanded. Menials busy themselves in preparations; soldiers ever and anon cast a look; tears and repinings are in vain; enduring strife endures in the troubled bosom of the church; spring wears a grim visage; abodes are often defenseless and generally humble; *tristes convives* are solaced by Gorgonzola; terrified Israelites are brushed aside with



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mocking words; furtive glances are exchanged; and sombre thoughts are evoked by memories. At dawn, birds chirp fitfully, waiting for the inspiration of the sun, which, ever and anon, is at the meridian. *Condottieri* chiefs meditate swoops; cast envious glances at powerful uncles; seek to realize furtive purposes; aim at acquiring scraps of territory, titles in prospective, gold, and the smiles of fair women; and, in pursuit of these aims, gallop off without further ado. The common people exclaim, mutter, murmur, hastily interpose, assent in silence, resume, muse, pursue, chime in, retort, cut short each other's phrases, begin sullenly, observe uneasily, give surly nods, fall into whispered discourse, and groan, stammer, and laugh entire sentences, just like the uncommon people in *Time*. (I have been told by people working for the Luce publications that Carlyle was the father of *Time*style, but I think it must have been Astor.) In "Sforza," riddances are quick, courtesy is grave, and fickle populaces don't know whether to tremble or rejoice, but the old spezaz is missing. William Waldorf went on to "Pharaoh's Daughter" and the rest, but as a novelist he was written out.

John Jacob, whose "Journey" was illustrated by Dan Beard, the founder of the Boy Scouts of America, doesn't start out with the weather, but he goes into it a good deal more thoroughly than his Debretted cousin. "No one need henceforth be troubled by sudden change, and every man can have perpetually the climate he desires," Colonel Bearwarden, president of the Terrestrial Axis Straightening Company and a West Point graduate, reports to his stockholders and the Representatives of Earthly Governments on June 21, 2000, as he explains to them his corporate purpose, which is to produce a uniform temperature for each degree of latitude the year round by straightening the earth's axis.

> Northern Europe will again luxuriate in a climate that favoured the elephants that roamed in northern Asia and Switzerland [he goes on]. To produce these animals and the food they need, it is not necessary to have great heat, but merely to prevent great cold, half the summer's sun being absorbed in melting the winter's accumulation of ice.
>
> When the axis has reached a point at which it inclines but about twelve degrees, it will become necessary to fill the Antarctic Reservoir in June and the Arctic Ocean in December, in order to check the straightening, since otherwise it might get beyond the perpendicular and swing the other way. When this motion is completely arrested, I suggest that we blow up the Aleutian Isles and enlarge Bering Strait,

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so as to allow what corresponds to the Atlantic Gulf Stream in the Pacific to enter the Arctic Archipelago, which I have calculated will raise the average temperature of that entire region about thirty degrees, thereby still further increasing the amount of available land.

Having got this project under way, Bearwarden is persuaded by Richard Rokeby Ayrault, a majority Terrestrial stockholder and honorary vice-president ("Rokeby," by the way, was the name of the Hudson River country place of the author's grandfather, William Backhouse Astor), to build a spaceship to go to Jupiter, which, according to Astor, had a climatically O.K. axis and five moons (we now know it to have at least eleven), and to Saturn, which had eight moons (now known to have at least nine), in order to look into these planets' habitability. Ayrault is engaged to a pretty Vassar senior, Sylvia Preston, and he tries to talk her into a thirteen-moon honeymoon, but she wants to take her degree, so off he and the Colonel go, on December 21, 2000, from Van Cortlandt Park, along with Professor Henry Chelmsford Cortlandt, a government official. The sights they see on their sixteen-hundred-million-mile junket! The sights the reader sees, thanks to Dan Beard! On Jupiter, winged lizards; ostrich-size birds with billfuls of teeth; brown fireflies ten inches across, or "the size of a small dog," as bright as a sixteen-candle-power lamp ("That is a good-sized fire-fly," Bearwarden says, with military aplomb); a dinosaur thirty feet high and fifty feet long; an eight-foot, white-faced, bloodsucking bat; flying jellyfish three feet in diameter; another dinosaur, sixty feet long, with scales twenty feet high; bird-eating plants that sing for their supper; an armored ant, over thirty feet long and seven feet high, with a nine-foot proboscis and the speed of a locomotive; and any number of lesser dinosaurs, whom the travellers overtake while they are riding on the back of an obliging eighteen-by-twelve-foot turtle, six feet high, with a shell a foot thick. A bit thick, what? Saturn is also a paradise for the jaded: mushrooms and toadstools nearly a foot high; white cranes twelve feet from wingtip to wingtip; rubies, sapphires, and emeralds the size of hen's eggs; an English-speaking lily with "a gentle voice but . . . the tones of a trombone;" hundreds of toadstool-devouring dragons, thirty or forty feet long; an angel; a bearded old man who turns out to be the spirit of a pre-Civil War bishop; and another ghost—that of Violet Slade, an old girl of Ayrault's. "I thought you had died," he says, in

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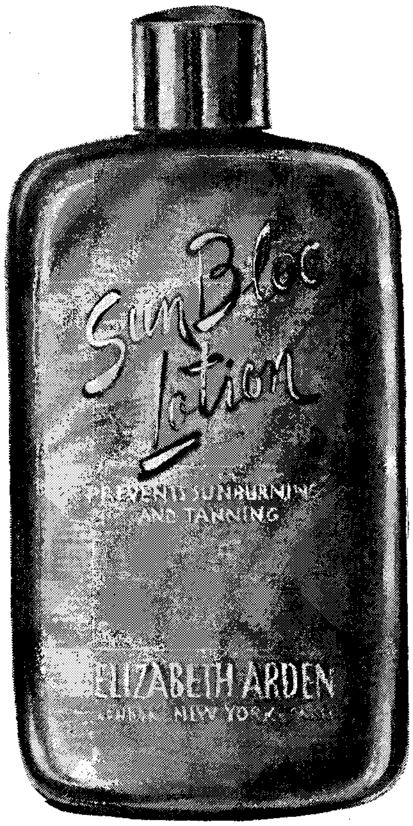

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Elizabeth Arden

the compliment of the solar-system season, "but now you are looking better than ever."

Written in 1894, "A Journey" contains many a prescient phrase. "The protracted struggle between science and the classics appears to be drawing to a close, with victory about to perch on the banner of science," its preface starts out, and the book proper envisions such twentieth-century marvels as television, which Astor calls "kintograph" or "visual telegraph;" flying machines bearing asphyxiating bombs that are capable of laying "every city in the dust;" and electric phaetons that "run at thirty-five and forty miles an hour on country roads, and attain a speed of over forty on city streets." In at least one respect, apart from the spaceship, whose anachronistic edge may be overcome any minute, Astor's work is well ahead of the present; President Bearwarden has at his office desk a foot-operated bellows that says "Come in!" Scientifically speaking, I have only one serious bone to pick with the Jupiter Astor. "The next improvement in sea travelling was the 'marine spider,' " he has Professor Cortlandt write in a sketch of the world of 2000. "As the name shows, this is built on the principle of an insect." Ah, me! Cortlandt may be chairman of the Government Examining Committee, but he doesn't know that the spider, an arachnid, violates the three cardinal rules of insecthood: it has no antennae, its body is not divided into three parts, and it has more than six legs. It's ironic that Colonel Astor, having got his characters safely to Saturn and back ("I am overjoyed to see you," Sylvia tells Ayrault as she greets him on his triumphant return to Van Cortlandt Park), should have gone down, eighteen years after publication, on the Titanic.

"T" comes after "s." Was Gertrude Atherton, née Horn, who made a fortune out of some forty-five novels, well off when she first put pen to paper? That is, did she care financially, at the outset, whether her stuff sold or not? No, she didn't, and she has lightened my research task by saying so herself. At eighteen, Miss Horn, a Californian herself, married George Atherton, the son of a San Francisco hardware millionaire and landowner whose holdings included a forty-five-thousand-acre ranch. To be sure, Atherton *fils* failed in the brokerage business in which Atherton *père* set him up, but *père* died a few years later, leaving *fils* an income. When, shortly thereafter, his wife be-

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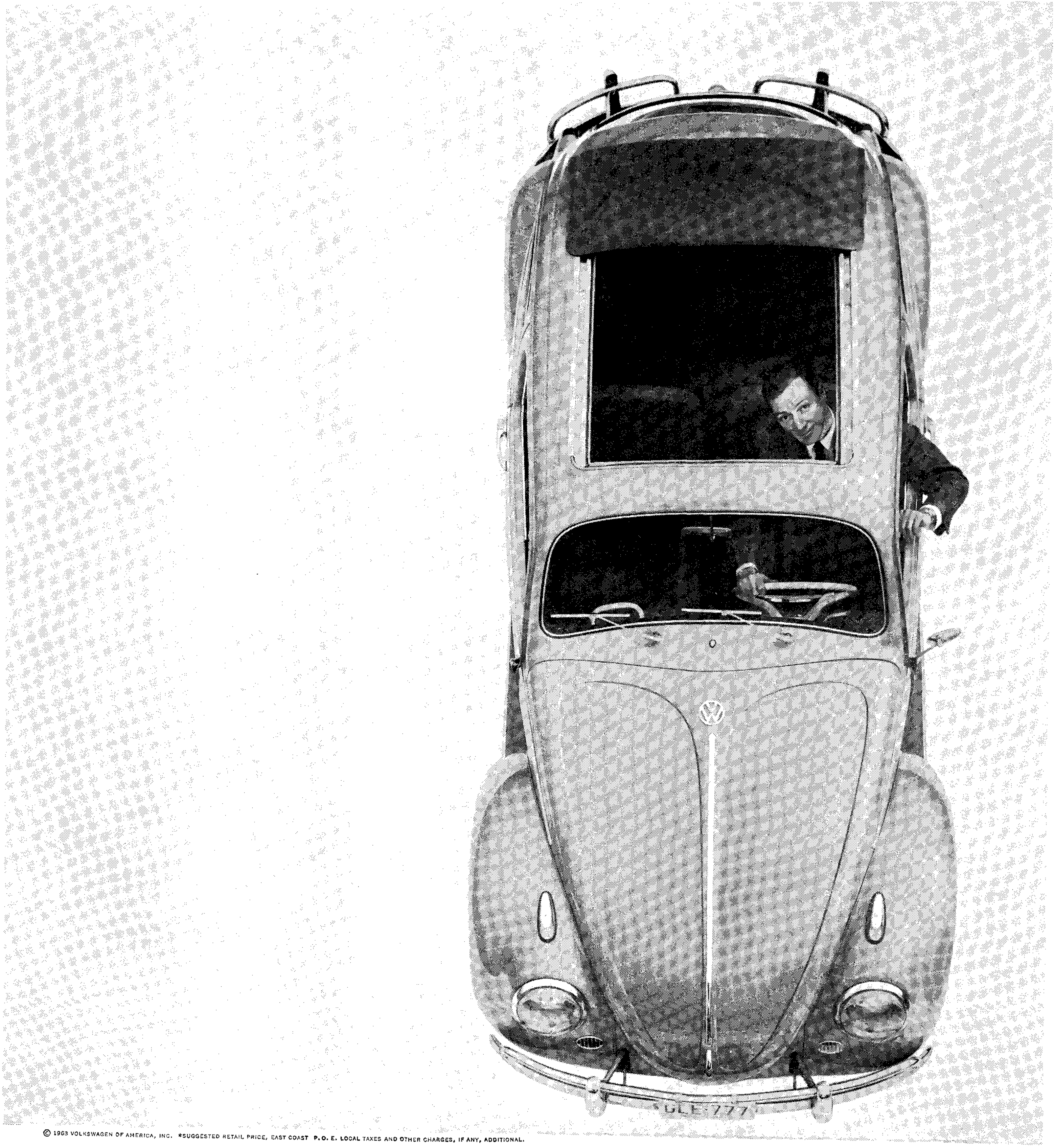

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Elizabeth Arden

gan to contribute articles to the *Argonaut*, a weekly magazine, her financial status was such that in her autobiography, "Adventures of a Novelist," many years later, she was able to say:

> I wrote several articles [and] they were accepted but not paid for. I was too proud to mention the subject of remuneration to the editors with whom I had a pleasant correspondence, and, in truth, too set up at seeing myself in print to care whether I was remunerated or not.

This is a dangerous attitude for a magazine writer to have, but it has given me an excuse to read Mrs. Atherton. I had a nice time with "Black Oxen," her greatest popular success—a melodramatic 1923 study of physical rejuvenation by the Steinach treatment, in which the heroine, not quite from the word go, tells her astonished lover that she is not thirty, as he has supposed, but fifty-eight (he hangs on, but she jilts him for a well-preserved man of sixty), and in which the author throws around words like "gerontic," "teratogenic," and "agapemone"—but I had an even better time with "The House of Lee," the last of a series dealing with social life in San Francisco. This starts out not with the weather but with a real bang: " 'Anne is a bitch,' said Miss Lee, in her clipped college accents." The book is primarily about money. Rich writers *ought* to know about money, and some of them do, but the finances in "The House of Lee" would not stand up very well in investment-banking circles. Lucy Lee's mother, a widow—she married into the same distinguished Southern family as Madeleine Lee, the widow in Henry Adams' "Democracy"—is the daughter of another widow, Mrs. Edington, who is "the family financier." Although this "President of one of the most important clubs in San Francisco" is called the General by all and sundry, and is credited with having "renounced the fashionable world for the executive sphere" and having "succeeded so magnificently in whatever she undertook," the "infinitely commonsensible Mrs. Edington" sinks two-thirds of the family funds in one company and then sits on her hands while it folds up as the result of a strike. The income on which the three ladies live is thus reduced from six hundred dollars a month to two hundred. "And Grandfather left us over a million!" Mrs. Lee says. "I'm afraid we shall have to resign from all our clubs, my dear," the General says. They are down from a butler, a footman, and three maids to Chang, who used to buttle and now does everything, including

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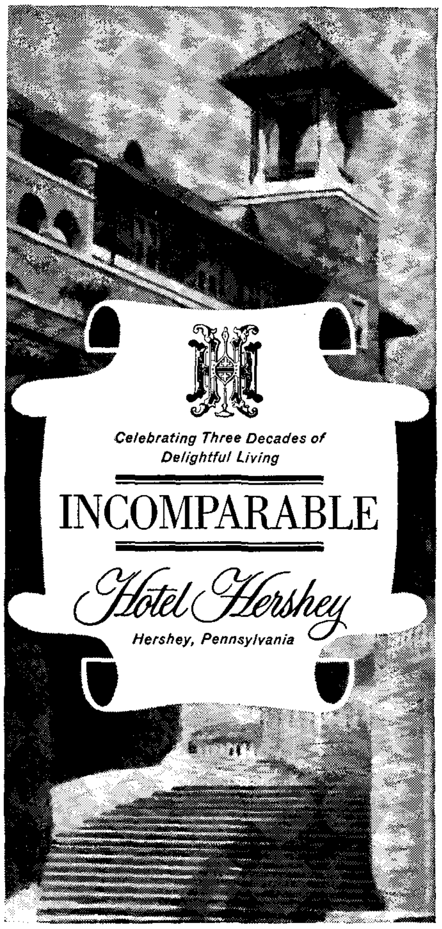

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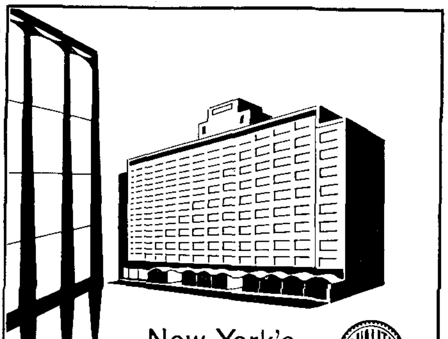
turn over his capital—sixty-five hundred dollars and fifty cents—to Mrs. Edington.

Mrs. Lee's husband, who died during the 1929 crash, nine years before the action begins, left three hundred thousand dollars. Chang's sole windfall was a ten-thousand-dollar legacy from Grandfather, so, considering that he sent quite a bit of his money to Nationalist China, his financial policy appears to have been considerably wilier than the General's. This is surprising when you reflect that Mrs. Edington has a lawyer, Mark Grimthorpe, who "had inherited a fine practice from his father and was in one of the great law firms." Why didn't he put Mrs. Edington on to the tried-and-true investment formula of diversification? Well, no use crying over spilt milk, and anyway Mrs. Edington's poor record is interpreted by Mrs. Atherton as the fault of Franklin Roosevelt, one of the guests in that Nonfiction Ballroom I conjured up earlier. Her tract, which was written in 1940, works its way through several thickets of anti-New Deal conversation ("When a big concern closes down and throws hundreds of men out of work," Lucy tells her best friend, Slinky Peyton, whose grandmother "was a Langhorne and proud of it," "the sentimentalists sob over them but don't give a thought to the stockholders who may be wondering where their next meal is coming from. *We* don't count," and Mark says to her, "This is the year of our Roosevelt, 1938. Taxes, my dear, taxes") to a happy ending, with Lucy engaged to Mark, and her grandmother well on her way to a legal union with a rich Italian banker, who picked her up at Joe Di Maggio's Restaurant, on Fisherman's Wharf.

Mrs. Atherton, a rich writer, once asked permission of a poor writer—Henry James—to dedicate a book to him. James, as I have noted, had a decent respect for money, and he granted his permission at once, couching it in the form of a toast to Mrs. Atherton's superior earning power:

> It would give me great pleasure that you should dedicate a book to me—if you should see your way, in your own "interest," to doing anything so inauspicious as to invoke my presence in respect to the popularity of the outcome. May my name, I mean, contribute to bring your work better fortune than it usually contributes to bring mine.

Mrs. Atherton thereupon proceeded to dedicate "to The Master, Henry James" "The Bell in the Fog and Other Stories," one of which, "The Striding Place," begins with a sentence that I hope he enjoyed as much as I did:



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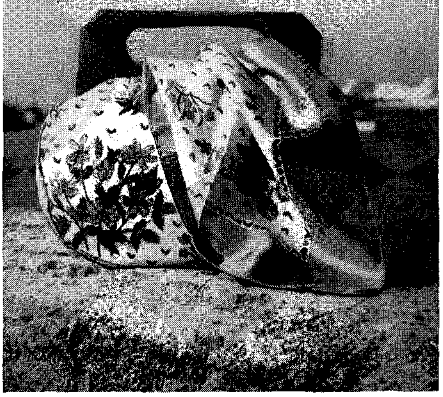

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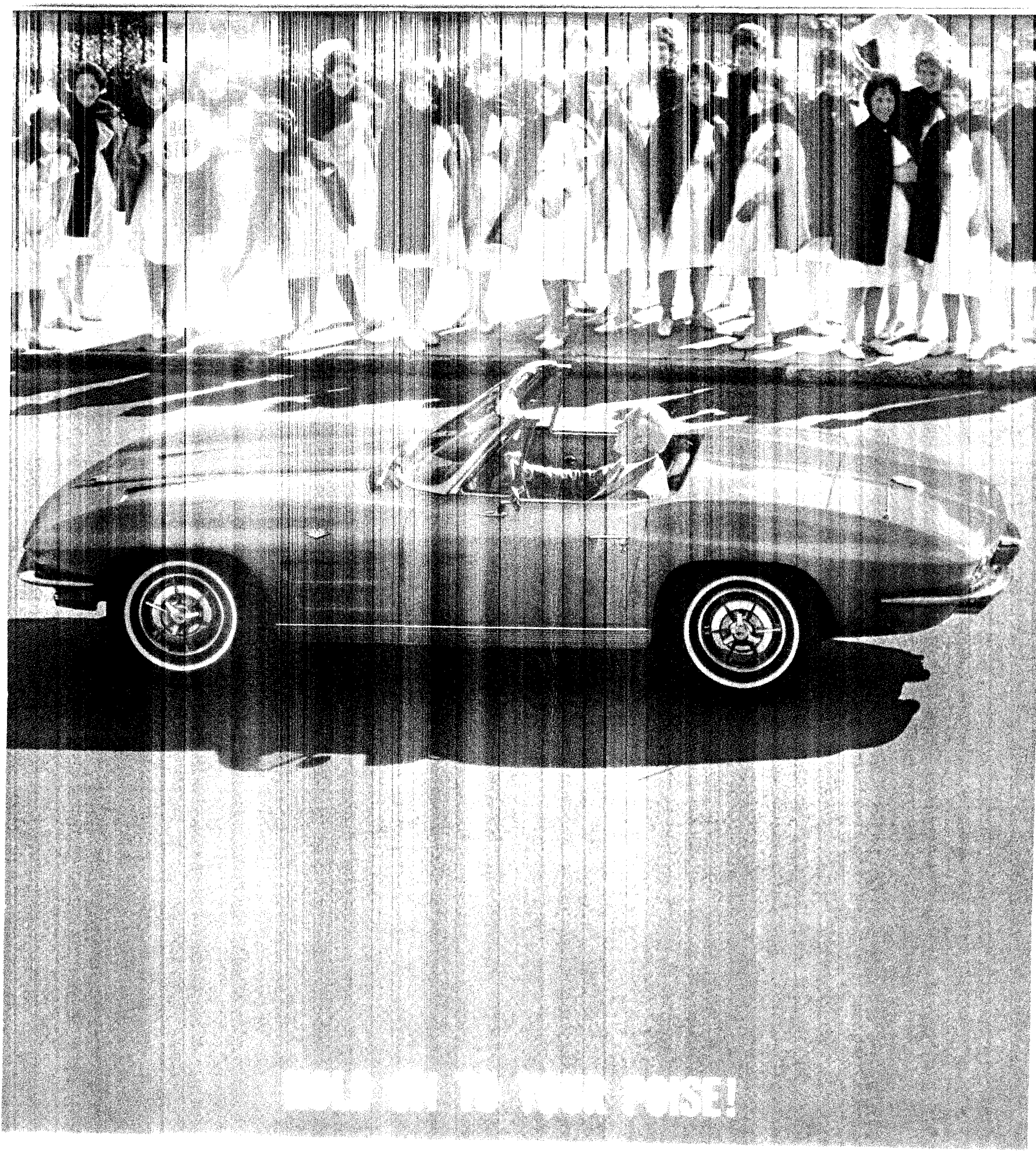

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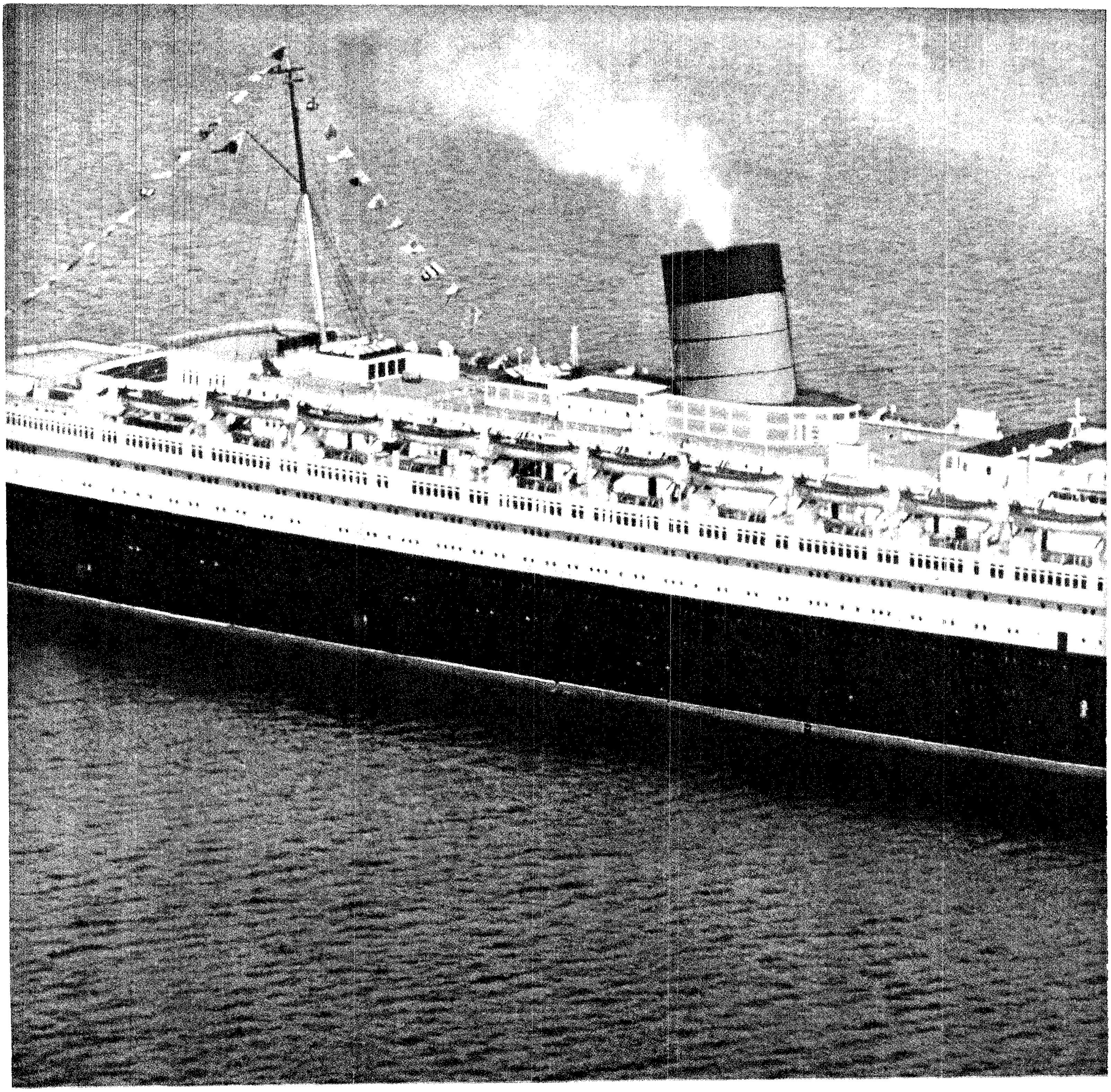

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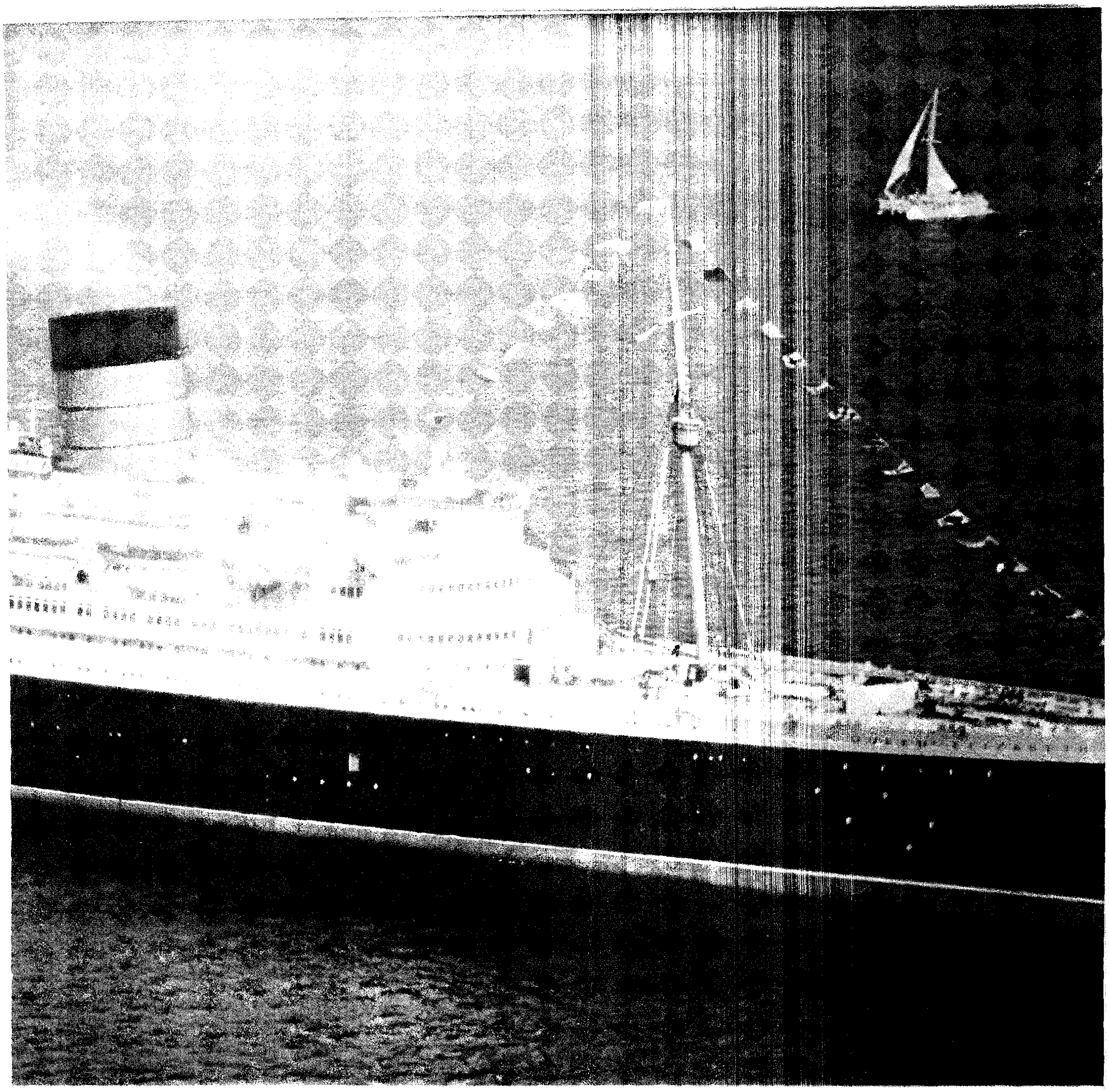

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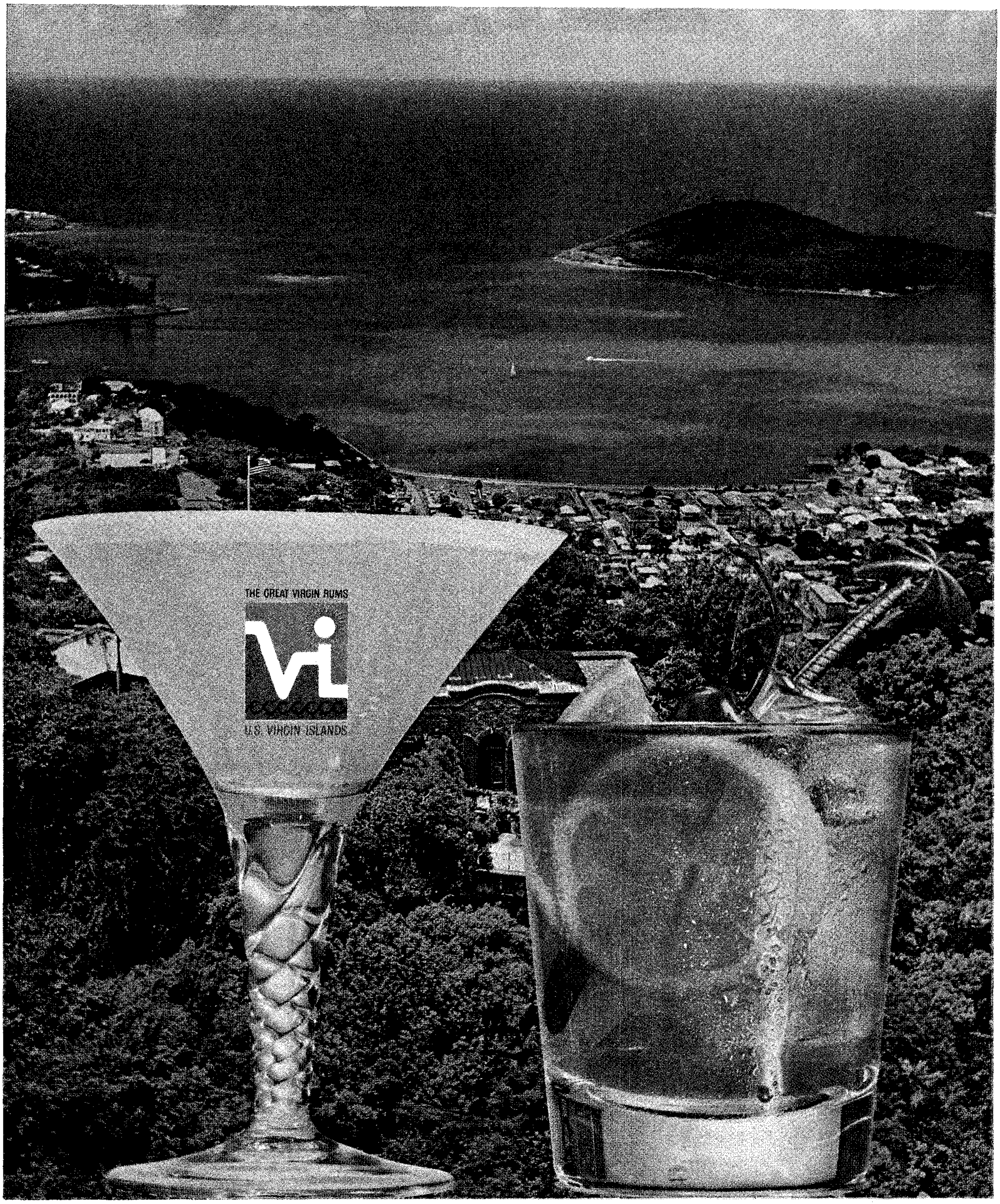

This aerial view of Charlotte Amalie on sunny St. Thomas, photographed by Bob Steele ■ Drinks shown: the Great Virgin Daiquiri & Virgin Old Fashioned. Ask for one of the fine light and dry Virgin Islands Rums at your favorite store ■ **The Virgin Islands Rum Council, United States Virgin Islands**

"Weigall, continental and detached, tired early of grouse-shooting."

RING out the "A"s and ring in the "B"s, with Ellin Berlin, who was born on a six-million-dollar estate in Roslyn given to her father, Clarence H. Mackay, at the time of his marriage to the former Katherine Duer, by *his* father, John W. Mackay, who had struck pay dirt in the Comstock Lode in 1873. Clarence Mackay later went broke, but by that time his daughter was married to Irving Berlin, who didn't go broke. She is the author of two novels, "Land I Have Chosen" (1944) and "Lace Curtain" (1948), both of which start out with the weather: "Lisa Blessing walked up Fifth Avenue in the bright June sunshine," and "The wind blew cold. The great bulk of Pride's Tower could not shelter the steps on which Veronica stood." How widespread is this trend? Once the clouds obscuring the realm of scholarship lift, perhaps we shall see. In both of Mrs. Berlin's books, nearly everyone is rich. Lisa is the granddaughter of Wilhelm Blessing, a German poet whose "wife's American fortune . . . had luxuriously supported his greatness," and her suitor, Harry Millard, offers her "one of the great fortunes of America." The other chief woman in "Land I Have Chosen," Anne Brooke, of Southampton, is wooed and won by Paul Craven. "Paul's rich now, Anne thought, with what his family left him," and he is, to boot, the nephew and sole heir of Bruce Craven, a Westbury bachelor and stockbroker, who is "enormously rich." In "Lace Curtain," Pride's Tower is the North Shore of Long Island country place of the Reardons, who also have a house on Fifth Avenue and a French chef, and are explicitly represented as being richer than the Vanderbilts but not as rich as the Woolworths or the Rockefellers.

Mrs. Berlin's millionaires in "Land I Have Chosen" are a rum lot. Driving his niece to the church for her wedding, Norman Brooke says, "The family's proud of you, my dear; Paul's a nice feller and his people are the right sort. Good blood. And money, too. That's important. The right sort of money. Bruce Craven is a representative member of the community. A solid citizen. Not one of these Johnny-come-latelys," but after Uncle Bruce goes to the jug for misappropriating six and a half million dollars belonging to his clients, Uncle Norman tells his niece, "Sorry to hear it. Always seemed a nice feller. But weak, I suppose. Bad stock. That's the trouble. Bad stock. They had us all

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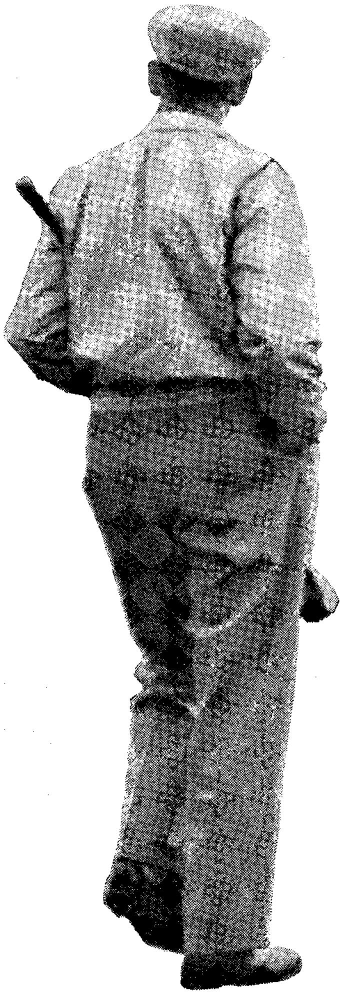

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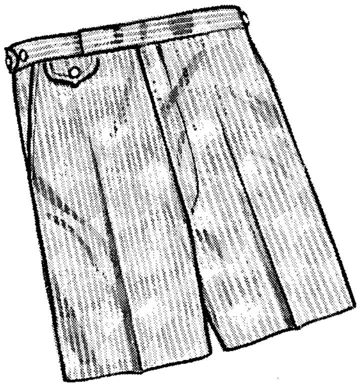
fooled. We were talking at the club the other day about Bruce Craven. He seemed the soundest feller imaginable. . . . Bad blood somewhere. You shouldn't trust these Johnny-come-latelys. Bruce's grandfather was a grocer. 'Pon my word, that's true. And in a very small way. I'd forgotten it till they were speaking of it at the club."

The "Lace Curtain" Reardons are a lot nicer, and the emphasis here is less on money snobbery than it is on Protestant anti-Catholicism and Catholic anti-Protestantism as these are reflected at their most acute in the difficulties of a mixed marriage between Veronica Reardon, an ardently Catholic maiden of Irish extraction, and Jamie Stair, an Episcopal lad with a background of Colonial blood, St. Luke's School, and old family silver.

I MOVE on to "Word for Word and Letter for Letter: A Biographical Romance," by Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, one of three Biddle novelists. This was issued, at seventy-five cents, in 1898, with a pictorial gold-and-red binding, gilt-tipped pages, and lavish illustrations by Edward Holloway. Mr. Biddle, who was the eccentric amateur boxer and president of the Drexel Biddle Bible Classes portrayed in "My Philadelphia Father," a memoir by his daughter Cordelia Drexel Biddle (Robertson), which was later turned into a play, "The Happiest Millionaire," starts out with a recognizably autobiographical hero, named George, but George, whose father was mysteriously murdered on the island of Madeira in his son's infancy, soon plunges into a world of muffled figures, beautiful young girls lying upon couches of straw, and unfortunate, misshapen creatures, with oblong heads, purple complexions, gelatine features, and long, thick lips that curl and flap as they move them, who say things like "Yew go spyin' on women. Yew ruined me daughter. Yew want to wreck another puir girl's life, and yew want me ter help yew, an' now yew call *me* an unclean beast!" Although Mr. Biddle's dialogue is rough and ready, class will out. Like William Waldorf Astor, he is a "verily" man; like Miss Armstrong and Mrs. Atherton, he is club-conscious. "I had introduced him [a non-misshapen pal of the hero's] to all my friends, and had proposed him for membership to the several clubs to which he belonged," he writes. His book is dedicated to his cousin, Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer, of the Nonfiction Ballroom Drexels and Van Rensselaers, and, possibly in an effort to enable her to under-



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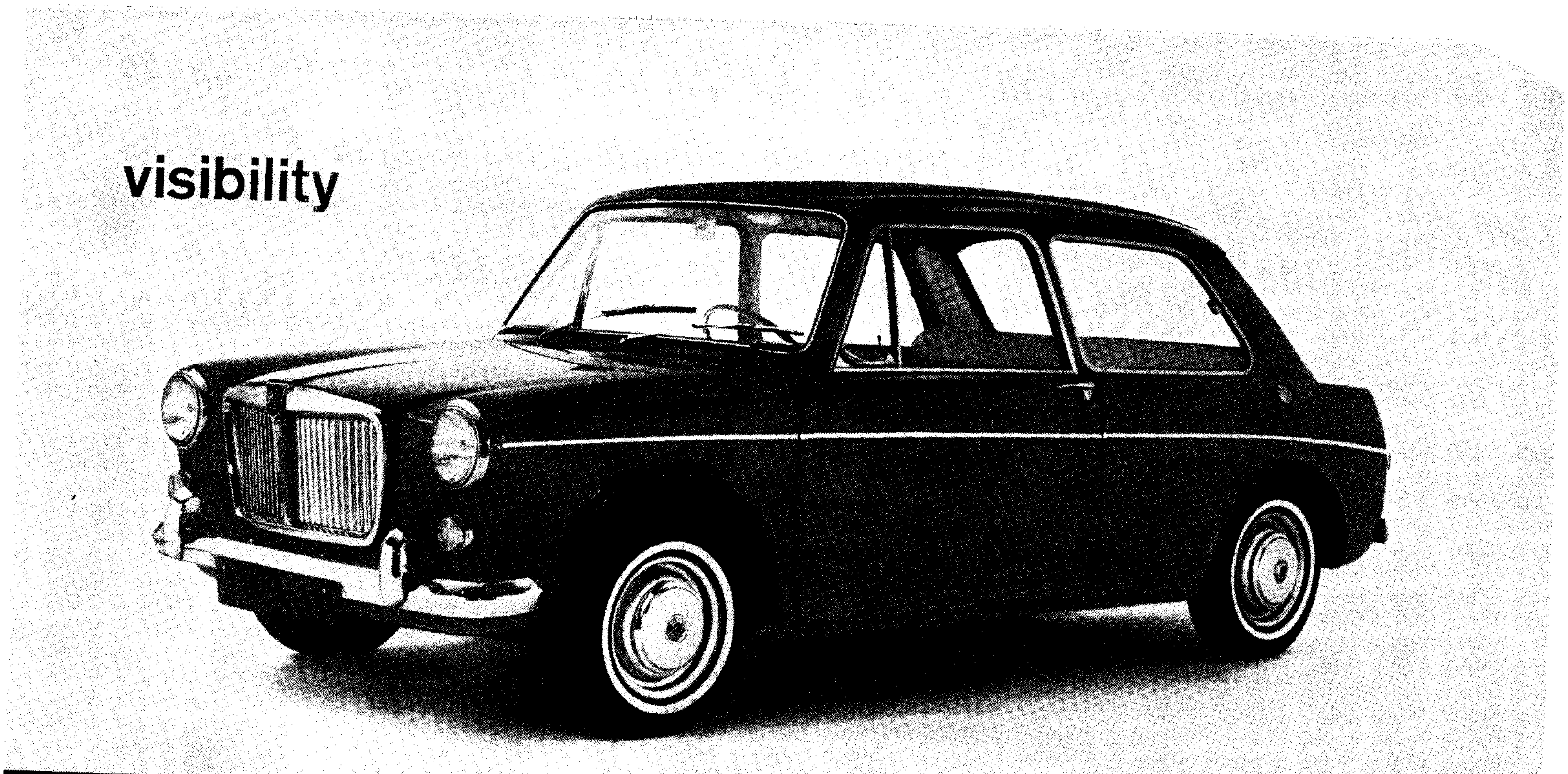

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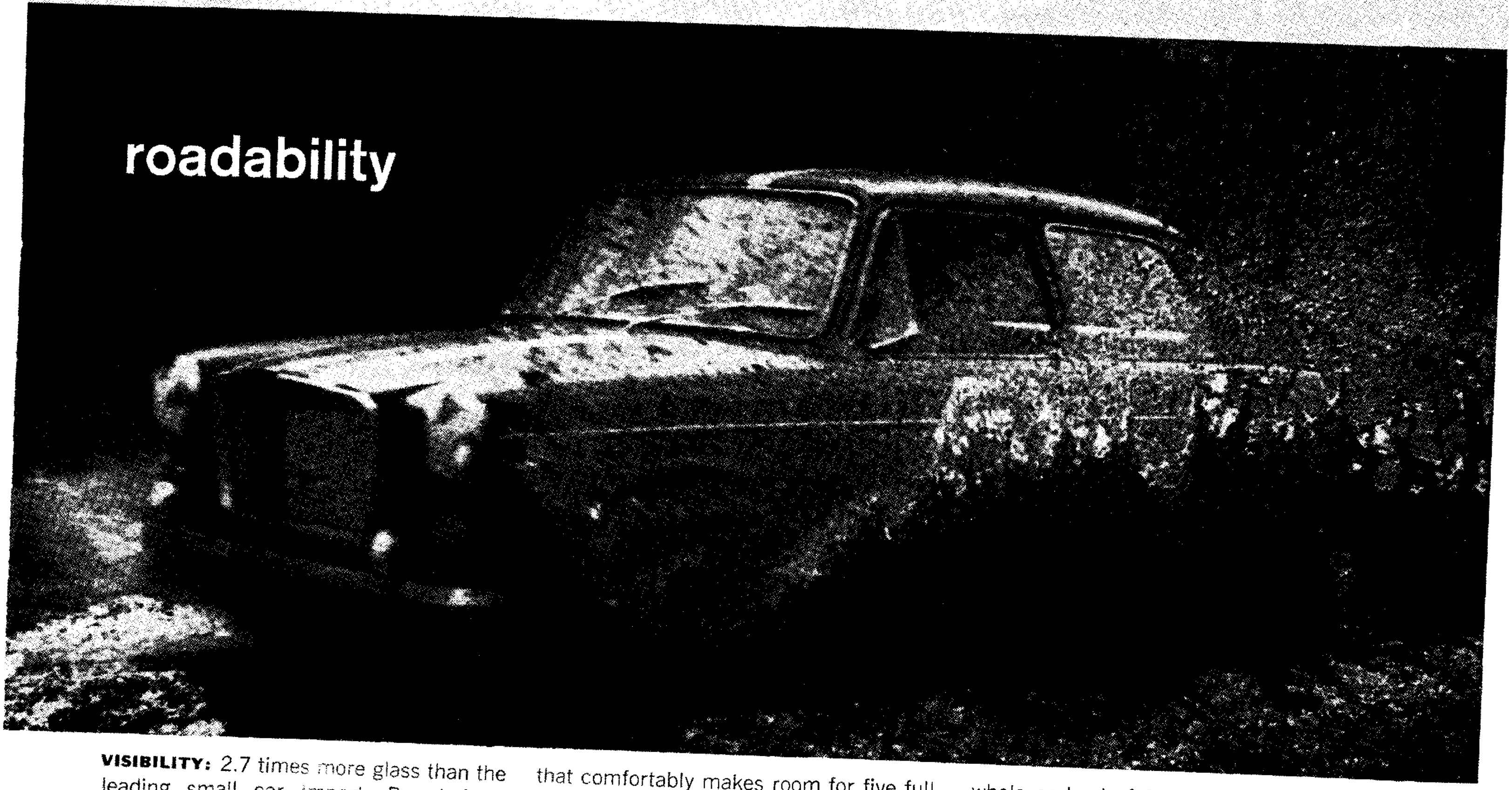

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stand it better, when he refers to "the Burg" he provides an asterisk leading to "The abbreviation of the lower-class residents for Holmesburg."

No Drexel Biddle book was ever rejected by a publisher. Biddle had his own publishing house, Drexel Biddle, in Philadelphia, which issued "Word for Word" and other Drexel Biddle books, seemingly of a more refined order—"The Flowers of Life," "The Froggy Fairy Book," and "The Second Froggy Fairy Book." I regret that I haven't read them, but time is pressing and I want to get on to his cousin Francis. This Biddle, Attorney General of the United States under President Franklin ("Whither Bound") Roosevelt, is, like the Waccamaw Allston and the Jupiter Astor, a one-novel man. In 1927, when he was forty, and an associate in the Philadelphia law firm of Barnes, Biddle & Myers, he wrote "The Llanfear Pattern," the story of a Philadelphia lawyer, Carl Llanfear, who goes into his family's firm, "probably the oldest in Philadelphia;" is "obviously a gentleman;" marries Francesca Bracchi, who is the daughter of a Roman count and Amy Winterpod, "one of the Salem Winterpods," and is a fairly wintry girl in bed; plays sniff at his club (there we go again); but has moral misgivings about his world. "Philadelphia's pretty corrupt, you know," he tells Francesca. "It's such a run-down old city, and they just graft all the time." His political compunctions lead him to organize a speakers' bureau for the Reform mayoralty candidate, only to discover that *his* side is buying votes, too. He falls in love with a couple of non-wintry girls but can't leave his wife, and, at thirty-seven—*Sturm und Drang* behind him, and tennis, tea on the lawn, his work and his books and Low Hill, a Chestnut Hill estate inherited from his Uncle Morris, overwhelmingly with him—thinking "Francesca might be different tonight," " 'Coming,' he called, and walked to the house, to join his wife and dress for dinner."

A few years ago, *Newsweek* dubbed O'Hara the Proust of Philadelphia, but my tap goes to Francis Biddle. William Reese Charter, a banker who "worked up from an office boy," is "not quite a gentleman," and, sure enough, proves a thief; Carew Acton—"His father was a Pennsylvania Railroad contractor. One of the great fortunes of the reconstruction days," Carl says of him, and he himself is credited by Uncle Richard Llanfear with "perhaps . . . a common streak. From his father, you know"—commits the solecism of taking a mistress from his own class, and,

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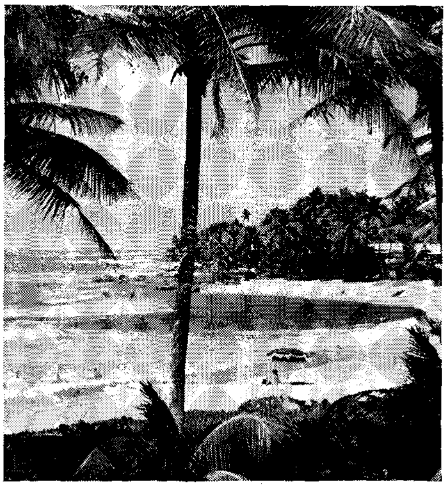

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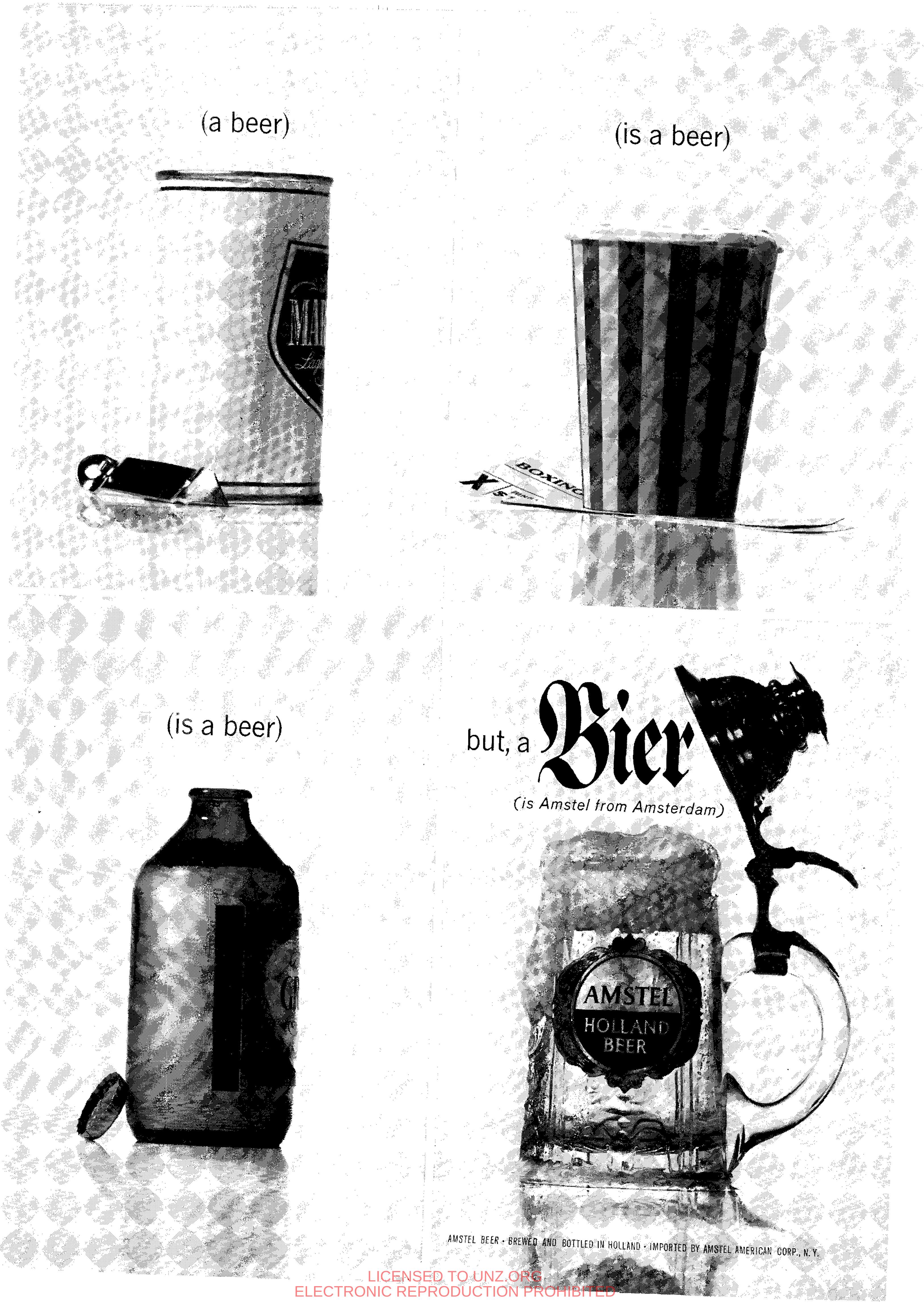
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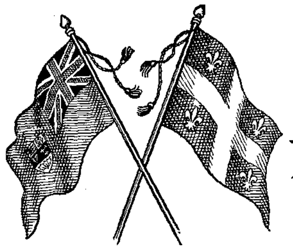
while he belongs to the club, so far forgets himself as to commit suicide in its lavatory after an evening of champagne, cigars, and good talk; Aunt Sidney Morrisoun, chatting with friends at Pondello, her country seat, says, "My daughter Amy married John Sarter. He's of Jewish extraction, a Christian Jew, as a matter of fact;" Cousin Rembrandt Llanfear, a bachelor, who "has to have women now and then," says, "As a matter of fact, I usually make it a point to go to New York, it's more decent;" and Aunt Susan Brackway pinpoints her polo-ponied nephew's set as "that common Main Line crowd."

About New York, and other non-Philadelphia cities, Carl Llanfear is ambivalent, veering from an Adamslike contempt, reminiscent of "Democracy's" Madeleine Lee, to admiration. "For after all Philadelphia was an aristocracy compared to the polyglot barbarity of the new New York; cosmopolitan against the gauche provincialism of Boston; rich in flavor where Washington was thin and spiceless," he muses on page 142, but on page 252, matured by emotional suffering and political disenchantment, he reflects:

> Pittsburgh might be dirty, New York cruel, Chicago blatant; yet behind their sprawling vitality burned or flickered the flame of an aspiration. You could blow on it, and watch it flare to achievement. It didn't so much matter that Philadelphia had no art, no criticism, no newspaper that had wit or influence, put up with a shabby opera and stale plays; but it did matter that her people accepted the second-rate, and lived in the tenuous dream of a moderately thin past, or the lazy acceptance of an over-padded present, without gaiety and without earnestness, mechanical, content, indifferent.

As I've said, there's nothing like name-dropping. I ran into the Biddles, who now divide their time between spiceless Washington and Truro, Massachusetts, at a spicy Cape Cod cocktail party last summer (thrown by brother George Biddle, a rich painter), and mentioned to Mrs. Biddle, who, *in propria persona*, as Katherine Garrison Chapin, is a poet, that I had enjoyed her husband's book. "It was somewhat criticized in Philadelphia," she said. "Some of the Biddles thought it was about the Biddles, but it reminded me more of the Cadwaladers." "The names and characters in this story are purely fictitious," Mr. Biddle, his own lawyer, had written on the page facing page 1, so I steered clear of him.

Our third Biddle novelist, Livingston Biddle, Jr., is a writer with several books—including "Main Line," "Debut," "The Village Beyond," and "Sam Bentley's Island"—to his credit. All are



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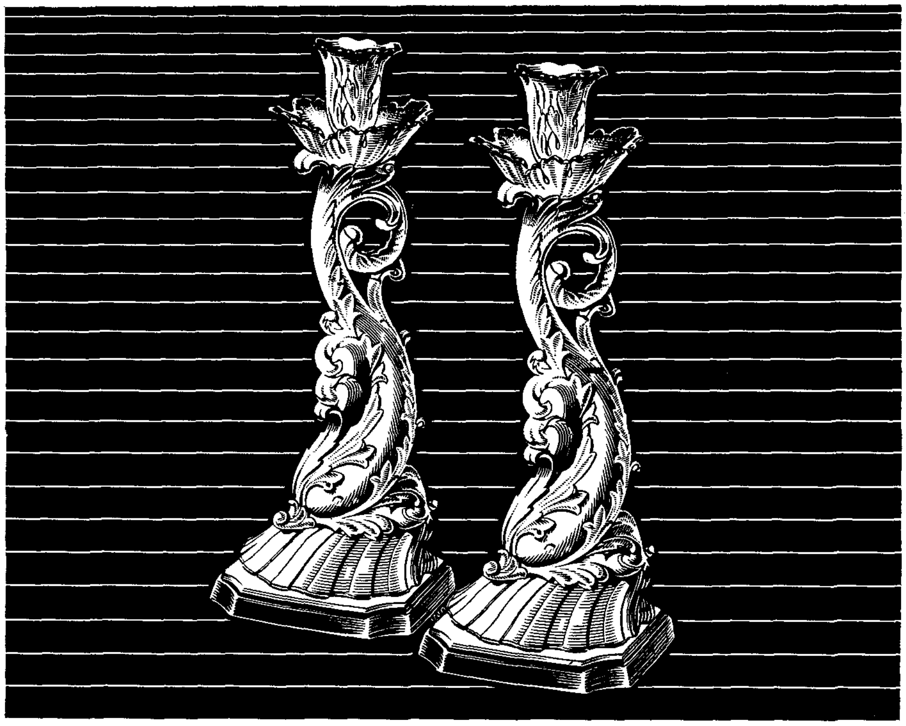
rooted in Philadelphia, all are smoothly and entertainingly written, and all describe the ups and downs of love. "Main Line," which was on the best-seller lists for a while in 1951, has been republished, abridged, as a Popular Library paperback; "The Village Beyond" won an award from the Philadelphia Athenaeum as the best novel written in that area in 1956; and their author, in the jacket photographs of his books, is sporting two of the tweediest jackets (one at a time) you ever saw.

One thing I am beginning to latch on to: Not only are there a lot of rich writers but a lot of rich writers are related to, or connected with, a lot of other rich writers. The Biddles are all related, and Livingston Biddle, Jr., through the Livingstons, is related to the Astor novelists, William Waldorf and John Jacob, who shared a Livingston grandmother in the person of Mrs. William Backhouse Astor; to Margaret Armstrong, since her great-great-grandmother, Mrs. Peter Stuyvesant, was a Livingston; and to Ellin Berlin, since the Duers are related to the Livingstons; while Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, through his dedicatee cousin, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, is, at one or two removes, also a Livingston connection, and thus kin to everyone mentioned in this sentence, which contains seven rich novelists. The Jupiter Astor not only is tied up genealogically with the Borgia Astor, Miss Armstrong, and Mrs. Berlin but, through his mother, a Schermerhorn, is a cousin of Edith Wharton's. The Joneses are related to the Duers, so Mrs. Berlin is also connected with Mrs. Wharton, not to mention Alice Duer Miller, another rich writer, whom we will come to heaven knows when. Henry Adams, through his wife, a distaff Sturgis, was a cousin of Howard O. ("Belchamber") Sturgis. What a mishmash!

I DON'T know whether the late Judge Curtis Bok, president of the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas No. 6, and author of "The Backbone of the Herring" (1941), "I, Too, Nicodemus" (1946), "Star Wormwood" (1959), and "Maria" (1962), was related to his fellow-townsmen the Biddles, but I do know that all his books were written after his ascent to the judiciary and after he had inherited some five million dollars from his father, Edward W. Bok, who was the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and a handsome income for life from his grandfather, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, founder of the Curtis Publishing Company. Concerned mainly with the court cases of a Judge Ulen,



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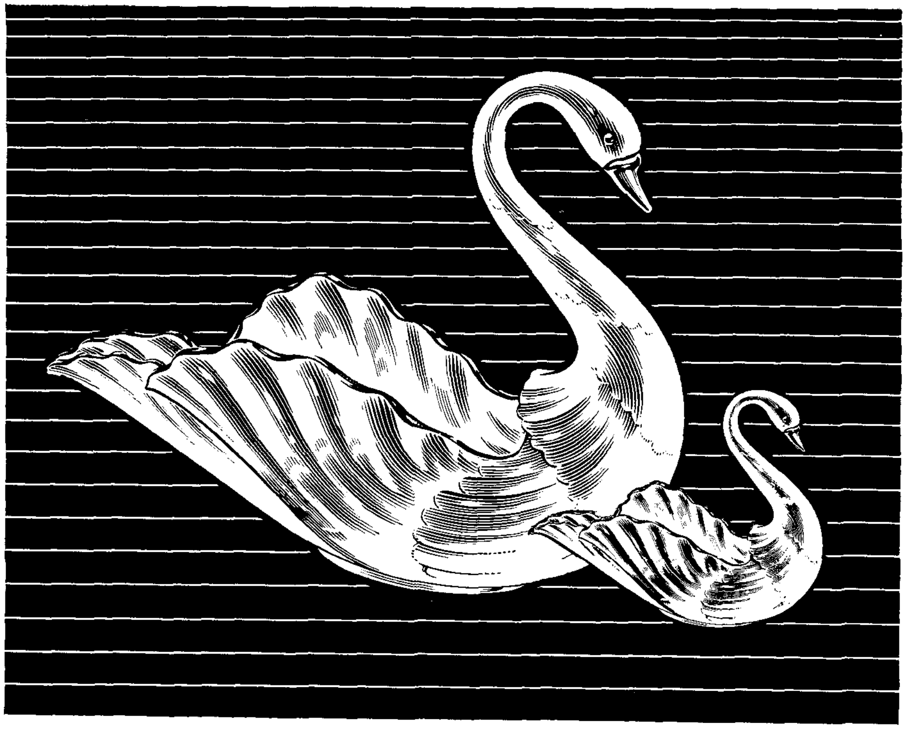

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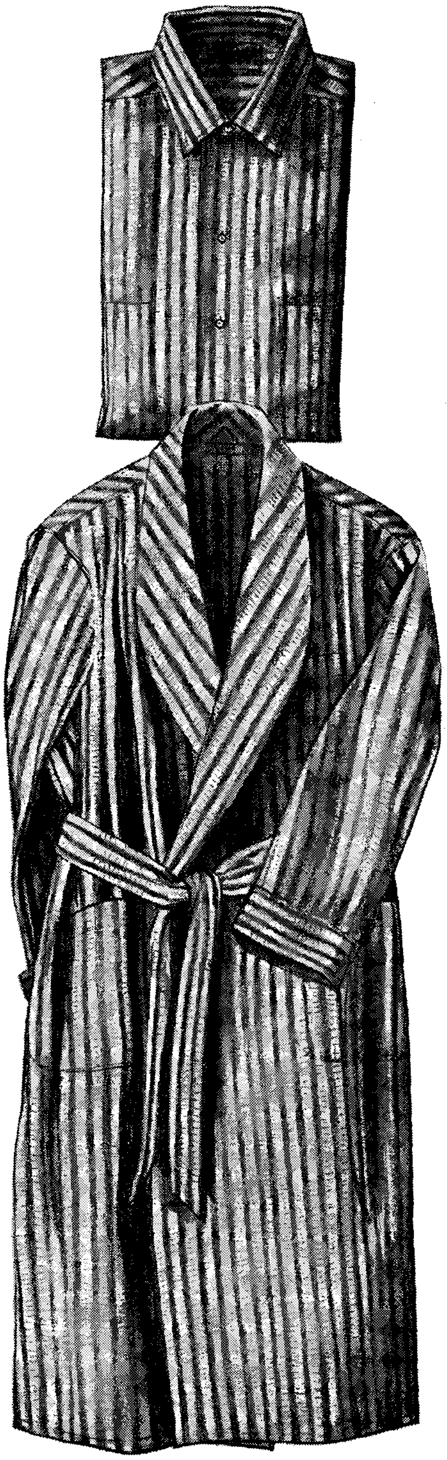

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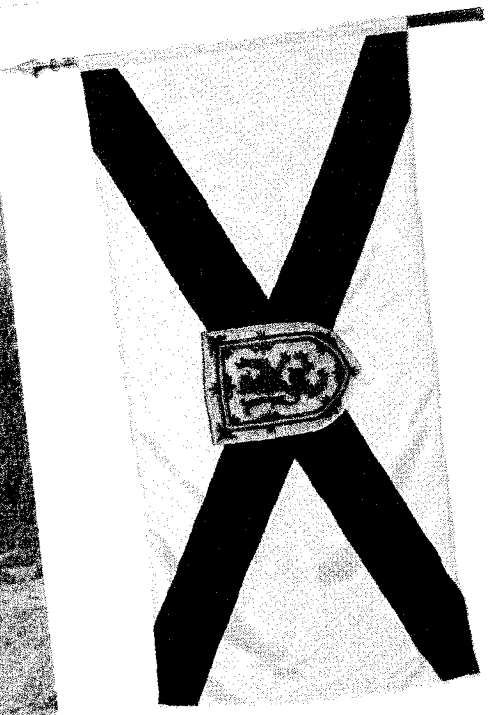
their form is fictional, and they are so labelled—at least in part—in the author's prefaces. All manner of folk traipse through their pages, which are written from the brain, the heart, and either a prodigious memory or a first-rate set of files. "Here, in a volume which is part fiction, part case history, part introspection and part legal philosophy, Judge Bok has produced something which is bound to be read for years by connoisseurs," the late Stanley Walker wrote of "The Backbone of the Herring," and you can say that again of "Nicodemus." *Ought* to be read, anyway; the Society Library copies I borrowed show a two-and-a-half-year and an eight-year hiatus between the last previous borrower and me, but perhaps they were read in between *in situ*. What this country needs is more connoisseurs.

IS it time for another generalization? All right. As writers, especially of fiction, the rich often get going relatively late. Adams was forty-two when he wrote his first novel; Allston was forty-two when he wrote "Monaldi" and sixty-two when it was published; W. W. Astor's historical romancing began when he was thirty-eight; Margaret Armstrong and Judge Bok began to warm up at seventy-two and forty-four, respectively; and Paul Hyde Bonner, a retired silk magnate (vice-president of Stehli & Co., which his wife's family owns) and diplomat (special adviser to the United States ambassador in Italy), published "S.P.Q.R.," the first of his seven novels, in 1952, when he was fifty-nine. What this country has in Bonner is a connoisseur of food, wine, hard liquor, men's clothes, men's clubs, sex (everybody's), foreign diplomacy, grouse shooting, partridge shooting, pheasant shooting, quail shooting, duck shooting, salmon killing, trout fishing, English society, Swiss society, Roman society, international banking, and titled poltergeists, all of which pop up in his work. In "S.P.Q.R." we are treated to *fettuccine*, *fragole di Nemi*, *gelati* at Doney's, *cannellone*, *zuppa di scampi*, trout fishing in the Santa Susanna canal, Soave, champagne, *spaghetti con vongole*, seafood *fritto misto*, and the Racquet, Travellers, and White's Clubs, against a background of top-drawer adultery and Foreign Office intrigue in the Imperial City. "Hôtel Talleyrand" (1953), laid in Paris, has a Groton-and-Harvard hero (or possibly villain), Punch and Upmann cigars, lady Communist spies, *quenelles de brochet*, *caneton Colette*, *fine champagne*, bouillabaisse, *coquilles St.-Jacques provençale*, 1945 Gewurz-Traminer, "chattering pederasts," and quiet, naked ladies, against a diplomatic background. "Excelsior!" (1955), whose locale is Zurich, calls White's Club Black's but comes right out with Skull & Bones, *omble chevalier* (poached and served with sauce *mousseline*), roast *poussin*, endive salad, *truite au bleu*, Perrier-Jouet '18, *Apfelstrudel*, *Kaespastetli*, and spry octogenarians with spry, fortyish mistresses. In "With Both Eyes Open" (1956), Mr. Bonner shifts to cold partridges and a cool lady in the Scottish Lowlands, and "Amanda" (1957) provides a lady ghost, a male Communist spy, a spirited heterosexual romp, and a man who has "a jewelled skenedhu protruding on the calf of his right leg." My favorite sentence in "Amanda" is "He had obviously come from a dinner where royalty were present, because he was wearing a string of miniature medals on the lapel of his tail coat." Things are obvious to the rich that would buffalo many a writer scrounging for advances.

IT is a corollary to their economic independence, no doubt, and perhaps also to the fact that some of them write chiefly to get something off their chests, that a high percentage of the rich writers shoot the works at one fell blow. The late William C. Bullitt, like the Jupiter Astor, the Waccamaw Allston, and the Truro Biddle, was a one-shot novelist, producing "It's Not Done" in 1926, when he was thirty-five and a few years before he became an ambassador, first to Russia, and subsequently to France. His paternal grandfather left eight or ten million dollars; his father's Philadelphia law firm controlled the Pocahontas coal mines (named after a Bullitt ancestor), which once furnished coal to most of the major navies of the world. As in the case of Francis Biddle, one of the main things Bullitt wanted to get off his chest was a crack at Philadelphia stuffiness. The Chesterbridge (read "Philadelphia") family of his book, the Corseys, "don't have to uncover for the King," because an ancestor, Sir John de Courcy, was granted this hereditary privilege for services rendered to the English Crown in the twelfth century; the bays that draw their victoria wear silver crests with ducal coronets on their harness and blinders; and John Corsey, the scion who is the book's hero, quits law school because "law's no job for anyone but a crook," and a few years later, during prohibition, having supped the



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his idle time ...
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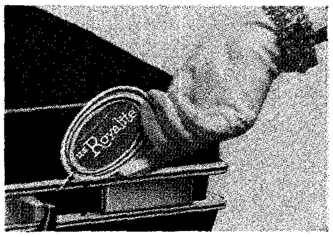

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night before on "Amontillado. Meursault with the oysters from the Club's private bed. Black bean soup. Tournedos béarnaise and a Clos du Roi 1911, *épinards en branches*, *bombe glacée*, clear topaz port," writes to his brother, Theodore, who *à la* William Waldorf Astor, has become an expatriate peer:

> There aren't ten houses in town with good wine in the cellar. I'm down to about twenty-dozen. . . . One can't get sherry for terrapin or a pudding or even vin blanc for a sauce. And can you imagine having to eat a sole without a Chablis or a Pouilly? Or a roast without a Burgundy?. . . . The worst of it is that the men who ought to be street cleaners and grocers and dry-goods clerks and butchers and mechanics, and would be in any other country, have millions and millions. They *are* the country today. We may have been here three hundred years and they may have been here twenty or fifty, but . . . we don't count. [Remember Mrs. Atherton's Lucy Lee?]

Nor, when it comes to the trials, triumphs, and traditions of the upper classes, is this all. When Wayne Sinclair, a society iconoclast who is engaged to John's sister Eleanor, passes the Madeira the wrong way at a dinner party, Uncle Fulke Greville waves the decanter and exclaims, "Good God, Wayne, not counterclockwise!"

New York is even deeper in the doghouse in "It's Not Done" than in "Democracy" and "The Llanfear Pattern." "To the Club! Never! My dear man, he's as common as a Vanderbilt. I dined with him once and he served Corton with salmon!" runs a remark overheard at the Chesterbridge Club. "Really, Gertrude," a friend says to Mrs. Carrollton of a Johnny-come-lately couple who can't get into the hunt club, "you can't imagine them being accepted socially in Chesterbridge! New York, perhaps, but not Chesterbridge!"

"It's Not Done" is a very sophisticated book, with mistresses and lovers, illegitimate children, *nostalgie de la boue*, balls with live butterflies, Palm Beach parties attended by "Mr. and Mrs. L. Doheny Biddle" (Mr. Bullitt threw this one in some time before his daughter became Mrs. Nicholas Benjamin Duke Biddle), an English country-house party in a Stately Home whose stairway is missing because an early earl owner "lost it gambling with Catherine the Great," an elderly bachelor given to kissing his dog on the mouth, Brancusis, Panhards, Darracqs, De Dion-Boutons, canvasback duck, and many a vintage wine.

LOOK how well our generalizations are coming out! Our next entry, the late James Blanchard Clews, who

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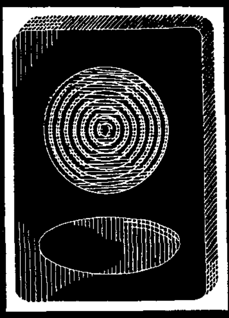

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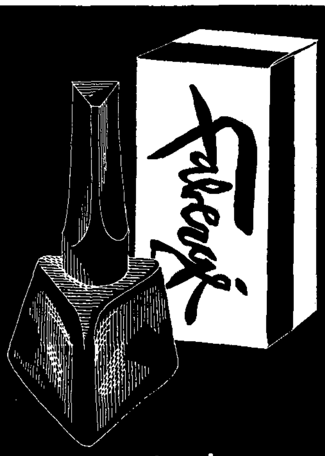

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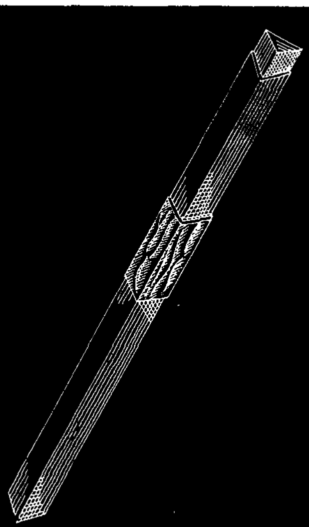
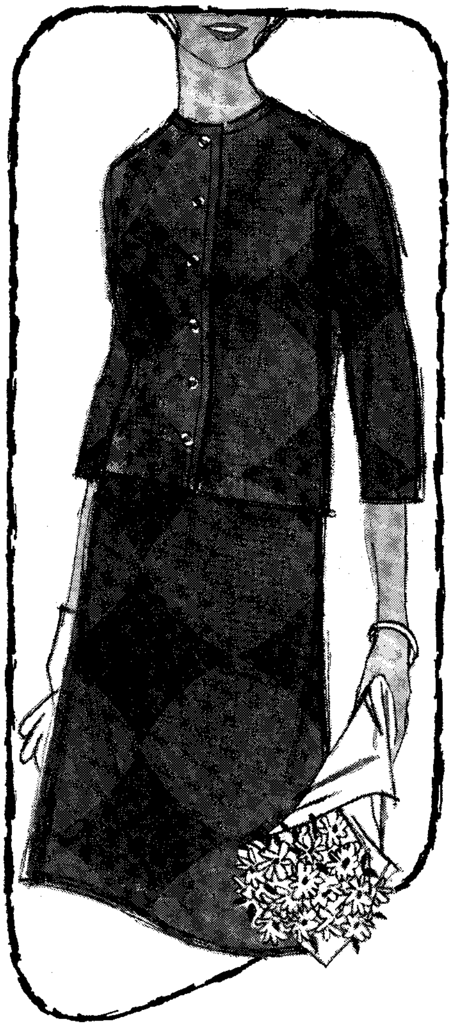
that need help



triangle lipstick
outlines like a pencil,
applies like a brush

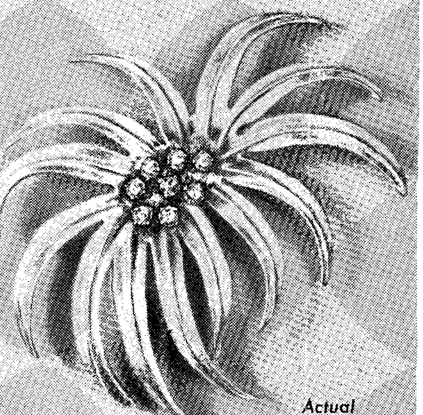


Something in which to move . . . easily, gently . . . from season to season. Homespun cotton hopsack, interesting to touch, deftly carved by John Meyer into his no-pretenses suit. The skirt is A-shaped . . . a most wearable line. The colors, Madder Blue, Madder Red, Olive, Sage. Sizes 6 to 16. About $20 at fine stores or write:

JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH
NORWICH, CONNECTICUT
·In New York: 1407 Broadway

was a nephew of the Ballroom Henry Clews and his successor as head of the firm of Henry Clews & Co., wrote only one novel, and was forty-one when he wrote it. "Fortuna" is full of solid facts and figures. And of detailed physical descriptions of its people, most of whom we first meet on board ship, bound for New York from Liverpool. Its heroine, Helen Montague, "without doubt, the most beautiful woman in all Christendom," with "the most delicately chiseled features imaginable, every one of which bespoke refinement, intelligence and innate goodness" and "an absolutely perfect set of teeth, which looked for all the world like bits of polished ivory," is, at twenty-three, "the richest woman in the world," being the orphaned daughter of Edward Montague, who left her fifty million dollars ("and since then at least $5,000,000 in interest ought to be added"), and a niece and ward of General Montague, "senior member of the banking firm of Montague Bros. & Co., one of the richest and best known firms in existence, which transacted business in all parts of the civilized world, having their own houses in New York, London and Paris." Moreover, the scuttlebutt is that her uncle, "an old bachelor" of between fifty and fifty-five, with "somewhat set features and dignified bearing," of whom "it should be stated that he earned his glory, not on the battlefield, but on a governor's staff," is going to leave her his entire fortune, of twenty-five million. Miss Montague is blessed with two suitors—Lord Grandwell, "sprung from a long line of earls" and described as tall, well formed, twenty-nine, with hazel-brown hair and whiskers, and, "as he possessed more than average intelligence, backed by a large rent roll . . . naturally a great catch in the matrimonial mart," and Frederick Tremaine, who, having advanced through the various departments "of a well-known Wall Street banking and brokerage firm . . . by gradation and on the score of merit," had, at thirty, "saved something like fifty thousand dollars." Tremaine is travelling with a friend, Arthur Caldwell, who, like Miss Montague, is a loaded orphan and only child, and who, at just past thirty, is a "heavy room trader" on the Street, where he has parlayed an inheritance of nearly a million into several million. Clews describes these lads as "universal favorites," and no wonder! "Tremaine could hardly be classed as a brunette, although he was somewhat of that order; while Caldwell was quite fair and in all respects a blonde." Lord Grandwell is travelling with his sister Lady Constance, twenty-two and, like Ar-

Sea Flower



Exotic new brooch of 14-kt. textured gold set with 8 Oriental sapphires or rubies.
$110
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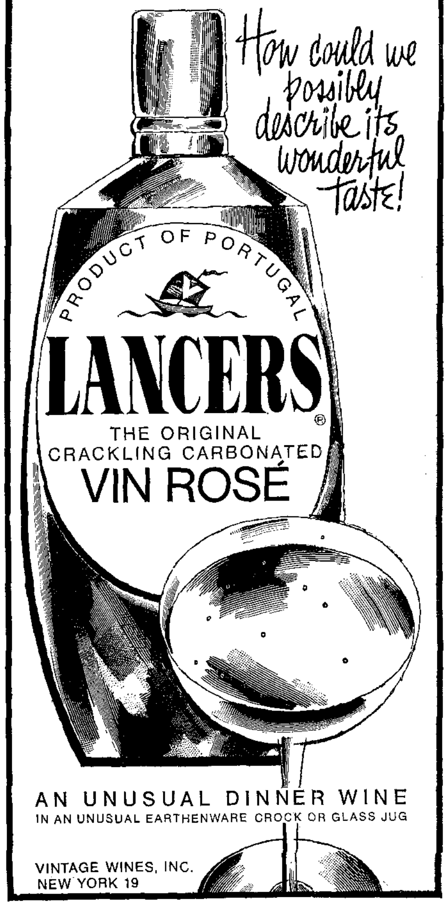
Mail orders postpaid

J.E.CALDWELL & CO.
PHILADELPHIA 7, PA.
Haverford, Pa. Wilmington, Del.


How could we possibly describe its wonderful taste!
PRODUCT OF PORTUGAL
LANCERS
THE ORIGINAL CRACKLING CARBONATED VIN ROSÉ

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE
IN AN UNUSUAL EARTHENWARE CROCK OR GLASS JUG

VINTAGE WINES, INC.
NEW YORK 19

I found out what he does on those "business" trips to Rio.

And frankly it's just as I suspected.

First he plunks himself down in this fancy Varig jet and they serve him an absolute avalanche of caviar and vintage wines and filet mignon and champagne. (Once he mentioned a Varig dinner "with Latin American delicacies." He never said those Latin American delicacies were *serving* the dinner.)

Then he stays at "the same old hotel again." This turns out to be a fantastic Taj Mahal of a place, with terraces overlooking that unbelievably beautiful Copacabana Beach and all those believably beautiful women sunning themselves.

Of course the evenings begin with cocktails at a sidewalk cafe. This helps him through the ordeal of picking one restaurant out of the hundreds that Rio is practically jammed with. And I suppose you can imagine which "tired" businessman sees a midnight floorshow, sambas 'til sunup and cha-chas all the way back to the hotel!

Sure, he spends the next few days racing around to conferences with a company sales manager or district whoozit, or something. But somehow he also finds time to play some golf. And shop for Brazilian antiques and bossa nova records and pottery and paintings and such. And stroll the mosaic sidewalks. And swim before breakfast. And ride the cable car up Sugar Loaf. And . . . oh, I could go on and on. But look: why not find out the truth for yourself? Get your husband to take you along.

That's what I did.

VARIG
Airlines
SINCE 1927

634 Fifth Avenue, New York 17.

VARIG JETS FROM NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES AND MIAMI TO THE CARIBBEAN AND SOUTH AMERICA.
NON-STOP FROM NEW YORK TO RIO VIA BOEING 707 INTERCONTINENTAL. SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

Identify yourself
the smart way

You can get 17 credit or identification cards and photos in the clear, pliant non-crack windows! Have more? Use the roomy, extra pockets. *Still* more? Put the "Show-a-Card"® Clip to work... to add extra windows! All done, without a bit of bulge, thanks to the expanding slide closing...it adjusts as you add. Handsome as well as clever!

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PRINCE GARDNER®
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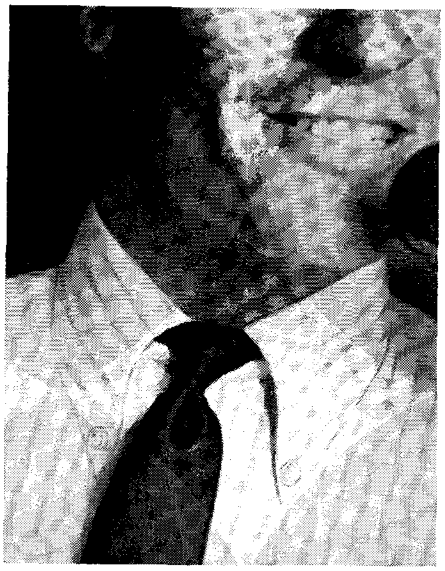
At fine stores everywhere.

thur, a blonde, and with their old friend Jules Rémiere, not over thirty and an influential member of the Paris Chamber of Deputies, with a dark beard "cut à la Vandyke," who, "although not a rich man—in the sense the term is applied in the United States—possessed ample wealth for his needs and lived in good style." Another member of their party is Mrs. Montgomery, but shucks! 'She was a distant relative of the Grandwells, and as she only accompanied the party as a chaperone, there is no necessity for going into her history. . . . She was the widow of an army officer [who] left her only a moderate income." No lettuce, no *chevelure*.

I will now share with you the benefit of some heavy collateral reading, which I undertook in order to relate Mr. Clews to his society and time. In 1889, Clara, the adopted daughter of Collis P. Huntington, married Prince Hatzfeldt. In 1893, Florence, daughter of John H. Davis, married the second Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. And in 1895, when in all likelihood the author of "Fortuna" was warming up on this extracurricular project, Consuelo Vanderbilt married the ninth Duke of Marlborough; Pauline, daughter of William C. Whitney, married Sir Almeric Paget, later Baron Queenborough; and Mary Leiter, the daughter of Chicago's Levi Z., married the Marquis Curzon of Kedleston. Is it astonishing that "the American beauty and heiress" Miss Montague, having "seen the evil results arising from some of the so-called international marriages, and [with] no desire to jeopardize her happiness for the sake of a title," gently gives Lord Grandwell the gate? This leaves Tremaine a clear field, and he makes the most of it by telling the object of his passion what "long," "short," "bulls," and "bears" mean; by advising her to read *Poor's Manual of Railroads;* and by further wooing her with the kind of financial counsel that ordinarily involves an annual fee of one-half of one per cent of capital. No danger of her turning into a Mrs. Edington! "As your father's estate doubtless consists principally of stocks, bonds, mortgages and realty, it seems to me that it is necessary for you to become familiar with everything relating to them," Fred whispers to her on the third day at sea, and, encouraged by her smiles, continues:

> For instance, you will have to study the railroads of the United States, so as to determine which of them offer the safest and best securities for investment. . . . Then again you will have to get posted on realty in New York City, so that you can determine what are bargains and what are not. . . . When securities are selling high enough to warrant a decline, or surround-



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WIDE STRIPED BUTTON DOWN
IN WHISPER WEIGHT BROADCLOTH.
SHORT SLEEVES. COOL SHADES OF
BLUE, GREY OR OLIVE STRIPES
ON WHITE. 14½-16½, $6.50.
PLEASE ADD 50C PER PACKAGE FOR POSTAGE

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Paul Stuart
18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Fore!

Golfers! Here's a drink especially for you (even a duffer can make it). Into a long glass filled with ice add a jigger of **Expresso Coffee Liqueur,** the juice of a quarter of a lime, and fill with quinine water. Mix. Presto...a **Golfer's Delight!** Thirst quencher personified. Once you've tasted the dry richness of this pure Italian coffee liqueur, you'll know **all coffee liqueurs are not the same!**

EXPRESSO
COFFEE LIQUEUR
60 PROOF

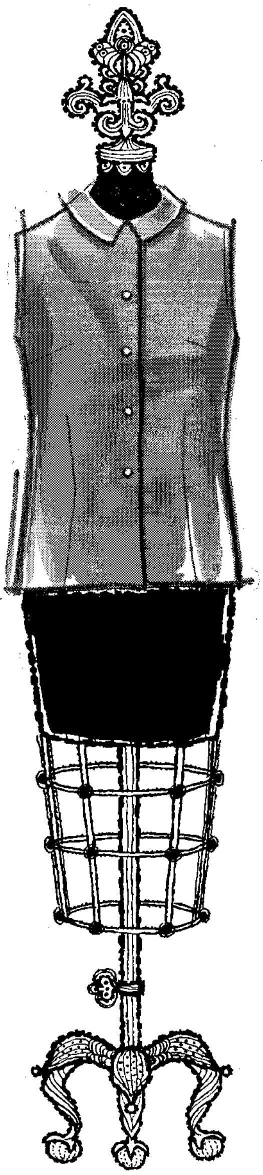
EXPRESSO COFFEE LIQUEUR
Coffee liqueur imported from Italy by Foreign Vintages, Inc., N.Y.C.

MARK II.
COLOGNE
D'OR
1877
MARK OF A MAN

Mark II*...for the male animal!

No sweet stuff this! MARK II is the vibrant, exciting fragrance for a *man*. This uncopyable blend creates the essence of elegance that appeals to the male and, irresistibly, to the woman near him. Over a hundred of the world's most priceless essences and oils ignite to make one unforgettable masculine fragrance. Its cool freshness comes from the fine Citrus Oils of Italy, Cyprus and Spain ...aromatic zest is provided by Lavender from England and the Mediterranean... subtle woody warmth is added by Sandalwood from Ceylon and rare Vetivert from Madagascar. The MARK II Cologne D'Or $7.50 plus tax. MARK II Shave Lotion and other products from $2.50 to $2,500.

MARK II, *the mark of a man.*
THE MARK II COMPANY, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA.



Wardrobe

The shirt that might be all your Summer shirts. Sleeveless. Unimprovably shaped. Suave in Dacron polyester and cotton. To be had in almost any color you have a fancy for. Like Hot Green, Lilac, Hot Yellow, Turquoise, Orange Ice . . . as well as necessities like White, Blue, Beige, Navy. Sizes 8 to 16.

About six dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York

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ing conditions are such that a fall in values seems imminent, it will, of course, be advantageous for you to dispose of some of your holdings with a view to repurchasing at a lower level.... Fight shy of a railroad that has a large floating debt.... Another thing to keep pace of, is the increased mileage of a railroad. A great many companies which should be self-sustaining now, become bankrupt, owing to the building of extensions in barren territory or through localities already occupied by other lines. In either case, such policy is generally suicidal, because the roads cannot possibly earn the fixed charges on their new branches for years to come, and the losses thus entailed fall upon the stockholders, resulting in diminished dividends or a stoppage of them altogether. Is my meaning clear, Miss Montague? If not, don't hesitate to ask any questions you see fit.

Tremaine's meaning (and the sort of thing Mr. Clews wanted to get off his chest) is perfectly clear, and a hundred and forty-three pages later, after obediently spending a good deal of time looking at the stock ticker in her uncle's library and curling up with *Poor's Manual*, Miss Montague, surely the most peculiar girl to come along in literary history before the heroine of Miss Ayn Rand's "Atlas Shrugged," agrees to marry her peculiar suitor, who by this time has made three hundred and forty thousand dollars in a railroad reorganization.

Is Mr. Clews, whom Mr. Van Wyck Brooks and the Dictionary of American Biography alike have overlooked, a writer to be reckoned with? No, if punctuation and grammar are primary considerations. Scores of his subjects are cut off from their verbs by commas, and Miss Montague's train trip to her Illinois relatives brings forth praise "for the *par excellence* of the service." Yes, if economic candor is a decisive virtue, for Mr. Clews reveals not only the assets of his characters but those of the British royal family, the Emperor of Austria-Hungary, the King of Prussia, and the Czar of Russia—and, for good measure, throws in the figure for the annual Canadian cheese business. Twelve million dollars.

ON to Robert Cutler, an ex-White House inner-circle man, who, as a special assistant to President Eisenhower, ran the National Security Council, which runs the Central Intelligence Agency. In 1916, when he was a senior at Harvard, he wrote a novel called "Louisburg Square," and in 1922, the year he graduated from Harvard Law School, he wrote another, called "The Speckled Bird." He went on to a lucrative corporate practice, the presidency of the Old Colony Trust Company, and

DRY FLY SHERRY

Like the accomplished dry fly fisherman, DRY FLY SHERRY is the product of expert knowledge, practice and skill. It is both light and delicate, neither too sweet nor yet very dry.

A gracious welcome to your guests

IMPORTED SPANISH SHERRY IN THE FAMOUS FINDLATER BOTTLE
Sole property of and bottled by
Findlater Mackie Todd & Co., Ltd. of London
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THE GUARDSMAN

. . . stands watch benignly in this handsome hand-painted character jug from the Royal Doulton Williamsburg Collection. All seven of the Character Jugs of Williamsburg are available in the following sizes: large, 7" high, $12.50; small, 4" high, $6.00; miniature, 2½" high, $3.75.

ROYAL DOULTON

Send 25¢ for collectors book #8 of famous Royal Doulton figurines and jugs in color. Write Doulton & Co., Inc., Dept. N-8, 11 E. 26th St., New York 10, N.Y.

his government post, and he has never published another line of fiction. "Louisburg Square" starts out, obliquely, with the weather: "Mr. Singleton Singleton, attired in his flowered silk wrapper, reclined at length upon a chintz-covered ottoman and stared passively through the frosted panes of his study window." Although, as in Bullitt's "It's Not Done," the nostalgic note is soon struck, here it is not Rittenhouse (or Chesterbridge) Square that no longer counts but Louisburg, where convents and boarding houses for theological students have transmogrified the private houses of the Boston aristocracy. Is Mr. Singleton Singleton, "possessed of exquisite manners and unlimited means," a butler, a coachman, a footman, and a flock of female servants, to be found in the Eisenhower library? If not, will someone please send Mr. Eisenhower the book. It might enrich his frame of reference, affording, as it does, allusions to Pavlova, Pickwick, Galahad, Watteau, Cato, Corot, D'Annunzio, La Rochefoucauld, Victor Hugo, Handel's "Largo," Matisse, "Thaïs," Victor Herbert, Mme. Du Barry, Catherine de Médicis, Florence Nightingale, Debussy, Eurydice, Cephalus, Cerberus, Boucher, Blake, Baedeker, Burne-Jones, Schumann-Heink, Rimsky-Korsakov, Romney, Shelley, Fragonard, van Gogh, Chopin, Horatius, and Edward Everett Hale, not to mention Ossa and Pelion, of which, in terms of melodramatic plot, the author makes a rather impressive pile. I am not going to give this plot away, but I will quote Mr. Cutler on the economic aspects of marriage:

> They had been happy together—and how difficult it is for the rich, since they have no aspirations, no struggles, no bread to share with one another, to be happy in marriage! To share diversions is indeed comfortable, but to share bread is divine. Over caviar there can be no real sympathy or appreciation; with corned beef and cabbage there must be comradeship or nothing. Any day in the year a dinner of herbs makes for love.

I call this to the attention of the advertising agency that handles Stouffer's Restaurants, and pass on to consideration of "The Speckled Bird," which sounds like the work of Dillon Ripley, a rich Yale ornithologist and factual writer, but isn't. Mr. Cutler's bird is taken from Jeremiah—"Mine heritage is unto me as a speckled bird," the title page quotes—and his heroine's speckles derive from a mixed heritage of Colonial Massachusetts and latter-day Irish New York. Orphaned at birth, Abigail Vane, the granddaughter of Michael A. Hare, a widowed, Rubens-collecting

Photograph by Carroll Seghers II from "Adventures in Williamsburg"

Pillory Peekaboo

Now a favorite source of fun, the pillory of Williamsburg was certainly not always so. A day in its all-too-solid embrace was quite enough to dampen the spirits of the boisterous colonial offender or to stay the wagging tongues of gossips. The pillory and hundreds of buildings, streets, squares and gardens are symbols of the colonial way of life: a way of life which surrounds you every day in Williamsburg, capital of colonial Virginia. Here *lives* the eighteenth century. Come soon and see.

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WILLIAMSBURG INN from $16 double
COLONIAL HOUSES from $12 double
WILLIAMSBURG LODGE from $11 double
THE MOTOR HOUSE $14 double
For reservations, free color folder, information, write Box B-Q, Williamsburg, Virginia, or call Reservation Offices—New York, Circle 6-6800. Washington, FEderal 8-8828.

COLONIAL
Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

banker multimillionaire and broker who is a veritable geyser of "indade"s, "a foine lad, that"s, "iver"s, and "niver"s, is brought up, in a Boston-suburb nest of Van Dyck, Copley, and West portraits of her paternal ancestors, by a cold, snobbish, embittered, we-no-longer-count spinster aunt, ironically named Miss Clemency Vane, who despises sex, the lower classes, Roman Catholics, and money in the wrong hands. "Vulgarity she detested. Yet still more she detested Hare's successful millions, symbol as they were of the changing time when Cornucopia tilted her horn into the pockets of Hares and Ryans and Rockefellers rather than as in other days into the purses of Vanes and Adamses." Thanks to Hare, who, through an associate, Max Finkeln, develops international banking connections, we are whisked into the realm of high finance:

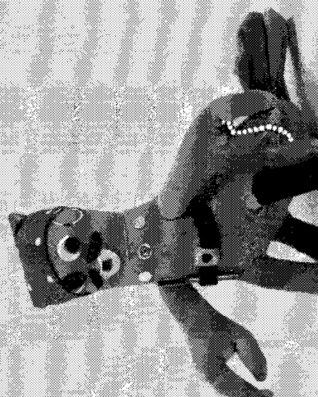
To those readers who were at the dawn of our tremendous twentieth century men of affairs the name of the great house of Finkeln, Mudra . . . is perfectly familiar; but there are no doubt a few who have dealt so little with international finance that rates of exchange, letters of credit, and acceptances to pay are as foreign to them as Greek roots. To these unfortunate individuals, slumbering in insular security, a little prologue is addressed. . . . We would not have them ill at ease in the surroundings to which our history soon must travel.

For, mark you, Finkeln, Mudra in the first decades of our century was one of the great banking-houses of the world. From its Berlin headquarters, a grand edifice upon the ornate walls of which swelled Germania, Industry, Wealth, and the other Prussian Virtues . . . it stretched out arms toward the deep mines of Kimberly. Its subtle influence permeated Empire, Kingdom, democracy; and who but *der Vater Finkeln* sold the Braganza jewels in liquidation of a claim against the Brazilian Pretender? It wrestled with the house of Rothschild; it clinched with the Seligmans; it set its hand at the throat of Morgan.

Hare, who, although rich, still has aspirations (to be richer), hitches his wagon to this star, but eventually comes a cropper and dies a bankrupt, having been supported during his final illness by his mistress's pawned jewels (non-Braganza), in this devoted woman's West Side apartment. Abigail ends unhappily, as a badly mixed-up speckled bird, but at least her coming-out party, at the Ritz, gives Mr. Cutler a chance to exhibit his social conscience, which was subsequently reflected in his presidency of the Boston Community Chest: "How a shrivelled little belly in Serbia would gulp that chicken patty that you push aside! William staggers back to the pantry with a jellied ham, not a

If I were a Jolly Roger...

I'd set sail for the waters off the coast of Montauk. I hear tell of treasures to last ye a lifetime. Silken sanded shores, shimmering strands of gold flowing from the sun, a sky the color of sapphires and an ocean that's sparkling with the treasures from beneath. 'Tis the place any Jolly Roger dreams of. ***And for first-rate mates...*** *Gurney's Inn . . . a treasure on the brink o' the beach. Nine acres of breath-taking seascape set among the windswept dunes, where the foamy waves break on the shining shore.*



Gurney's Inn

Your own ocean-front cottages with private bath, telephone, fireplace, refrigerator, patio, and living room. Exceptional cuisine served in a manner fit for the captain of any ship, in a jeweled setting, overlooking a panoramic view of surf, sand and wide sky. You'll find that Gurney's Inn is Montauk's proudest treasure of all. Modified American Plan: May 24th through the end of October—Remainder of the year on the Continental Plan. . . Color brochure and tariff schedule on request: write Dept. Jolly

Gurney's Inn . . . Ocean front cottages & hostelry on the brink o' the beach at Montauk, L.I. • 516 MO 8-2345 • Ownership-management: Joyce & Nick Monte.

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Countess Mara's

"VIA"

If he's the peripatetic kind, send him packing with the Countess' travel-wise "Via" combination. Both toilet kit and slippers are pigskin, soft and supple as a glove. Kit has waterproof lining and snap-shut opening. Foam-padded slippers travel in zippered pouch. Natural or black pig; medium or large slippers. 18.50, Federal tax included.

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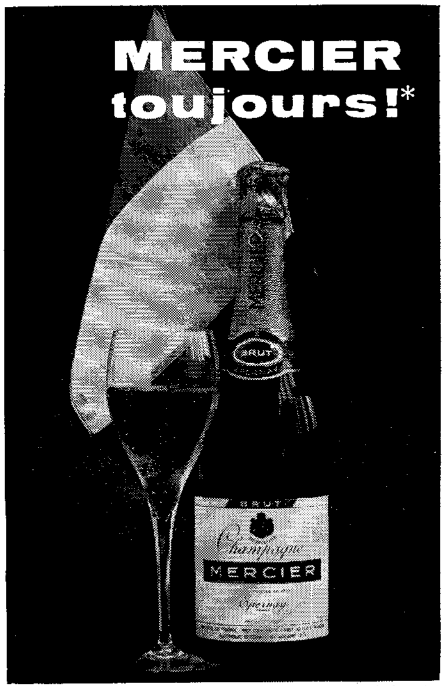

CHAMPAGNE MERCIER... celebrate happily, festively, with the real champagne created and bottled in France. It transforms any event into a Special Occasion, and makes Special Occasions even more memorable. Enjoy the true champagne brilliance of imported Mercier tonight. Mercier... the standard of quality for connoisseurs the world over.

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*AT ALL TIMES

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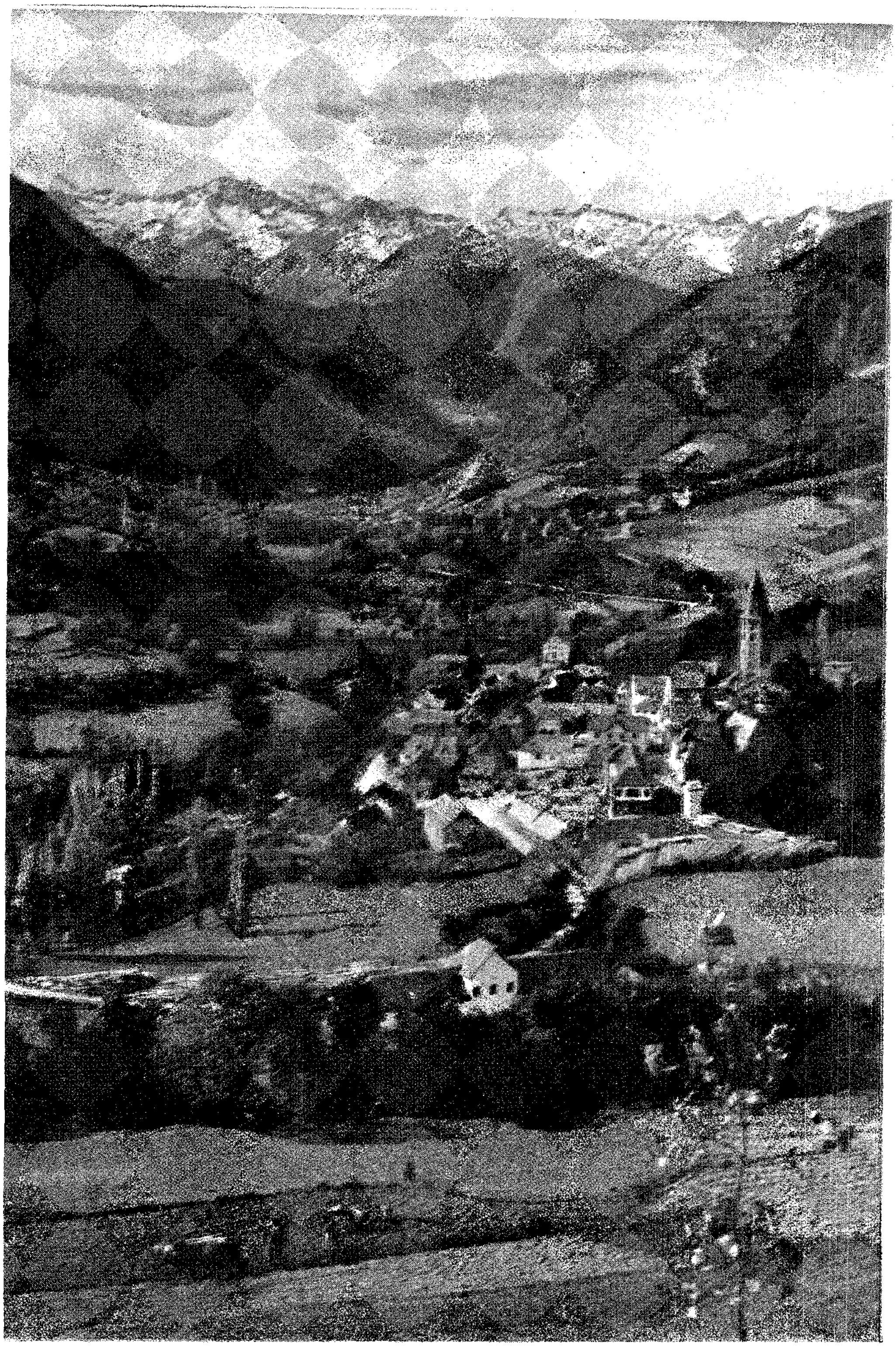
They do not fade. Do not bleed. Do not wrinkle. Do nothing
but spread out in the sun and look simply marvelous.

Mission Valley Fabrics

MISSION VALLEY MILLS 111 WEST 40 STREET, N.Y., AND NEW BRAUNFELS, TEXAS. FABRIC IS 65% DACRON®POLYESTER AND 35% COTTON.



The Valley of Arán in the Pyrenees. The town of Salardú is in the foreground.

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MODERN air travel by Iberia DC-8 jets makes it easy for you to enjoy the remarkable beauty, climate and prices of Spain.

The variety of color and scenery is unequaled anywhere in Europe. Here you'll find rugged snowcapped mountains. Vast rolling plains. Lush olive and orange groves. Medieval villages. Bustling modern cities. And magnificent beaches.

On the Mediterranean, there's a three-hundred-mile stretch of beaches along Costa Brava, Costa Blanca and Costa del Sol. On the Atlantic, there are the resort cities of Santander and San Sebastian.

You can count on good weather from March to November along Costa Brava and Costa Blanca. And you can swim year round at Costa del Sol.

The prices in Spain will amaze you. You can stay in a first-class hotel for $6.00 a day, *meals included*. Or you can splurge and stay in a de luxe hotel for $7.50 to $10.00 a day. A room without meals will cost you about $3.00 a day in a good hotel.

Spanish food is hearty, but not nearly as spicy as many people believe. A typical meal may include Gazpacho (an excellent soup made from cucumbers, garlic, tomatoes, and a dozen other ingredients). Cochinillo asado (roast suckling pig). And a half bottle of wine.

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Iberia Air Lines of Spain will give you a 6½ hour head start in enjoying Spanish food. During your flight you are served delicious meals and wines by stewardesses from Spain's finest families.

Iberia has the most modern DC-8 jets. They are meticulously maintained. The cabins are tastefully decorated, spacious and comfortable. Your pilot's training surpasses the most rigorous standards. One-way fare to Madrid is $292.

There's no end of things to see or do in Spain. There's a festival or fiesta somewhere almost every day of the year. There are bullfights every Sunday from Easter till the end of October. And flamenco dancing in the cabarets every night.

The Prado Museum in Madrid has one of the finest art collections in the world. Admission charge is 10 pesetas (16 cents).

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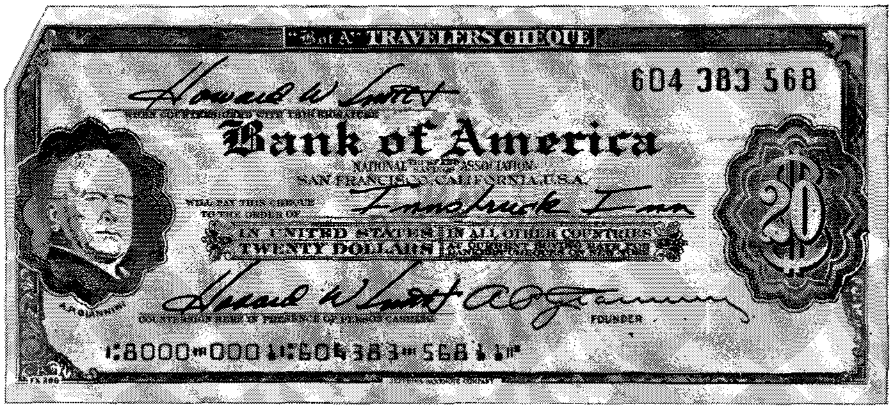
morsel of which was touched or a slice removed, that might nourish a Belgian family for weeks."

AND now I must begin to hurry. In case I should be thought to have skimmed too lightly over the "C"s, however, let me linger with them for another moment or two. Did I hear anyone say F. Marion Crawford? Well, Mr. Crawford, like Henry James, had an outstandingly rich grandfather—Samuel Ward, the banking Ward of Prime, Ward, & King—but his father, who died when he was three, was a struggling artist; his stepfather was another struggling artist; and his mother lost her modest fortune in the panic of 1873, when Marion was nineteen, with his more than forty novels to go. And how about LeGrand Cannon, Jr., the author of four novels? Maybe. His father was a rich wholesale grocer, and the son had been in the grocery business for a decade or so when, in the middle thirties, and *his* middle thirties, he retired to devote himself to writing, but his "Look to the Mountain" (1942), which I have looked to, begins with the weather and is so full of New Hampshire dialect "ain't"s, "'twon't"s, and "Why, sart'n!"s that 'twon't hurt us to push on to the "D"s.

Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, the daughter of an Ohio congressman and the widow of Rear Admiral John A. Dahlgren, who was chief of the Bureau of Ordnance in Washington and invented several howitzers suited to both field and naval service and known as Dahlgrens, began to write novels in 1883, when she was fifty-eight. At that time, Mrs. Dahlgren, who had a country place in Maine called Dahlgren, was living in Washington, in a house inherited from her father, where, as the founder of the Washington Literary Society and the author of "Etiquette of Social Life in Washington," she ran a literary and social salon. In her late fifties and during her sixties and seventies, she wrote six or seven works of fiction, the first of which, "A Washington Winter," appeared two years after her fellow-Washingtonian Henry Adams' "Democracy" and cannot but invite comparison with that, since it employs the same locale, milieu, period, and theme. "Milieu" is a word I haven't used since the days, many years ago, when I collected first editions of Max Beerbohm and carried a Malacca cane, but such locutions come readily to mind after one has sauntered through Mrs. Dahlgren's "*sans façon*"s, "*en grande tenue*"s, "*conversazione*"s, "*coup*

The Schilling is local currency in Austria.

So is this.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d'œil"s, and "*par exemple*"s, and into her drawing rooms, where, along with a galaxy of fictional diplomats, statesmen, and society folk, we rub shoulders with, *par exemple*, Generals Grant, Sherman, and Robert Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter; "the great tragic actress, Charlotte Cushman;" and "the accomplished Bristed Astor, always so clever, witty, and original"—a slightly scrambled version, no doubt, of the Nonfiction Ballroom Charles Astor Bristed. What a small world it is! And how much more vivid and less inhibited a novelist Madeleine Dahlgren is than the author of "Democracy"! Like Adams, she serves up a vulgar, corrupt, power-mad, *arriviste* senator, but how much more emphatically her Honorable Silvester Spangler deserves these adjectives than Silas P. Ratcliffe! "Modes of intimidation" are "familiar to him," and "plots and counterplots—his delight." Eventually, lighting upon some bad news in his morning paper, Senator Spangler groans and falls to the floor, foaming at the mouth and breathing stertorously. "The sixteen doctors sent for pronounced it apoplexy, just as his soul, in charge of its attendant demons, fell into Hades." Sixteen doctors! You'd never find that many, all at once, in Theodore Dreiser, James T. Farrell, Henry Miller, or Jack Kerouac. The poor don't know how the other half dies.

HOW difficult it must be for the rich (if I may paraphrase the youthful Robert Cutler), since they have no aspirations and no struggles, to be happy in writing! And yet, there's Mrs. Reginald de Koven, the late wife of the composer, the daughter of an Illinois senator and Chicago wholesale dry-goods millionaire, and the erstwhile chatelaine of a great, caviar-ridden house on Park Avenue, who, I think, must have enjoyed writing the two novels of hers that I've read. Their scenes are over two thousand years apart. "By the Waters of Babylon" (1901), a historical romance, is populated by Artaxerxes, Amytis, Themistocles, Arrion, Miriam, Hamestris, and "a few Chaldeans of the better class," many of whom say things like "Wouldst die, my dove?," "Rise, Megabysus," and "Have done, Hadar." "A Sawdust Doll" (1895), the chronicle of a frustrated romance, is populated by a few late-nineteenth-century New Yorkers of the better class, many of whom say things like "*A quoi bon?*," "Confound your conceit," and "Would George Sand have been George Sand without Alfred de Musset and Chopin?"

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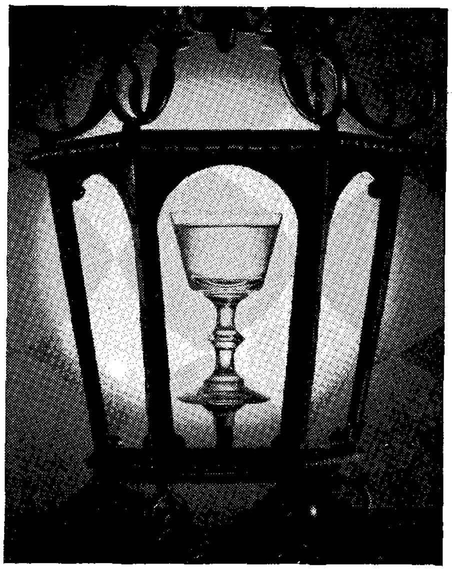

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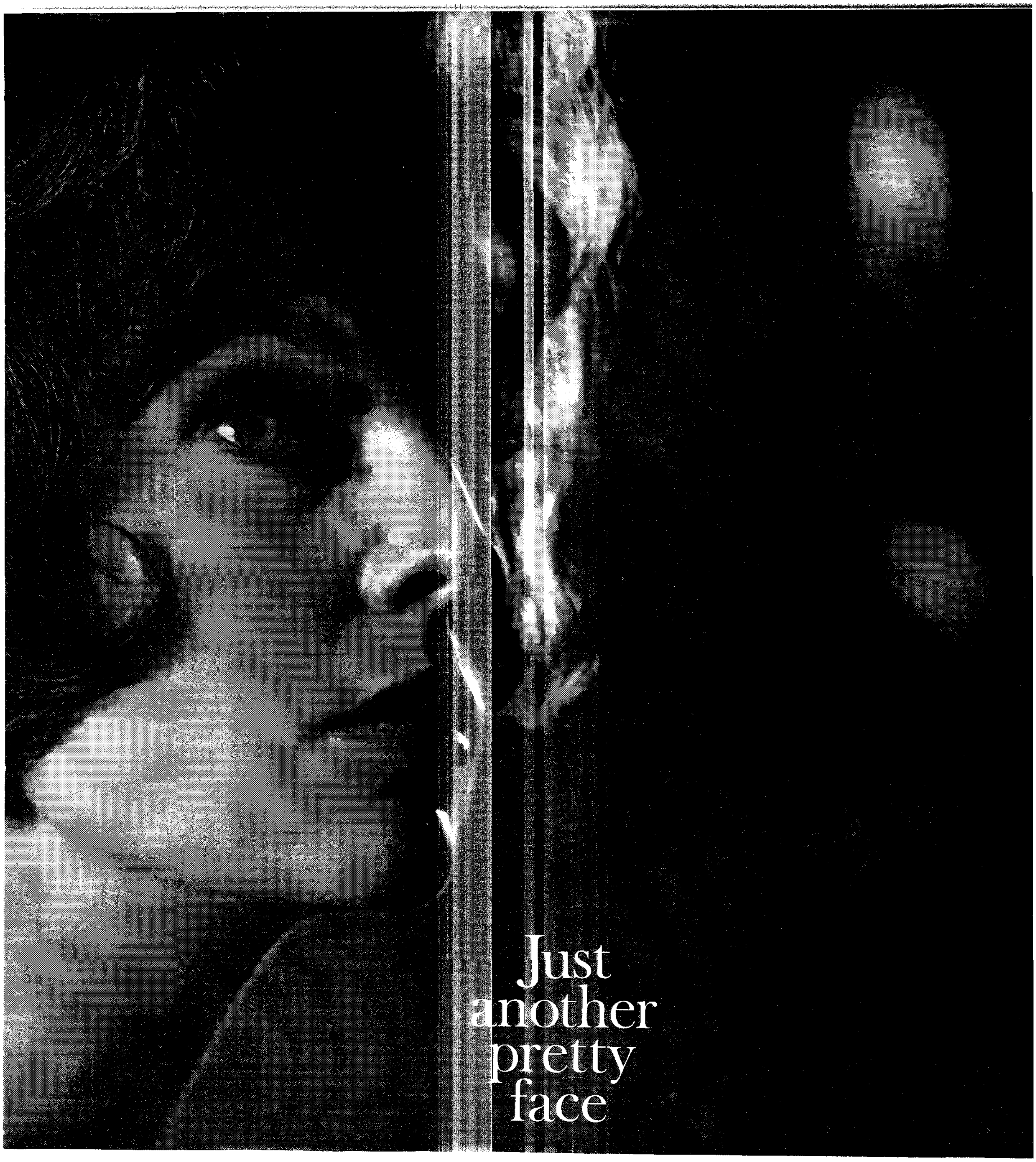

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Meantime, Repertoire Workshop continues week after week to provide a television showcase for more new faces in all the creative and performing arts ... helping gifted performers, like Marlyn Mason, make the long, hard climb from "nobody" to "somebody."

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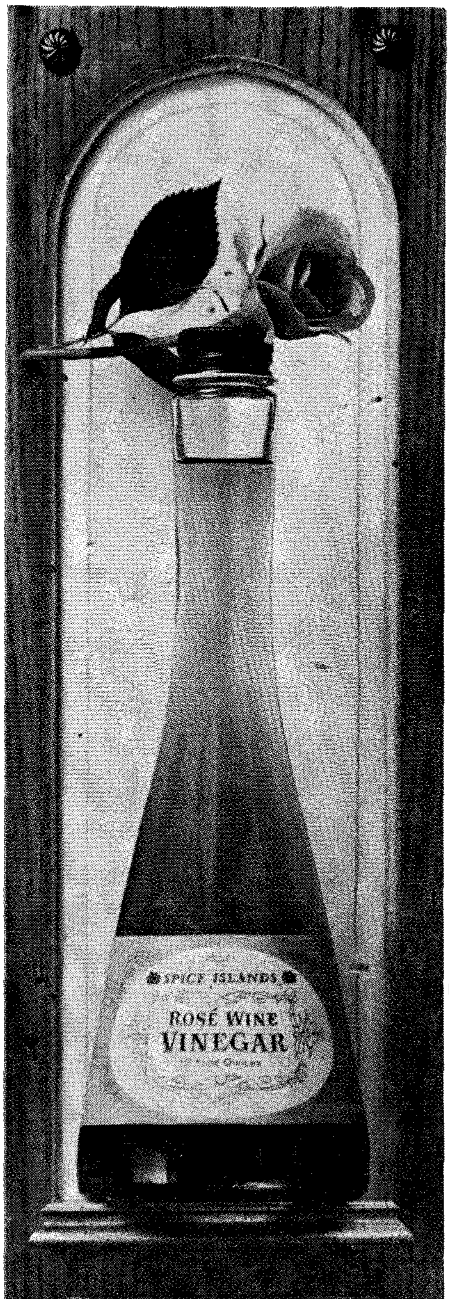

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(Nope.) It starts out with the weather (chilly), and the doll is a Fifth Avenue and Newport society woman, the bride (chilly) of General Rivington, thirty years her senior, whose one chance for happiness is quashed by the results of her conventional upbringing. After giving her lover, a young man named Philip Aytoun, what looks like the green light, she rebuffs him, whereupon he "grasped her wrists, throwing them from him with an almost brutal gesture, turned, and disappeared among the trees." "Never was any love," a pencilled annotation opposite this passage in the Society Library's copy reads, and I guess this is right.

LET us now pause to salute Colonel William C. Falkner, a great-grandfather of William Faulkner (originally Falkner) and the prototype of his Colonel Sartoris, who in 1880, at fifty-five, when he was the owner of a twelve-hundred-acre plantation near Ripley, Mississippi, and the builder and president of the Ripley, Ship Island & Kentucky Railroad, wrote "The White Rose of Memphis," a tremendous thriller of the post-Civil War South, in which everyone is either very good or very bad. It sold a hundred and sixty thousand copies, went out of print in 1909, and was republished in 1953. In it are murderers, gamblers, detectives, disguises, beautiful and determined women, psychological and blow-for-blow warfare, atmospheric steamboat scenes on the Mississippi, a wonderfully satirical courtroom scene on dry land, and a characterful hero who undergoes abrupt ups and precipitous downs, finishing on an up in which good seems to have triumphed permanently over evil. Colonel Falkner, who killed a couple of men himself and whose own life was terminated by murder, wrote a second novel, "The Little Brick Church," in 1882, in which certain aspects of the pre-Revolutionary treatment of slaves in the North are luridly depicted and aspects of the Revolution itself are realistically described. Falkner is my only railroad-president novelist, and a great extracurricular credit to his profession.

OUR next man is Paul Leicester Ford, who was so rich that his brother killed him. Ford was the *son* of a railroad president. In 1891, when he was twenty-five, he inherited a fortune from his father, who had also been a Brooklyn real-estate investor and the business manager of the New York *Tribune*. He wrote a number of historical pamphlets and biographies; two very long novels, "The Honorable Peter

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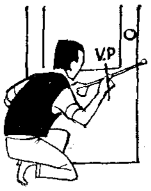

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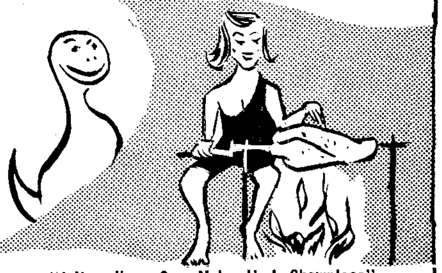

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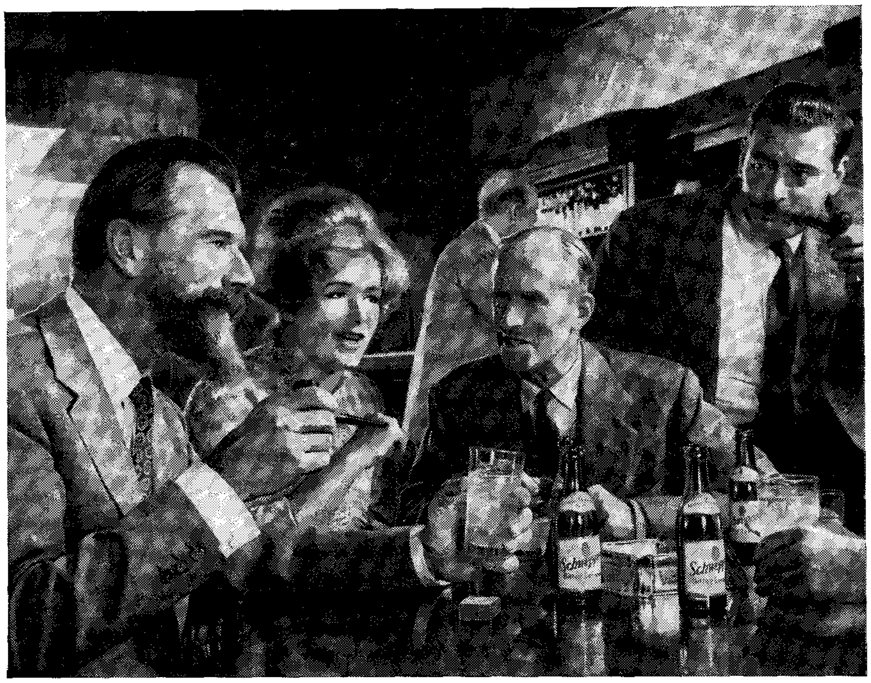
How to mix it

Schweppes Bitter Lemon brings new gusto to whiskey, gin, vodka and rum. You can even mix it with Dubonnet, Campari or Cinzano.

Recipe for a perfect Bitter Lemon drink: three parts Bitter Lemon to one part liquor in a *tall* glass, over ice.



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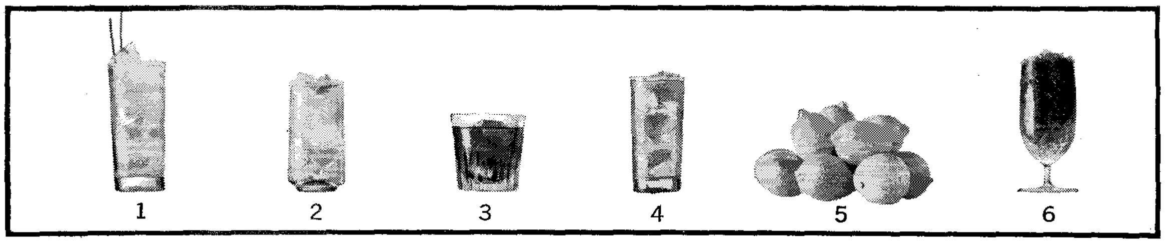

How to make these delicious new drinks with Schweppes Bitter Lemon

1. Bitter Lemon *on the rocks*—tart, dry—an *adult* soft drink. **2.** Foolproof and fast: a jigger of gin or vodka in a tall glass, then fill with Schweppes Bitter Lemon. **3.** Bourbon and Bitter Lemon. Use a generous jigger of good bourbon—Bitter Lemon brings out all its mellow taste. **4.** Light or dark rum, ice, Bitter Lemon—olé! **5.** Secret ingredients? Lemons! **6.** Dubonnet, Campari or Cinzano are aperitifs with *zing* when you add Bitter Lemon.

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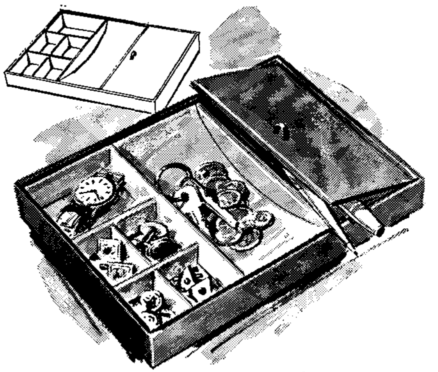
Stirling and What People Thought of Him" (1895), whose hero, an idealistic lawyer and politician modelled on President Cleveland, makes remarks like "I'll try to go straight, Mother," and whose urbane asides include "The average woman loves a man, aside from his love for her, for his physical strength, and his stiff truth-telling. The first is attractive to her because she has it not. Far be it from man to say why the second attracts," and "Janice Meredith: A Story of the American Revolution" (1899), a historical romance that sold over two hundred thousand copies and was made into a play, with Mary Mannering in the title role; several extremely short novels; and a few still shorter pieces of fiction, among which "Sauce for the Goose Is Sauce for the Gander" stopped me in my tracks because it is, atypically, anti-, rather than pro-, club. " 'Oh, my dear!' cried her mother," it commences, " 'I hope you have properly considered? He is charming, of course, but—well—he is such a club habitué.' " Ford himself, who belonged to the Century, the Grolier, the Players, the Reform, and the Metropolitan Clubs, of New York and Washington, was shot to death at thirty-seven by a disinherited and financially embarrassed brother, Malcolm W., who thereupon committed suicide.

BACK to the ladies, with Eleanor Medill Patterson, late editor and publisher of the Washington *Times-Herald*. How come we reach Cissy Patterson so early in the alphabet? She was married twice, first to a Polish count, Joseph Gizycki, and it was as Eleanor Gizycka that she wrote her two novels, "Glass Houses" (1926) and "Fall Flight" (1928). "Glass Houses" is mostly about Mary Moore, a Georgetown lass who carries on with three men pretty much simultaneously; and "Fall Flight," a more ambitious and interesting work, is mostly about Daisy Shawn, a Chicago lass who marries a St. Petersburg bounder and penetrates the fast, feudal society of the pre-revolutionary Ukraine. Mrs. Patterson was a niece of Robert S. McCormick, who between 1902 and 1905 was ambassador to Russia, and there, as a young woman, she visited him; the Russian social background in this book is noticeably informed. She is the first novelist I have run into while compiling this treatise whose books are not available in the main reading room of the Public Library. They may be consulted only in the Slavonic Division, in Room 216—a smallish chamber lined with foreign-looking books, manned by foreign-look-



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ing ladies, and patronized, if the morning I visited it is typical, by foreign-looking readers. Daisy Shawn may feel at home there, but how about Mary Moore, whose only extra-Washington excursion is to her Wyoming ranch? What a triumph of connubial identification for a granddaughter of Chicago's Joseph Medill! And it is all the more remarkable when you consider that her daughter, Felicia Gizycka, another two-novel writer—"The House of Violence" (1932) and "The Flower of Smoke" (1939)—and part Slav by blood, languishes, hopelessly assimilated, in stacks destined for the main reading room.

Rich writers, as we have seen, frequently come in clans, and now, under the spell of consanguinity, let us flout our alphabetical formula in dead earnest and alight forthwith on Joseph Medill Patterson, an older brother of the Slavonic countess and the late editor and publisher of the *Daily News*. In 1906, when he was five years out of Yale, he wrote the first of three novels, "A Little Brother of the Rich," which has enough mazuma in it to put Fitzgerald's eye out. "What he left doesn't amount to much nowadays," Billy Dunbar says, in the very first chapter, to his sister Kate, of their deceased grandfather's fortune (the children are orphans), and he urges her to set her cap for Lassiter Ellis, the loose-living captain of the Yale crew, whose father "has anywhere between one hundred fifty and two hundred millions right now." Billy adds, "And Lord only knows what he'll have when he dies. He's one of the biggest steel men in the country." Kate captures Lassie with some fast summer-house footwork, but money does not bring her happiness ("The specialist told me yesterday that I had a distinct diathesis toward neurasthenia, and that it would culminate in an acute form unless I went to the rest cure again," we find her saying, gilded years later. "That will be the third time within two years, and I am getting bored with it. What's the use of dragging along through life a half-invalid? I never had a chance. I was damned before I was born"), and it does not bring happiness to Carl Wildmerding IV, "a sad and broken little millionaire," whose wife tells him she married him for his money and cuckolds him with the captain of his yacht, and whose father forces him to give up his faithful mistress, the mother of a dynastically unrecognized Wildmerding V. Nor does it bring happiness to Paul Potter, the "little brother" of the novel, who ends up,

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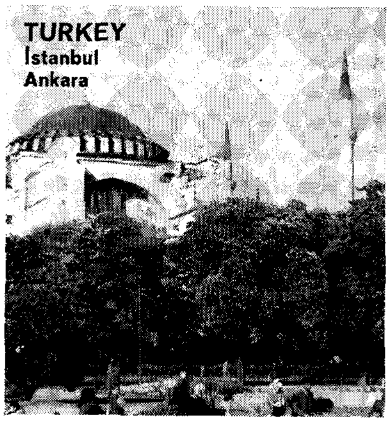

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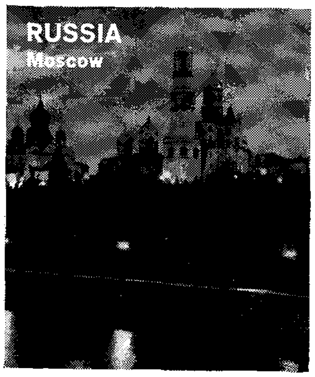

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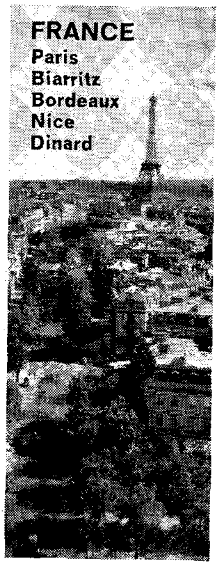

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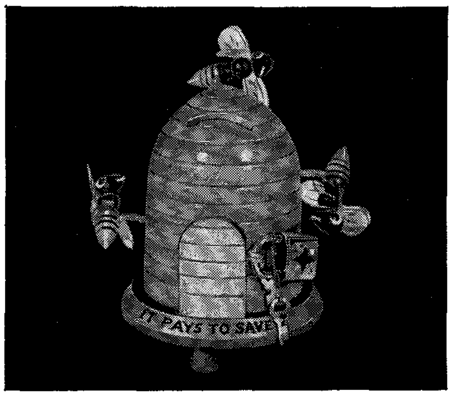

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pushing forty, the widower of a two-timing social climber whom he stole from a previous husband; rejected by Sylvia, the only girl he has ever truly loved (and whom, in their youth, he jilted, when her father went broke); and engaged, dispiritedly, to Clara Funcke, who is the only daughter of the St. Louis brewer August Funcke, and of whom he says, "I make love to her only in the most conventional way." In the concluding pages of the book, Paul regales Sylvia with this bit of horrid information, in Central Park, and she extends her hand to him in farewell. "I am afraid you are a quitter, Paul," she says. "Good-bye." Luckily, he has something to fall back on. "He took her hand, pressed it to his lips, then stood up and walked away from her to the place where his motor waited. He was driven rapidly down the broad, smooth asphalt pavement to his club."

SAY! This skip from the "G"s to the "P"s has given me an idea. Look at some of the rich writers we've vaulted over. Henry Harland, the Manhattan-born scion of a Connecticut clockmaking family, who hoodwinked *Who's Who* into listing his birthplace as St. Petersburg, Russia; who wrote about a dozen Jewish-background novels under the pseudonym of Sidney Luska in the eighteen-eighties; who founded and edited the *Yellow Book* in London in the eighteen-nineties; and who then, under his own name, produced about a dozen more, non-Jewish-background novels, of which the best known is "The Cardinal's Snuff Box" (1900). And Constance Cary Harrison, a Virginia blueblood who, under her married name, Mrs. Burton Harrison (her husband, a lawyer, had been Jefferson Davis's secretary), between 1861 and 1865 wrote a dozen widely disseminated society novels, the debonair tone of which may perhaps be gauged by the final sentence of "Sylvia's Husband": " 'But as long as Sylvia has her husband, what's the odds?' he concluded, lighting a fresh cigar." ("She was the chambermaid's Edith Wharton," a descendant of hers, who shall be nameless, once told me.) And John Hay, who was Secretary of State under McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, and the father of the Ballroom poetess Helen Hay Whitney, whose sole, and anonymous, novel, "The Bread-Winners: A Social Study," all about the *bon ton* of "Buffland, a young and thriving city on Lake Erie" (Hay married the daughter of a Cleveland millionaire, and lived there ten years), has a capitalist hero with a face boasting "the refinement and gentleness of one

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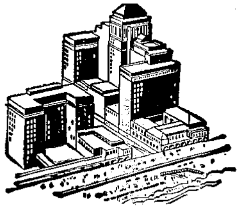

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Which makes Chivas Regal very good indeed.

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Age has something to do with this.

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But heaven knows what the whole secret is. We don't. So we don't dare change the methods we've inherited.

If your father-in-law cares for Scotch at all, there's no question that he'll enjoy Chivas Regal.

But if you have any doubts, offer him a glass, discreetly, before the Great Day.

And if there's any question about his solvency, perhaps you should buy him a case.

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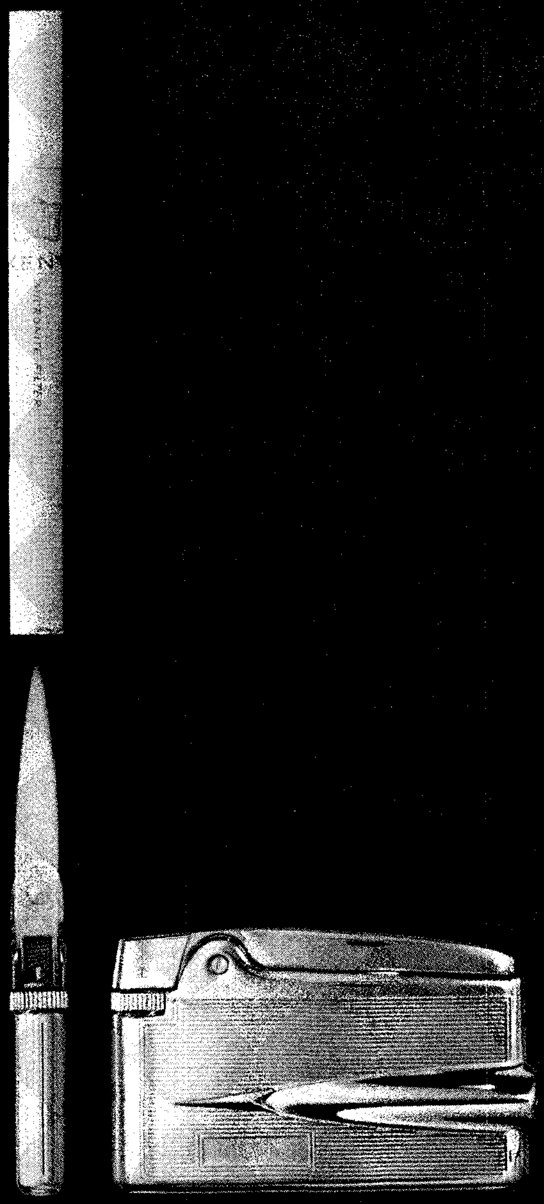

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delicately bred, and the vigorous lines and color of one equally at home in field and court;" has a "greasy-apostle-of-labor" villain, "whose whole expression was oleaginous," since he had "eyes . . . too sly and furtive to belong to an honest man," "lips which were coarse and thin, [displaying] an imperfect set of teeth, much discolored with tobacco," and a countenance "which could change in a moment from a doglike fawning to a snaky venomousness," the whole "surmounted by a low and shining forehead covered by reeking black hair, worn rather long;" and refers to artists as "studio-rats." And Barklie McKee Henry, who was a cousin of the Ballroom Clews, was once married to a sister of Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, and, in 1923, during the summer of his junior year at Harvard, wrote "Deceit," a novel about social anti-Semitism in Boston, with a protagonist who has inherited twenty thousand a year and rather grandly rings for cigars in his Chestnut Street house. And the first Oliver Wendell Holmes, of whose three novels the best known, "Elsie Venner: A Romance of Destiny" (1861), is a hair-raising study of prenatal herpetological influence in which the joys of wealth are clearly outlined, viz:

> Billionism, or even millionism, must be a blessed kind of state . . . but most blessed in this, that it takes off all the mean cares which give people the three wrinkles between the eyebrows, and leaves them free to have a good time and make others have a good time, all the way along from the charity that tips up unexpected loads of wood before widows' houses, and leaves foundling turkeys upon poor men's doorsteps, and sets lean clergymen crying at the sight of anonymous fifty-dollar bills, to the taste which orders a perfect banquet in such sweet accord with every sense that everybody's nature flowers out full-blown in its golden-glowing, fragrant atmosphere.

And then there are Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who, in 1933, at a time when her more visible assets included a three-hundred-thousand-dollar, one-hundred-and-twenty-seven-carat blue diamond, wrote "Transatlantic Wives," a novel about the international blue-diamond and foundling-turkey set; Gerard B. Lambert, the Listerine magnate and yachtsman, who was a millionaire orphan at three, and who, in 1938, at fifty-two, wrote "Murder in Newport," a detective novel with an ingenious plot and a sure command of nautical etiquette, which Mr. Lambert, in his autobiography, "All Out of Step," says President Roosevelt enjoyed so much that he urged him "to do another one;" Wilmarth S. Lewis, the redoubtable

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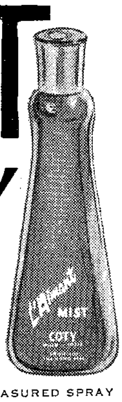

Walpolian scholar and squire of Farmington, Connecticut, whose sole novel, "Tutor's Lane" (1922), written in his twenties, when he was already master of a comfortable portfolio, offers a thinly disguised but authoritative analysis of Yale's two ranking senior societies (Mr. Lewis and Mr. Patterson were both tapped by Scroll & Key) and, like Mrs. Harrison's "Sylvia's Husband," a cigarry conclusion ("And then, throwing away his cigar, he passed quickly up the hill and into the lighted church"); Armstrong Livingston, a cousin of Margaret Armstrong and, like her, a specialist in murder mysteries, among which one, "The Monk of Hambleton" (1928), *ends* with the weather; T. S. Matthews, a former editor of *Time* and son of a Procter & Gamble Procter, whose "To the Gallows I Must Go" (1931), a psychological murder story, is a triumph of economy and pace; James E. Merrill, of Merrill Lynch *und so weiter*, and author of "The Seraglio" (1957), a novel about a high-powered Long Island Wall Street operator; Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer, who was a cousin of the Ballroom Emma Lazarus and the wife of a successful doctor, and who helped found Barnard and wrote several feminist plays and a couple of feminist novels, including "Helen Brent, M.D. A Social Study" (1892), which starts out with the weather ("One bright, warm spring afternoon") and has a woman in it worth thirty million dollars; Alice Duer Miller, Mrs. Berlin's cousin, who wrote nineteen novels, including "Not for Love" (1937); Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the famous Philadelphia neurologist, who got off to a late start and produced almost as many, and, if Mrs. Meyer's spirit will forgive me, far better ones (he wrote his first full-length novel in 1885, when he was fifty-six and when his medical practice was bringing him between seventy-five and a hundred thousand dollars a year; his best-known one, "Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker," at sixty-eight; and his last, "Westways," at eighty-four, in the final year of his life); Ivan Obolensky, the publisher, who is a grandson of the Jupiter Astor and a cousin of the Borgia Astor, and whose "Rogues' March," a tale of the Hudson River Valley, starts out with the weather (hot and violent), goes on to sex (hot) and local politics (violent), and, like his grandfather's book, has a heroine called Sylvia; the historian John Lothrop Motley, a rich Bostonian whose "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" was preceded by a brief fictioneering fling in his twenties and thirties, during which he flung off two novels, "Morton's Hope" and

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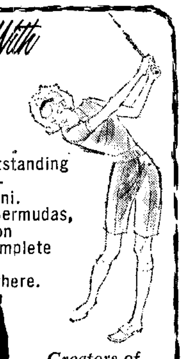

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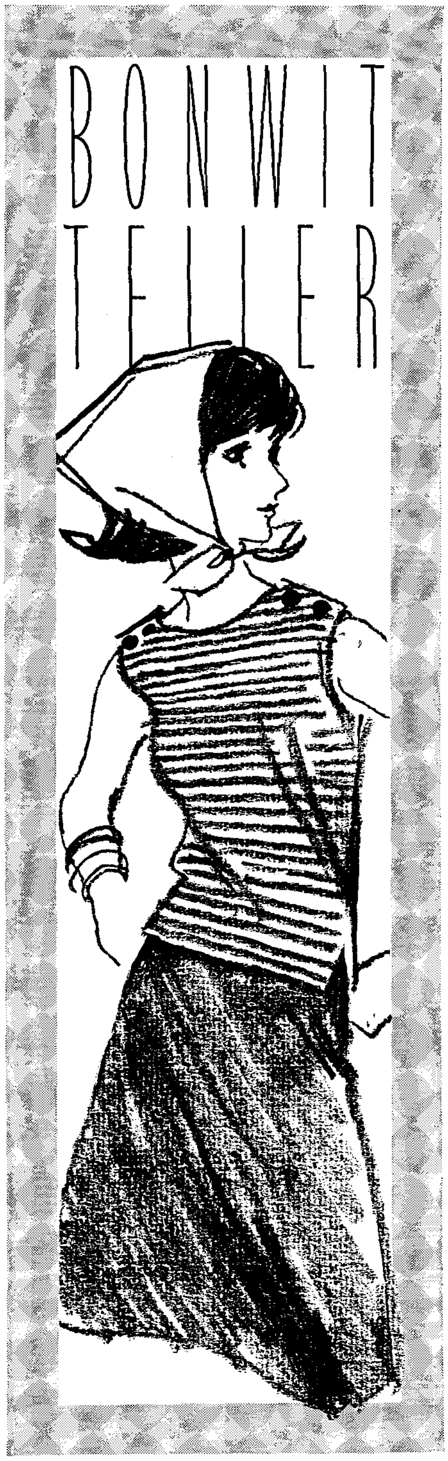

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"Merry-Mount: A Romance of the Massachusetts Colony;" Thomas Nelson Page, ambassador to Italy during the First World War, who in 1893, at the age of forty and a widower, married the widow of a Chicago Field, kissed his law practice goodbye, and sat down to nearly three decades of financially carefree writing, mostly about the Old South (his best-known book is "Red Rock," written when he was forty-five); and Francis Parkman, another rich Boston historian ("Parkman was born to the purple and with a golden spoon in his mouth," Mason Wade, one of his biographers, has written), who contented himself with a single novel, "Vassall Morton" (1856), whose hero languishes in a dungeon and entertains a great many ugly thoughts.

Summer is coming on, the beaches beckon, and I want to go to Cape Cod and hobnob with the Biddles. Avaunt, then, Anne Parrish, who married a copper-, rubber-, and chocolate-distributing millionaire; wrote twenty-odd books between 1923 and 1954; and left ten million dollars to the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center when she died in 1958. Avaunt, Mary Pickford, who in 1935 followed up a non-novel, "Why Not Try God?," with a piece of fiction, "The Demi-Widow," mysteriously dedicated "To Someone I Love," which starts out with the weather ("July in Paris. And hotter than hot!"). Avaunt, Ernest Poole, whose inherited wealth never made him fuzzy about money. "He was in debt four thousand, one hundred and forty-six dollars and seventeen cents," he writes of the dock owner in "The Harbor" (1915). Avaunt, Olive H. Prouty, who wrote "Stella Dallas" in 1922, and Clinton T. Revere, a cotton broker who, in 1932, at fifty-nine, wrote "Hands as Bands," in which the hero advises his mistress that she is just made for kissing and biting—a far cry from Mr. Revere's only other book, "Commodities and Inter-Governmental Debts," which he turned out the same year. Avaunt, Amélie Rives, the first of whose many novels, "The Quick or the Dead?" (1888), inspired by her romance with her first husband, John Armstrong ("Who's Loony Now?") Chanler, a cousin of the Astor novelists, rates high marks for an original vocabulary—

In the glimpsing lightning she saw scurrying trees against the suave autumn sky. . . . A fitful, whinnering gust occasionally shook the dry limbs above them, wailed up and down the road for a little space, fleered sullenly to leeward, and was still. . . . Dering felt her beauty cling to him from head to foot, like a veil whose

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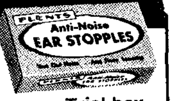

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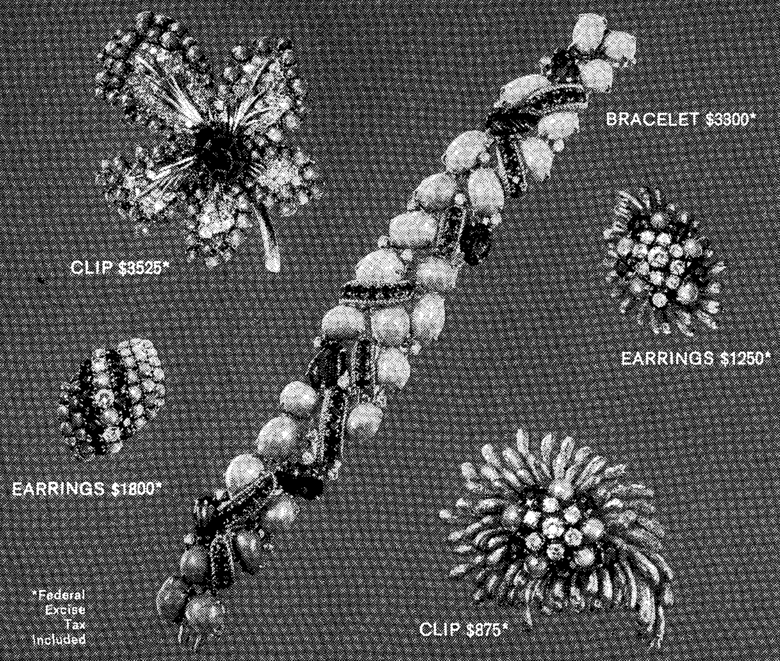
> woof was fire and whose warp mist.... All this passed through his mind in a whiff.... Now the rathe arm and throat of Barbara came into bright relief.... They met hustledly in the gloom—

and has a hero whose "heart gave a hot leap along his breast to his throat, leaving a fiery track behind it as of sparks," after which he goes off to his club, the Manhattan.

Avaunt, Robert Barnwell Roosevelt, a ballroom Roosevelt ("Game Fish of the Northern States of America and British Provinces") and close T. R. connection ("Uncle of President Roosevelt," his *Who's Who* entry reads), who in middle life came into a fortune, retired from the bar, and followed up his first novel, "Five Acres Too Much" (1869), with two others, "Progressive Petticoats" (1874) and "Love & Luck" (1886), which starts out with the weather. Avaunt, Emanie Sachs, who wrote "Red Damask" (1927), about the higher reaches of Jewish society, during a period when she was married to Walter E. Sachs, a Goldman, Sachs partner, and has since written other novels. Avaunt, several acres of Sedgwicks, among them Catharine M. Sedgwick, an early-nineteenth-century novelist and an aunt and great-aunt of the Ballroom Sedgwicks, whose "Redwood," published in 1824, was translated all over Europe; Anne Douglas Sedgwick ("Tante," "The Little French Girl," et al., written in the first couple of decades of this century); Nathalie Sedgwick Colby, who wrote "Green Forest" (1927) and "Black Stream" (1927) during her marriage to Bainbridge Colby, Secretary of State under Wilson; and Francis Minturn Sedgwick, now living in California, who is a son and grandson of the Ballroom Sedgwicks and is perhaps the snazziest Sedgwick writer of them all, since his novel, "The Rim," published in 1945, offers a sculptor who lives at the Union Club and "Mr. Tommy Pearson," a member, like Wilmarth Lewis and Joe Patterson, of Keys, who, "having inherited one hundred and nineteen million dollars from his father and another paltry twelve from his mother, had found it amusing to put plays on Broadway and finance movies in Southern California." Dare we say avaunt to Francis Cardinal Spellman, author of "The Foundling"? (Is Cardinal Spellman rich? Well, he doesn't depend on his royalties, and has turned them over, to the tune of more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to charity.) Or to the late Elliott White Springs, a multimillionaire, First World War ace, bank president, Southern Rail-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way director, and South Carolina cotton-mill operator, who started writing stories, just for the hell of it, in the nineteen-twenties ("I was as amazed as anyone, when I found I could get paid for them," he once said), and published three books in 1931—"The Rise and Fall of Carol Banks," "Pent-Up on a Penthouse," and "Warbirds and Ladybirds"? No! Springs is too good a man to skimp, or scamp. Although his "Contact: A Romance of the Air" (1930) starts out with the weather ("It was a cold, raw December morning and the fog was just lifting from the meadows of the Midlands"), he is a new kind of Rich Writer—sexy as the dickens. In "In the Cool of the Evening" (1930), Springs, an able chronicler of the provocative houseparty, decorates one with a girl of whom, when a fellow-guest says "She's upstairs smoking," the next comment is "I didn't know she was that hot," and with a pair of lively conversationalists who figure in the following dialogue:

> "Hey, weasel, have you got the time?" a frescoed damsel inquired of a lad who had sprained his wrist playing a ukulele. "Sure thing," he told her, "but it's too hot now."

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> One day he stopped in to see me frowning like Secretary Fall passing a jail. . . . She lapped up cocktails like a Congressman in Panama [and] wore practically no clothes at all and had a figure that would have brought St. Simeon down his pole like a fireman. . . . She wanted to exhibit me to the crowd and show them that she could make Delilah look like Carrie Nation. . . . I've seen several girls transferred from Broadway to Newport and they were no more at home than Queen Mary in a hat shop. . . . If anybody invited him to a party, he'd glare at them like an early Christian martyr invited to visit a menagerie. . . . The sound of his voice was about as welcome as a tenor in a convent. . . . Sam Walsh belonged on a party like pork sausage at the Passover. . . . "You know what I think of this young crowd that has turned society into a six-day bicycle race. By the time the modern girl reaches the

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age of sixteen she'd make Cleopatra seem as innocent as Will Hays. Marc Antony would have been the one to get the asp. The average flapper knows more about sex than Judge Ben Lindsey thinks he does; she has been more places than Ulysses; and she's stayed up longer than the Marathon dancers. She has drunk enough alcohol to fill all the pocket lighters in the Middle Atlantic states; she's got a vocabulary like Sindbad's parrot; and she thinks that curfew is Latin for daybreak. Her clothes are designed after the seventh veil and Scheherazade's memoirs would only make her yawn. She's so blasé that trying to tune her in by holding hands is like trying to harpoon a whale with an oyster fork."... She displayed more of No Man's Land than an artillery map of Verdun. . . . The crowd was already lit up like Jacob's ladder. She had a figure that wasn't in the multiplication tables. She was to the rest of that crowd what caviar is to shad roe. I was so excited I got out of that boat faster than the Kaiser got out of Germany. By dinner time I felt like Jason tripping over the Golden Fleece. Before dinner was over, I was trying to master the latest slang and wondering how much Dr. Steinach charged. When we found ourselves alone on the wharf, I made a flying tackle that would have stopped Red Grange. . . . "When she finally said 'yes,' she said it with a kiss that would make the 'Cremation of Sam McGee' read like an ice-factory inventory. Since then it's ceased to be a mystery to me how Shadrach, Hatrack, and Abednego could live in the fiery furnace. I'd catch cold in one now. And do I like it? Just ask me! Just ask me!"

We must not forget Gertrude Stein, the daughter of a prosperous Baltimore clothing family; Ruth Stephan, who is the daughter of the late Charles Walgreen, of Chicago (four hundred and eighty drugstores, in thirty-six states), and is the author of "The Flight" (1956), a historical novel about Queen Christina of Sweden; J. David Stern, a retired newspaper publisher (Philadelphia *Record*, New York *Post*) and the senior member of a rich father-and-son combo, who, in 1952, in his mid-sixties, wrote a novel about a newspaperman, "Eidolon: A Philosophical Phantasy Built on a Syllogism;" his son, David Stern III, who writes fiction about Francis, an Army mule who talks; Ettie Stettheimer, who was a granddaughter of I. D. Walter, an early-nineteenth-century New York drygoods millionaire and real-estate investor, and was also the fiscally favored niece of a rich aunt, and who, in 1923, under the pseudonym Henrie Waste (a partial anagram of her name, HENRIEtta WAlter STEttheimer), wrote a novel, "Love Days (Susanna Moore's)," the heroine of which (Susanna Moore) would have kept St. Simeon up his pole indefinitely; Frederic Jesup Stimson, a Boston lawyer, ambassador to the Argentine and Brazil, and author of half a dozen novels, who,

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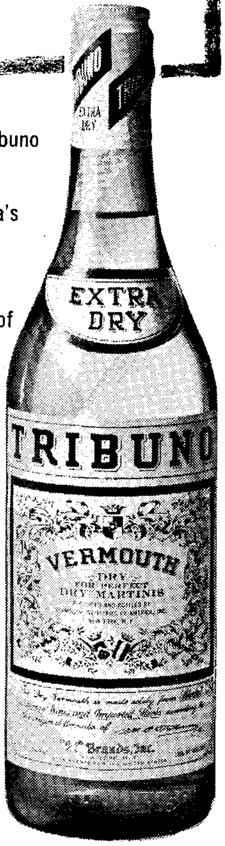

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in 1884, at a time when he was Assistant Attorney General of Massachusetts, as "J.S. of Dale," wrote "The Crime of Henry Vane," one of whose many aphorisms, "No one is a pessimist who has to work for a living," has been annotated in the Society Library's copy as "Only relatively true;" Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., of the Ballroom Vanderbilts, who wrote four novels—"Reno" (1929), "Park Avenue" (1930), "Palm Beach" (1931), and "Woman of Washington" (1937)—that are full of real people, called Hoytie Wiborg, Charlie Towne, Vincent Astor, Bernie Gimbel, and Otto Kahn, and unreal ones, called Mrs. Belmont Tiffany, Schuyler Van Courtland, Mrs. Vincent Duke, and Drexel Tiffany; John D. Voelker, a Michigan Supreme Court judge, who in 1958, under the name Robert Traver, wrote "Anatomy of a Murder," a murder-trial novel; Edmund S. Whitman, former public-relations director of the United Fruit Company, who took time off from such public-relations works as "Threefold Way to Western Hemisphere Unity: Investment Interdependence Participation" to write several novels dealing with Latin-American subjects, of which I have read the three opening words of a 1933 one, "Guilty in the Tropics" ("It was hot"); and, to end up with someone in whom Wall Street and Newport found no champion, Owen Wister, who was the son of a rich Philadelphia doctor and the grandson of the actress Fanny Kemble (Margaret Armstrong's passionate Victorian), and who, like Page, Train, and the Presidential Nephew Roosevelt, deserted the law for letters, writing, most notably, "The Virginian," the preface of which reads, in part:

> The cow-puncher's ungoverned hours did not unman him. If he gave his word, he kept it; Wall Street would have found him behind the times. Nor did he talk lewdly to women; Newport would have thought him old-fashioned.

Well, there it is. Or almost. Should I have mentioned Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor, the quondam brother-in-law of another rich writer—Mrs. de Koven—one of whose novels, "The Vice of Fools" (1897), contains the Henry Adams-Madeleine Dahlgren fixture of a rich out-of-town widow temporarily domiciled in Washington to see what's up, along with many an epigram, such as "An American girl is sometimes a volcano, but more often a refrigerator"? Or James K. Feibleman, a versatile New Orleans real-estate man, investor, philosophy professor, and radio broadcaster, who has written one novel, "The Long Habit" (1948), as well as two

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books of poems, "Trembling Prairie" (1952) and "The Dark Bifocals" (1953)? Or his son Peter, whose first novel, "A Place Without Twilight," was published in 1958? Or Gretchen Finletter, who is a daughter of Walter Damrosch, a musical millionaire, and the wife of Thomas K. Finletter, a partner in Coudert Brothers, and whose "The Dinner Party" (1955) is reassuringly Black Tie? Or Colonel Edward M. House, President Wilson's Harry Hopkins, who in 1912 wrote an anonymous novel, "Philip Dru: Administrator; A Story of Tomorrow, 1920-1935," with a hero, regarded at the time as wildly socialistic, who takes over the country after a civil war and introduces reforms like a graduated income tax levying six per cent on incomes of between ten and twenty thousand dollars and rising to seventy per cent on take-home pay of ten million dollars and better? Or Leonora Hornblow, the former Bubbles Schinasi, of a rich tobacco family, both of whose novels—"Memory and Desire" (1950) and "The Love Seekers" (1957)—start out with the weather? Or Arthur Meeker, son of a Chicago meat packer, whose "The Far Away Music" (1945)—furnished, like his "Prairie Avenue" (1949), with a Chicago business background—starts out with the weather?

What conclusions are we to draw, beyond the ones that we have already drawn—that rich writers tend to be related to other rich writers, to get going relatively late, and to start their books with the weather? Well, that about a tenth of our rich writers have resorted to anonymity or pseudonymity, that quite a few have been in the diplomatic service, and that more have been associated with the law than with any other profession.

But can the rich write? Just ask me! Just ask me!

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

◆

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

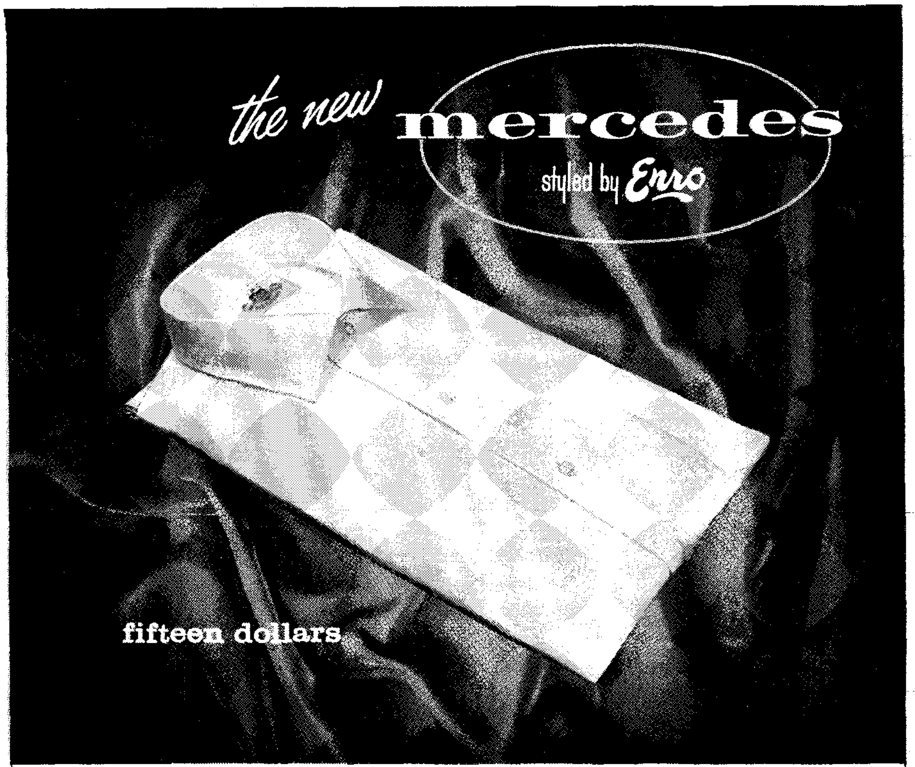
[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Japan Times*]

SAN FRANCISCO (AP)—Fumiko Higashikuni, 16, granddaughter of the Emperor, ended a three-day visit to San Francisco by revealing she had been here three days.

◆

In recent years we have heard more and more about "brain washing." By this is usually meant that old ladies are erased and new ones, objectionable to us, are put in their place.—*Montreal Star.*

Oh?



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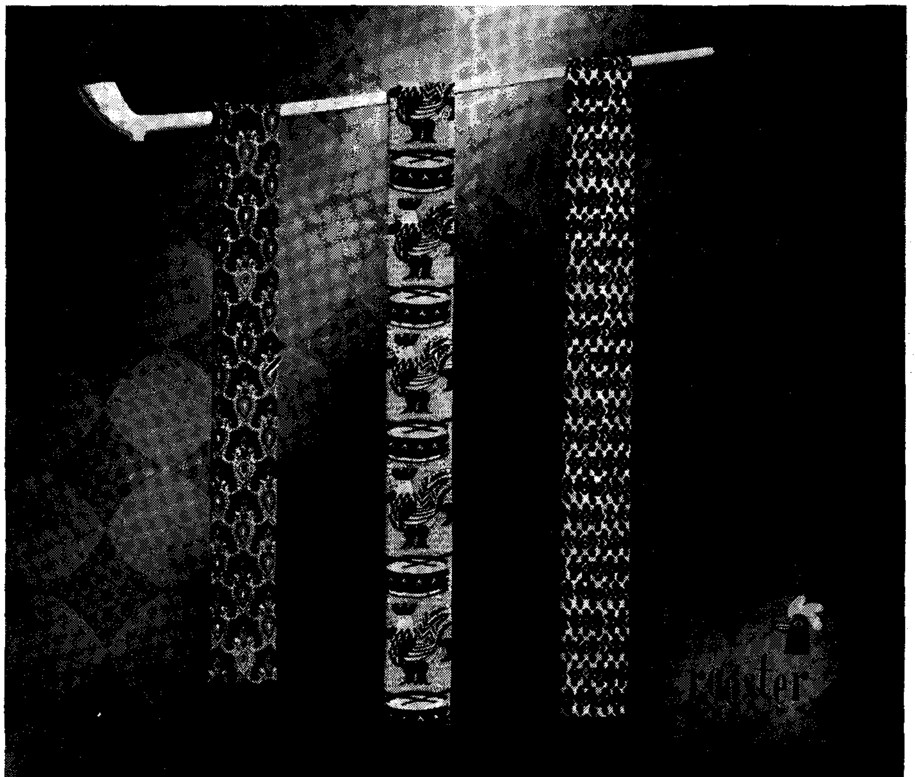

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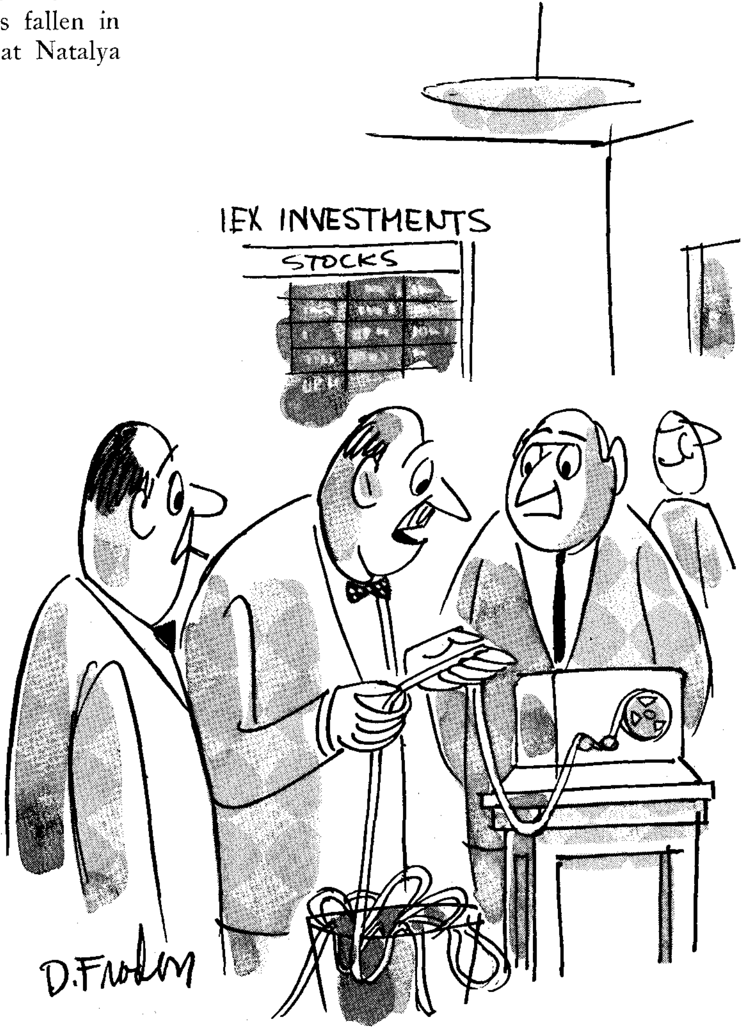
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

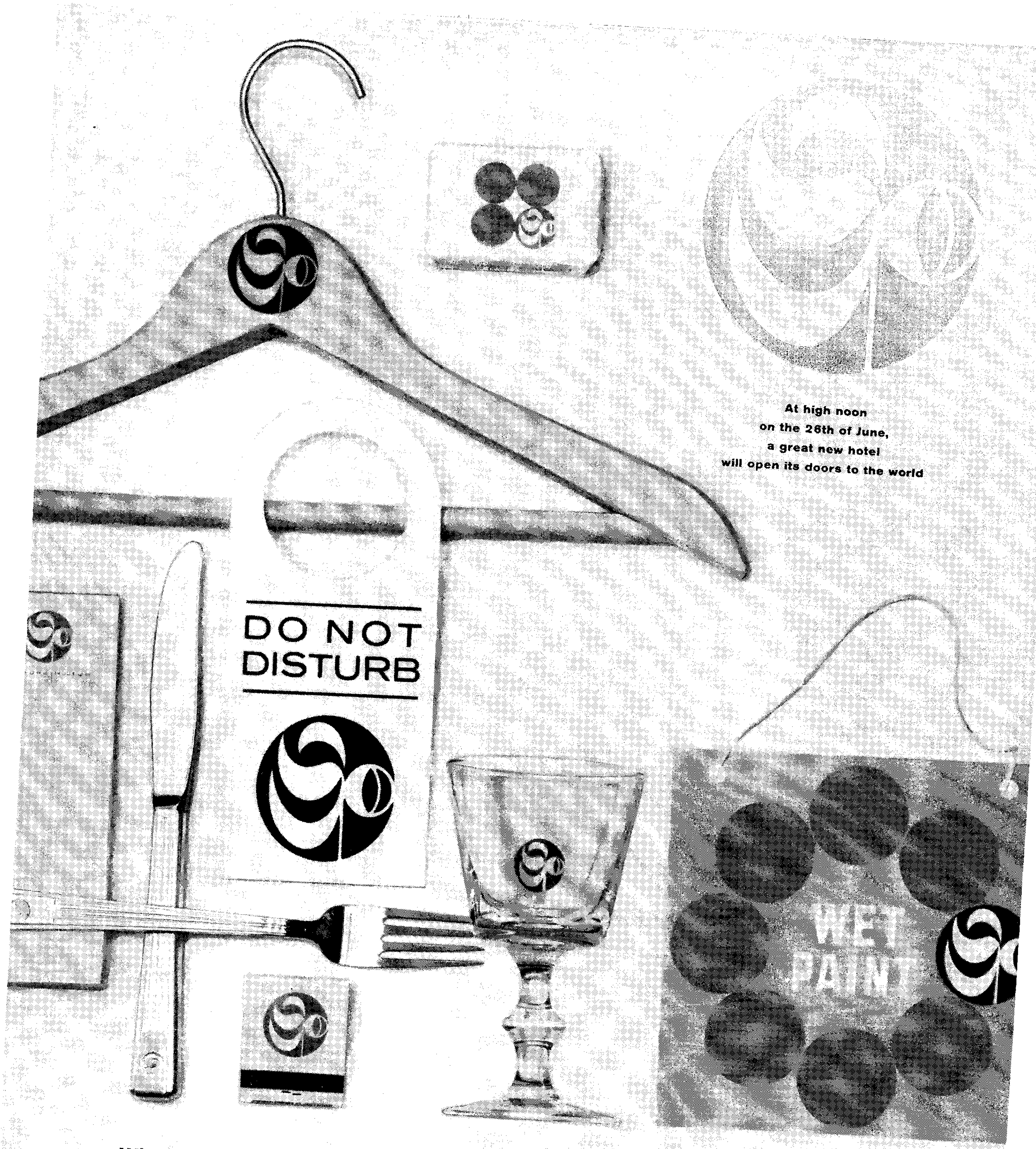
YES and no is the verdict on David Ross's revival of "A Month in the Country," but mostly it is yes, if you can overlook, or partly overlook, the inadequacies of Celeste Holm's Natalya Petrovna. These inadequacies throw the production out of focus, but they do not spoil it. The play is strong, and it looks beautiful on the tiny stage of the Maidman, where both the drawing-room and the garden settings (by Peter Wingate) appear spacious and light and airy. Mr. Ross has directed it with the loving attention to details of character and action which can be considered his imprint. A fine actor named Dino Narizzano plays the young tutor with a kind of gentle strength and understanding, and with an instinctive dignity, even in his embarrassment and bewilderment when he is told first that seventeen-year-old Vera has fallen in love with him and later that Natalya herself has. Nancy Acly's Vera could not be better as her innocent gaiety and trustfulness change, scene by scene, to dejection and finally to a sort of pathetic cynicism when, realizing that Natalya has betrayed her, she decides to marry the boor next door just to get out of the house. Mr. Narizzano and Miss Acly are so good that their sad secondary story fortunately takes precedence over the bitter comedy of Natalya; it is a different play but a touching one all the same. Although Miss Holm plays with grace and finesse, she never even suggests Natalya, the idle, selfish, two-timing, capricious, attractive young woman who controls her retinue—husband, lover, mother-in-law, child, tutor, ward, spinster companion, servants—by charm, and who breaks her own spell when her self-control is swept away by her passion for the boyish tutor and she lays waste everyone in sight, losing everything. Miss Holm's Natalya is not elegant enough or charming enough or Russian enough or spirited enough or good enough to cast a spell on anyone, including—even for a moment—the audience. The effect of this weakness is not all bad. When one is not spellbound, it is possible to notice quite a lot. Those Russian households of palmier times—that automatic Russian affection; the hugs and embraces and greetings and farewells among people who live together and see one another all day long; that local doctor, always popping in to attend some indisposed servant and then staying on to meals and throwing in a pulse job from time to time! (What a difference, by the way, between this venal, sly, coarse Dr. Shpigelsky, a slapstick comic, and Chekhov's wise, ironic self-portraits!)

As Natalya's lover—more a convenience than an obsession—Wesley Addy does quite well, and does particularly well in his anger and impatience with her toward the end. Sam Greene is O.K. as her cuckolded husband, and so is Sanford Seeger as the boorish, girlshy neighbor. "A Month in the Country" is not a success—it is not even quite "A Month in the Country"—but it is not a failure, either, thanks to Mr. Narizzano, Miss Acly, Mr. Ross, and Mr. Turgenev.

"DAISY MILLER" is perfect as a novel; why make a play out of it? Because, I suppose, it would seem to be so very playable that, if done right, it couldn't miss. "The Summer of Daisy Miller," an adaptation by Bertram Greene, at the Phoenix (but not a Phoenix production), is done all wrong and misses completely. It is not only irritating, if you happen to care about the novel, but a tepid, inept period piece, and a bore. To start complaining at the top, Henry James's descriptions of Daisy are so precise that they could be considered instructions to actress and director. "She could chatter as freshly and freely with two gentlemen as with one; there was always, in her conversation, the same odd mixture of audacity and puerility," he says, via Winterbourne, at one point, and "It was painful to hear so much that was pretty and undefended and natural assigned to a vulgar place among the categories of disorder." If there is one key word in all this, it is "natural." As far as I could make out, there was not a single natural movement or intonation in Bryarly Lee's performance as Daisy, which was an odd mixture of nineteenth-century coyness and John Held, Jr., flapper, plus a ghastly lilting laugh. (In fairness to Miss Lee, though,



"The gods are angry!"



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Denis Vaughan, the director, is probably as responsible for this as she is.) George Neighbors, who plays Winterbourne, doubles as narrator, stepping into the third person as he steps out of character. He portrays that careful, enigmatic, observant young expatriate as a precious, and ultimately droopy and lovelorn, milksop. Mrs. Miller and Randolph, Daisy's mother and brother, have become low-comedy clowns, instead of high-comedy clowns. (James's words, by the way, are disregarded even when they are quoted. Mrs. Miller, nursing the dying Daisy in Rome, is described in the novel and onstage as "perfectly composed," and then she comes in and sits down and bursts into tears.) Mrs. Walker, the American hostess and social arbiter in Rome, has been made into Winterbourne's mistress (Why? It is important to the character of Winterbourne that his private life be mysterious), and Nancy Reardon plays the part like a fourth Gabor sister.

It is usual when adapting a novel for the stage to heighten it and pull it together. With one exception, those concerned with "The Summer of Daisy Miller" have reversed the process, and made something wispy and moribund out of something vital and complete. The exception is Stewart Chaney, whose settings—a piece or two of furniture on a bare stage, and a series of colored pictures or abstractions projected onto a blank backdrop—are lovely and appropriate. I still think "Daisy Miller" would make a good play.

IT may be worse to spoil something perfect than to make up something terrible, but I cannot imagine anything worse than the repellent and opportunistic "Along Came a Spider," a self-styled "shock drama," at the Mermaid, about a young Negro who is falsely accused of attempting to rape a white girl and is brought to trial for the crime. "Featuring an Integrated Cast of Thirteen Performers," says a poster outside the theatre, and it may be that playwright and management wasted so much energy patting their own backs that they had none left for the business at hand. The whole dismal mess wouldn't be worth mentioning if it weren't that one of the thirteen performers is an actor, and a couple are on the way to becoming actors. Rudy Challenger, as the boy's lawyer, manages to give some meaning to his abominably written lines and some credibility to the character he plays, and Ted Tinling, as a Negro-baiting deputy sheriff, and Dennis Tate, as the boy, have a few effective moments apiece.

—EDITH OLIVER

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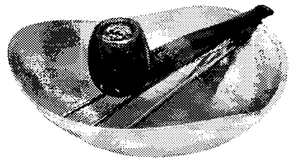

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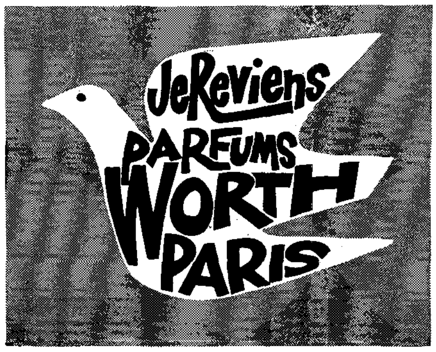

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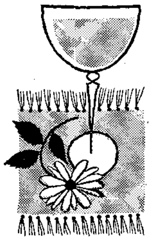

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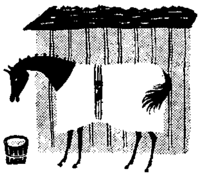

IT would be safe to say that you never see a Metropolitan Handicap without seeing a brilliant runner. Carry Back, Kelso, Bald Eagle, Sword Dancer, Gallant Man, Native Dancer, and Tom Fool have been some of its recent heroes. The seventieth renewal of the fixture, at Aqueduct on Memorial Day, was no exception. Cyrano, from the Greentree Stable, was quickest out of the starting gate and was never headed. He stepped off the first quarter in 0:22⅗, the half mile in 0:45⅕, and six furlongs in 1:10, and finished out the mile in 1:35, beating George Barton, who had been right behind him most of the way, by a length and a half. Sunrise County was third. The also-rans included Crimson Satan, who looked lighter in flesh than he did earlier in the meeting; Greek Money, who was on his toes in the parade to the post; Saidam, who somehow or other reminded me of Stymie; and Admiral's Voyage, the favorite, who was well up for half a mile, then got into close quarters on the far turn, and after that dropped back steadily, winding up eleventh, next to last. Cyrano actually had to win the Metropolitan twice, for an objection was lodged against him but was disallowed. I thought Ussery handled Cyrano particularly well. The horse had drawn the No. 12 position, well past the middle of the track, and while Ussery gave him the usual, hustling Ussery ride from the start, he kept a straight course in the long run down the backstretch, instead of bearing over toward the rail. At the turn, however, he went sharply to the left, cutting the corner—a trick that old-time riders were especially adept at, and that always saves a lot of ground. Incidentally, as this is written, Ussery is the leading rider at the meeting, with seventy-eight firsts to his credit. Cyrano, a medium-sized bay gelding by Tom Fool, did not race at two and ran only six times at three. This season, he has won all of his three starts. What next? The Suburban, I imagine.

PERHAPS I've become a bit uncritical, but some of the racing at Aqueduct lately has seemed really first-

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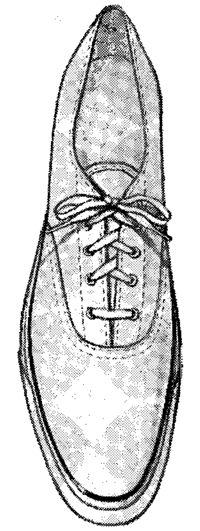

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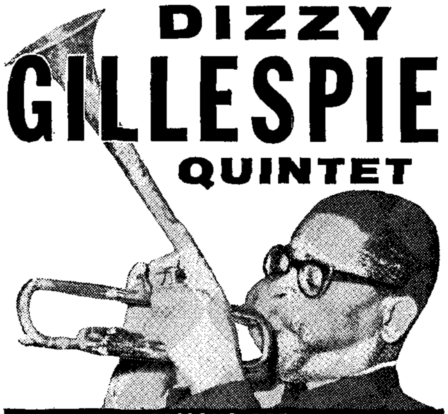

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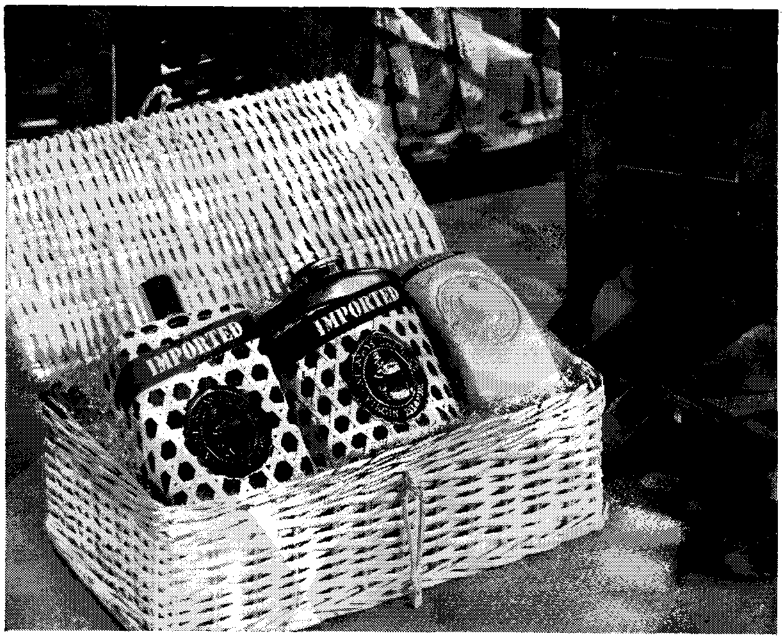
class. For example, the Mother Goose Stakes last Saturday. When Spicy Living brought off a 15–1 chance in the Acorn Stakes (which I didn't see, because I was at the Preakness in Baltimore that afternoon), the wiseacres said it was probably one of those things that sometimes happen on a sloppy track. Just for that, she won the Mother Goose on a track as fast as they come, beating seven of the three-year-old fillies she'd beaten in the Acorn, and six others for good measure. Smart Deb, who finished tenth in the Acorn, set most of the pace, but Spicy Living wore her down in the stretch and won in a photo finish. Lamb Chop was third. Baeza, who was on Smart Deb, claimed a foul, and I must say I thought Combest, on Spicy Living, rode Smart Deb awfully close in the last fifty yards, but the stewards dismissed the claim after seeing slow-motion pictures of the race. The Top Flight Handicap, the week before, was another good one. Firm Policy made her opposition look like hacks, winning by nearly five lengths from Tamarona. Cicada, who was apparently not in the mood to run, was third. Curiously, practically all the horsemen I spoke to before that race told me that Firm Policy wouldn't do. Her mile in 1:33⅗ the previous week was sure to have taken too much out of her, they said. One should always listen to the experts.

I SUPPOSE Harbor View Farm's Raise a Native is at the top of everybody's list of promising two-year-olds. On his first appearance at Aqueduct, early last month, he won by eight lengths and set a track record of 0:57⅘ for five furlongs. Last Friday, he came out again, led all the way in the Juvenile Stakes, and, in spite of the fact that he was easing up at the finish, equalled his previous time for the distance. It would be much easier for me to retain my admiration for him if he weren't tagged with such a repellent name. He's by Native Dancer out of Raise You, and I daresay his stable wanted to do it the easy way. By the by, the next day Claiborne Farm sent out a colt by Round Table named Duel, who won by seven lengths in the same time. How about a match race?

BY his easy victory in the Jersey Derby, on a track that was drying out from "muddy" to "good," Candy Spots proved that he could run on any kind of footing. I caught the Memorial Day feature at Garden State Park on television, and I thought the broadcast



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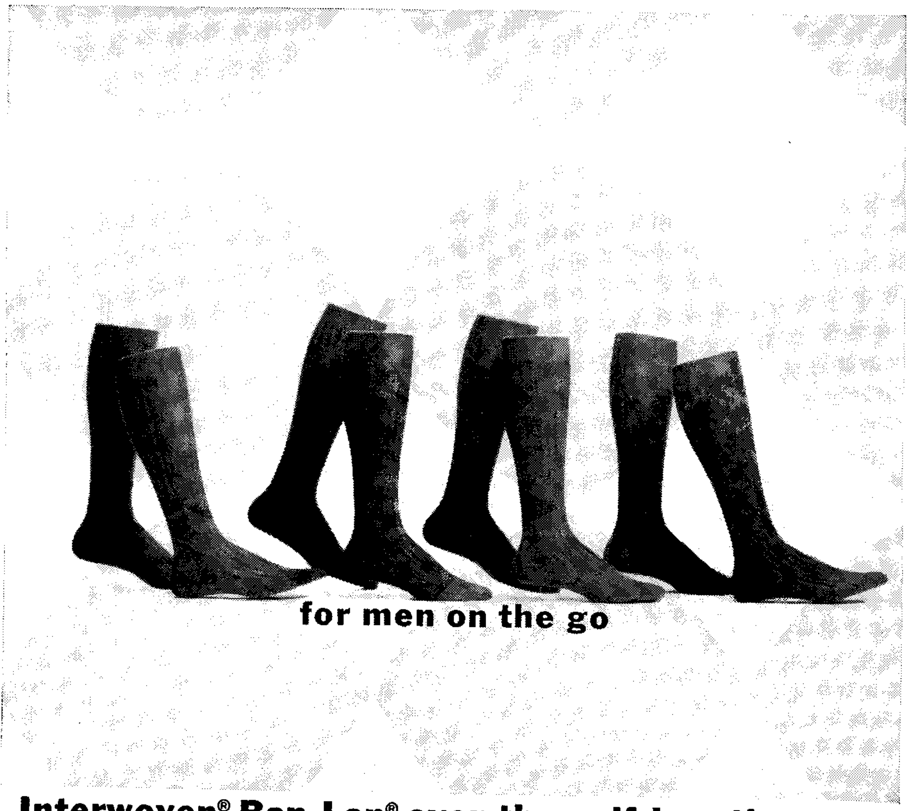

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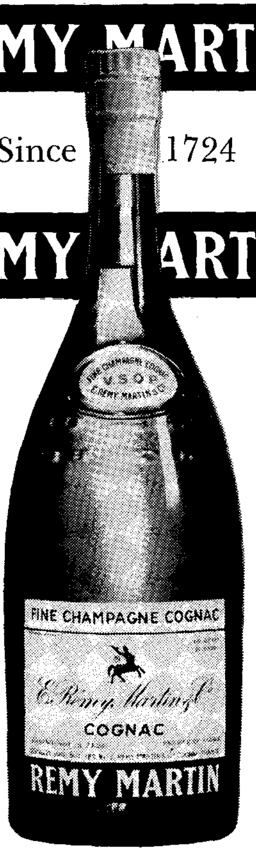

PRIDE OF COGNAC

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was interesting and well done. As I saw the race, Candy Spots had the situation in hand from beginning to end, and Shoemaker rode him with the assurance of a rider showing off a good horse. Get Around, who finished second, deserves full marks for a game try. He ran with Candy Spots for a couple of furlongs around the last turn and into the stretch, and although he never got in front, there's no doubt that he gave the crowd the thrill of the afternoon. He's a nice colt, but no match for the spotted runner. (I almost wrote "spotted wonder." Somebody in California will, I'm sure.) Despite paddock talk, I don't believe there will be more than four starters facing Candy Spots in the Belmont Stakes at Aqueduct this week-end—and if there are, it won't matter. Never Bend can be counted out definitely. Harry Guggenheim, who owns him, said last Saturday that the colt has ankle trouble (it has plagued him intermittently for some time) and won't be put back in training until he is certified as perfectly sound, even if it takes until next year. My choice for the Belmont Stakes is Candy Spots. He is a horse of great ability, and it is difficult to foresee defeat for him. If he is beaten, though, it will be by Chateaugay.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

DEAR FRIEND:

Just one hundred years ago today, President Lincoln set apart a "day of national humiliation, fasting and prayer." This communication does the opposite—it invites you to a cocktail party.—*Letter from a bookshop in Chicago.*

Well, that's more like it.

•

Albert Linton, chairman of the Curtis executive committee, said Mr. Culligan's election as chairman "climaxes 10 months of successful effort to put the company in a position where it can be returned to a profitable operation." Since he took over, Mr. Culligan has lashed 2,200 employes from the payroll.—*The Wall Street Journal.*

We knew he was tough, but he overstepped.

•

MUSIC NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Providence Journal*]

MISS RUTH TRIPP, Providence Journal music critic, has written a free choral adaptation of parts of the Morrill Act of 1862, the legislation that created the land-grant college system. The URI Chorus will present the work, which uses words of Appendix C of the Act, with a narrator singing a solo part and the chorus responding.

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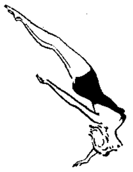

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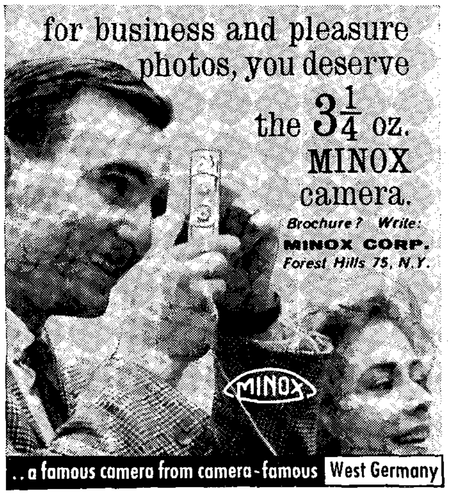

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THE NUMBER OF LOVE IS ALWAYS ODD

IN the morning, followed by Frank, a Siamese cat, Amelia goes to the baby's room. Frank sits outside the open door while Amelia enters. The baby, John, a recent and passionate pedestrian, has had his breakfast and is walking up and down, waving his arms and exclaiming "Ba!" He is making up his mind whether to go back to sleep or out into the park. While he thinks it over, his nurse talks to a colleague on the telephone. Amelia walks toward John and cries, in a hopeful, fatuous voice, "Come to Mommy!"

John gives her a look of placid recognition and lumbers past, saying "Pah!" Nurse has finished her telephone call. She puts down the receiver and adds her persuasion to Amelia's. "Kiss Mommy," she urges.

John looks past Nurse out of the window, studying the distant avenue, and pronounces one of his words. He says, "Car." Frank, by now, has grown tired of waiting for Amelia to finish her visit to the nursery, and, in his Siamese voice—the cry of a fingernail scraped on a blackboard—calls to her to hurry. At Frank's yowl, the baby smiles with the smile Amelia had hoped to receive, and staggers toward him. As soon as Frank sees that his summons has brought the wrong person, he leaves. Down the hall, into the living room they go, the unattainable cat, the loving baby, and the unkissed mother.

IT is early afternoon. Amelia is sitting in the living room, having a sandwich and coffee. John, back from the park and finished with his lunch, wanders in. He sees the other Siamese cat, Eddie, asleep in an armchair. Before Amelia can say "Come to Mommy," John goes to Eddie's chair. Eddie is curled up at the back of the seat cushion, beyond John's reach. The baby turns to his mother. Mothers have a use. Amelia, if she will, can pick up Eddie and hold him out so that John can make "nice pussycat."

Ascopera gigantea.

But will she? Does she want to disturb an elderly cat for a baby who ignores his mother? While Amelia considers, Eddie resolves the question. He pulls himself out of his nap, leaps over the back of the chair, and hides in the cave its slipcover's skirts provide. John is perplexed by Eddie's swift disappearance.

Amelia says, "Come to Mommy." John obeys, and then, before Amelia's beads are within reach, lunges for them.

"Kiss Mommy," Amelia says.

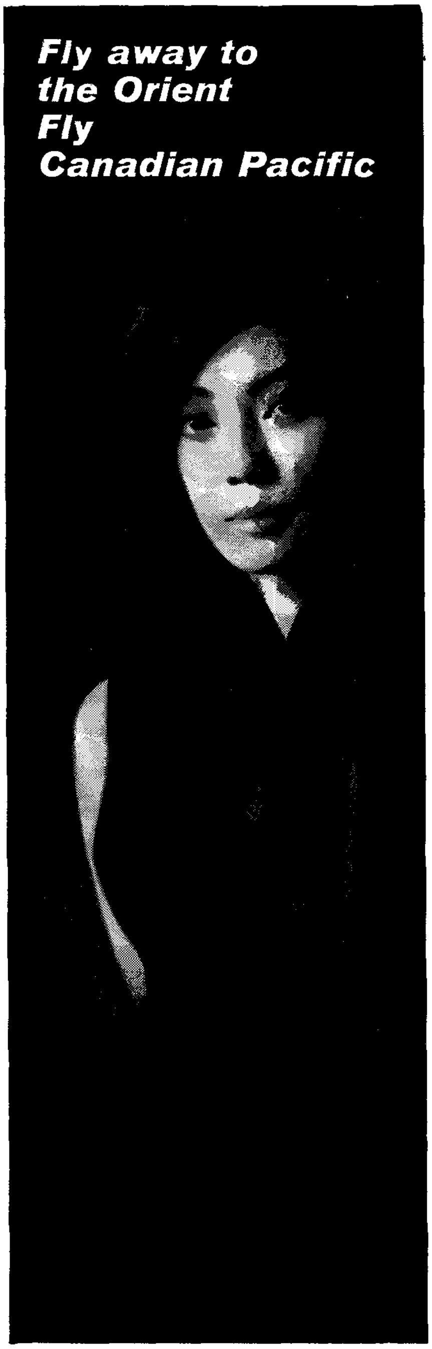
John smiles and turns his attention to the empty coffee cup. He picks up the cup and struts off, brandishing it in the air. Amelia follows John, relieves him of the cup, takes him by the hand, and leads him to his own room. Frank, repeating his morning mistake, follows them, hoping that Amelia will notice his presence but the baby will not.

Amelia decides to woo John with entertainment. She rolls a wooden train on the baby-height tabletop. John laughs. She says, "Choo, choo, choo." He laughs. She makes a wild funny face. He laughs, and wanders to the window to look for cars. Amelia begs, "Come to Mommy," but John does not turn around.

Nurse agrees with Amelia that John is getting sleepy. He will not be able to stave off his nap much longer. He rubs one eye with the back of a hand. His balance, precarious at best, gets worse. If only Frank, crouched under the table, had any sense of time! Frank will wait for hours in front of a mousehole, but he has no patience when it comes to waiting for Amelia. He emerges from his shelter, his tail straight up and twitching with rage. Frank may perceive he is small, but he draws no sensible conclusions from his size, such as the advantages of humility, deference, charm, or at least hypocrisy. Frank acts like a power; he expects obedience. He demands that Amelia leave the baby and come away with him. What does Frank get? The sleepy infant, brimming with desire for the entrancing cat.

The chase begins and ends almost immediately. John stumbles on the edge of the rug, and Frank escapes. Amelia picks up John. Two cats muffed in quick succession—surely he needs consolation. "Kiss Mommy," she says. She covers his cheek and neck with kisses. John wriggles free from her arms, plants his feet on the floor, and totters to the full-length mirror inside the closet door, where he finds himself. What a handsome baby! And laughing, too! John kisses the pretty boy in the mirror—a lucky Narcissus in no danger of drowning.

THE afternoon has turned into evening. It is John's bedtime, the hour for the good-night ritual—a ceremony so encrusted with lost purposes and confused meanings that it could stand for the archetype of all those rites in which anthropologists, heralds, theologians, and artists are forced to seek symbols because the acts themselves make no sense



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at all. The baby stands in his crib, with a firm grip on the side rail, confronting his mother and his father. His parents, by immutable tradition, begin by turning on John's three music boxes. One plays "Jack and Jill;" another plays the Brahms "Lullaby;" the third plays "Rock-a-bye Baby." To their discordant tinkling, Charles, the father, and Amelia, taking turns, pick up, pat, and put down all John's stuffed animals. They name each name and they squeak the ones with squeakers. A big rubber ball must be bounced several times. Amelia puts John's blanket over her head, and John pulls it off. Charles and John play the game "Falling Over Backward," in which John deliberately throws himself backward until, just before he lands flat on his back, his father catches him and breaks the fall.

Amelia, who has heard herself whining for John's affection all day, is resolved that this evening she will be imperturbable. She will not beg for love again before tomorrow at the earliest. But what does she hear? Someone has borrowed her voice and is imploring, "Come to Mommy! Kiss Mommy!"

John stares past her as the two-cat delegation arrives. Frank has come for Amelia and Eddie for Charles. The cats howl in concert. Thus far, John has been watching the good-night ritual critically, like the Duke of Norfolk at a coronation rehearsal, making certain no gesture has been omitted. The cats inspire a change; he almost falls out of his crib with delight at his animated, expressive, elusive furry toys. Charles picks up Eddie, who, knowing what is to come, goes limp with resignation and disgust. Eddie is held forth, and John pats him. If the baby is not entirely satisfied—one pat is Eddie's limit—he has at least touched one of the wonderful beings. Eddie rejoins his colleague, Frank, in horrid song on the floor.

The blinds are drawn. The ritual is concluded. John stands still, dazed by sleepiness. Amelia says, "Kiss Mommy," and this time John almost responds. He rests his head against her, in the baby demonstration of loving his mother. Amelia's triumph is marred, but not much, by her understanding of the meaning behind that gesture: John is trying to keep from being left alone. A moment later, he has started to clap his hands. Next, in a flurry of energy, he hands his parents his toys as fast as he can pick them up—anything, anything rather than being condemned to sleep. Amelia cannot help contrasting the simian guile of the infant human with

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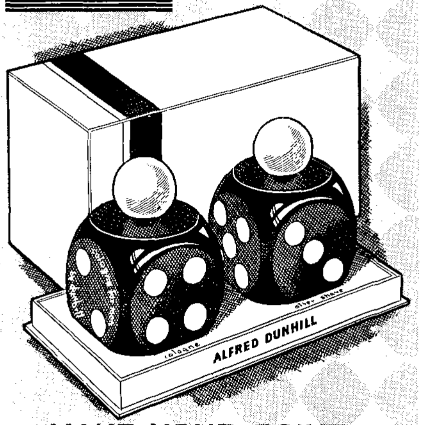
Remember Dad June 16th



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the leonine straightforwardness of the shrieking cats.

AMELIA and Charles are having drinks in the living room. From the cats' point of view, order has been restored—each cat is settled on the lap of his preferred person. Is it whiskey that makes Amelia pensive? Fatigue? She thinks of those lists of opposites by which early philosophers attempted to explain the world: the One and the Many, the Hot and the Cold, the Even and the Odd. The cats are purring in a cat's—or fool's—paradise. There are four beings in the room. But there are five in the family; love is never even, always odd. Or so it has seemed to Amelia since she was fourteen and loved the lifeguard. She had spent weeks thinking what to say to him—she never thought of drowning—until, one inspired morning in August, she asked him to criticize her crawl. She swam for him. And then, while he coolly gave her useful pointers on improving her stroke, the boy who loved her—all that summer, anyhow—stood by, dying of unrequited jealousy. He was Amelia's age, and not quite Amelia's height. He was the odd figure. As was she—unloved by the lifeguard.

No matter. One does not discuss family problems these days in terms of early-Ionian speculation; one uses the cant of psychology. "The trouble with this house," Amelia says to Charles, "is nobody understands their roles." (Emotion makes her grammar bad.) "I am the mother. I should be tender but firm. John is the son. He is old enough to start developing an attachment to me, which I can control firmly but tenderly. The cats are our pets, not vice versa."

Charles is the father. He is the one person in the house who understands his role. He speaks the immemorial line of husbands to wives: "What do you want me to do about it?" Then he begins to talk of the international flow of gold—about which, truth to tell, he can't do much, either.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

•

Donner Memorial State Park, 3 miles west on U.S. 40, commemorates probably the goriest event of pioneer days. The Donner Party, enroute from St. Joseph, Missouri, became stranded here during the winter of 1846 without food. As members of the party died, those remaining resorted to cannibalism in desperation. Of the 81 in the group, 45 were finally rescued. Picnicking and camping facilities in the area.—*A. A. A. California-Nevada Tour Book.*

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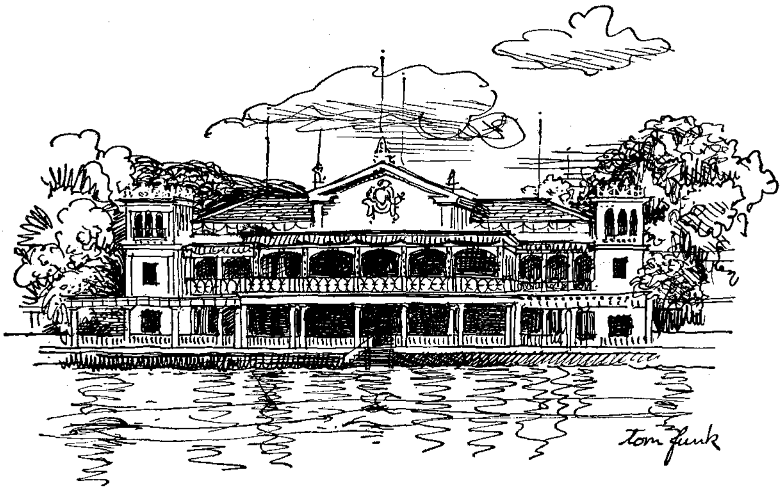
LETTER FROM MANILA

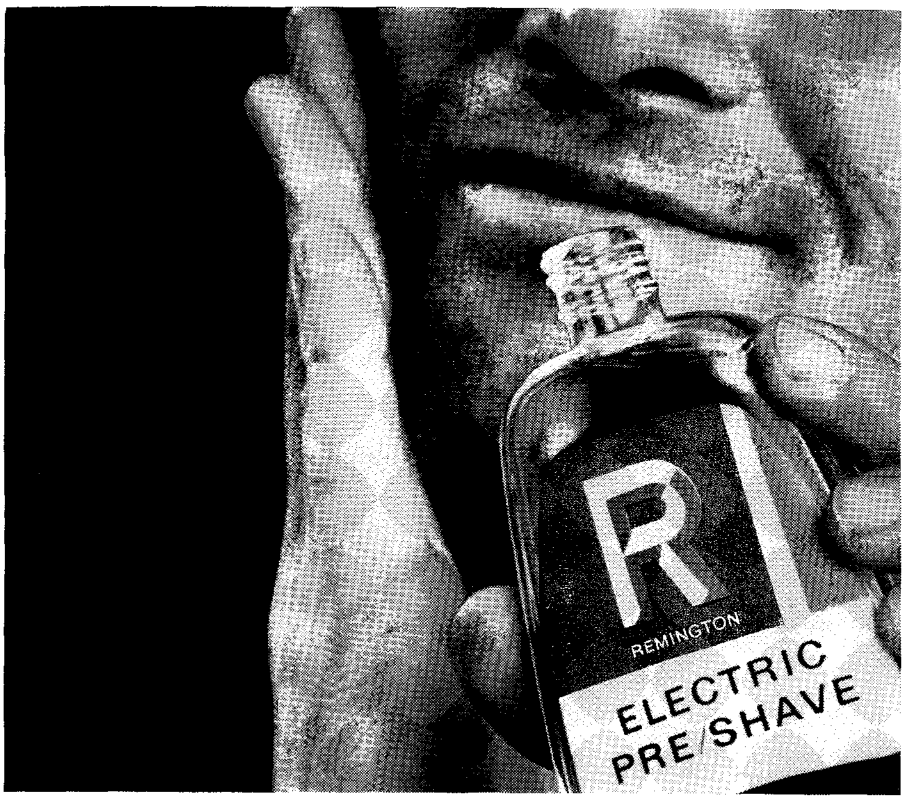


EVER since its establishment, shortly after the end of the Second World War, the Republic of the Philippines has been alternating between phases of profligacy and corruption, during which little or nothing has been done about its many economic and social problems, and phases of intense reformist zeal, in which it seems suddenly to rediscover its human and material potentialities. Now, under the noisy and dynamic year-and-a-half-old administration of President Diosdado Macapagal, the nation is in the throes of its biggest reform boom to date. Yet, as always seems to happen at such times, there are strong counterforces at work, stimulated by a number of running public scandals and by such chronic difficulties as high prices, high unemployment, and a high rate of juvenile crime. The Filipinos have a passion for active and vitriolic politics, which derives partly from their American tutelage and partly from the fact that, as citizens of a young democratic nation, they just naturally enjoy feeling their oats and testing their lungs. Occasionally, partisan enthusiasm reaches such heat in the barrios—the villages or wards that are the cells in the Philippine body politic—that it erupts into gunplay. One American here—a native of New Orleans, who grew up in the heyday of Huey Long—has remarked, with a note of admiration in his voice, "These fellows make the boys back home in Louisiana look like amateurs."

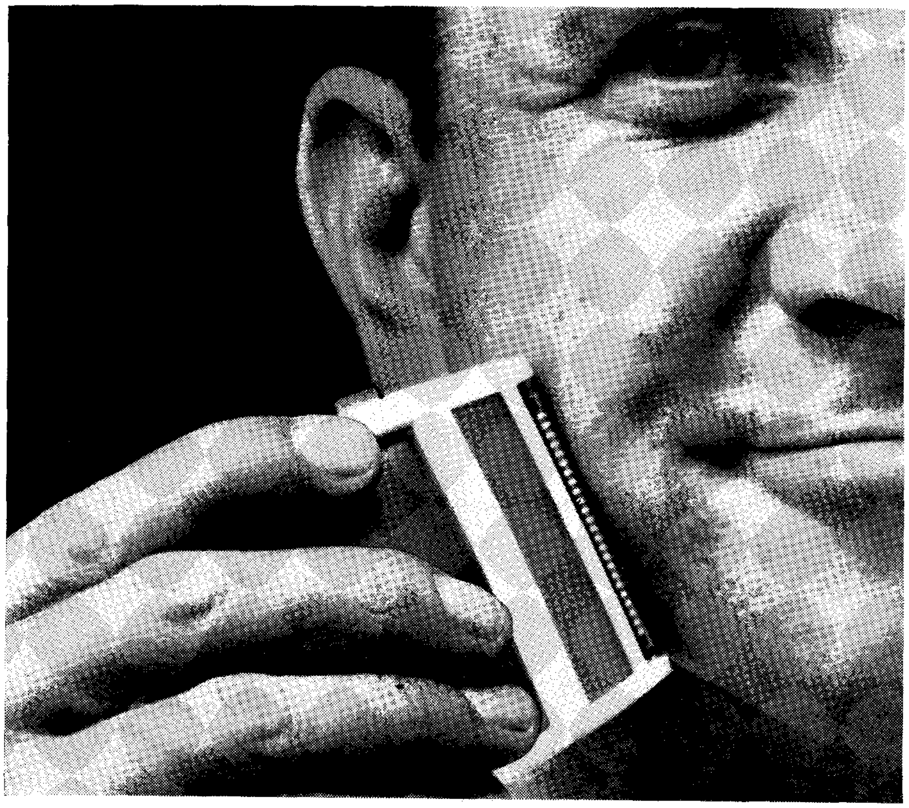
Certainly no other Philippine administration has provoked such a furor, pro and con, as this one, which has rather pompously dubbed itself the New Era of Macapagal. The New Era is frankly modelled on the New Deal of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Its first hundred days, beginning January 1, 1962, were just about as exciting locally as Roosevelt's were in America thirty years ago, and there has scarcely been a lull since. A major issue has been the traditional one of corruption, in and out of government, an issue that Macapagal met head on shortly after his inauguration by ending currency and foreign-exchange controls, which had become an open invitation to graft; initially designed to protect dwindling dollar reserves, the controls proved to be a source of tremendous profit for those who, through influence or payoffs, were able to obtain licenses to import goods at the unrealistically low official rate of exchange. About the same time, he struck another blow for reform by deporting a resident American tycoon named Harry S. Stonehill, who has been described as the country's biggest political fixer and financial manipulator.

It has become clear by now that Macapagal, whose Liberal Party took over from the graft-ridden Nacionalistas in the 1961 elections, means business as no other Filipino head of state ever has—including the late Ramón Magsaysay, who has achieved something like canonization since his death in an airplane crash in March, 1957. Magsaysay, a man of warmth and natural charm, had an appeal for the masses that Macapagal, who is a more calculating and less responsive politician, cannot match—though what got him elected was undoubtedly his diligent campaigning in the barrios during the four lonely years he put in after being elected Vice-President in the same election that carried his political foe the Nacionalista Carlos P. Garcia into the Presidency. (Under the constitution, the Vice-President is assigned to duties by the President, and Garcia gave him no duties, so Macapagal made the most of his free time.) A career diplomat before he got into politics, Macapagal has a better education than Magsaysay had, and also seems to have more administrative ability, but what he lacks, and obviously wants to acquire, is the late President's dynamic approach and winning manner. The way he goes about it sometimes appears strange indeed. On several occasions, Macapagal has stressed the fact that, as the possessor of doctorates in both economics and law, he is the best qualified of the five Presidents that the Republic has had so far. Whether or not this is true, such public chest-thumping (he also likes to reiterate that he was extremely poor as a boy and that he is as honest as the day is long) is something that Magsaysay never went in for, and it has rubbed a lot of people the wrong way. By, in effect, placing himself above the crowd while claiming to be of it, and also by adopting a number of legislative short cuts of admittedly dubious legality in order to get his reform program started—maneuvers for which the Philippine Supreme Court, itself harking back to the days of the New Deal, has on four occasions peremptorily slapped him down—Macapagal has enabled the opposition to charge him with dictatorial tendencies. Macapagal, whose first name, as the press enjoys pointing out, means "God-given," loftily dismisses these attacks. Employing the plural pronoun, as he often does in his frequent radio or television broadcasts to the nation, he said recently, "It is impossible for us to be a dictator. We believe too much in freedom to become a dictator. . . . We have reached the highest post that any citizen can hope for, especially for a man of our origin, so we seek nothing more except to do our duty as we believe our people expect us to." In doing what he considers his duty, the President has been stepping on a lot of privileged toes, landing particularly hard on those belonging to wealthy members of the Nacionalista Party, and he has also been ruthless in firing government officials who seem to stand in his way. But, even so, the consensus of thoughtful Filipinos, and of most Americans and other foreign observers as well, is that the President, for all his bombast, deserves the benefit of every doubt as he makes his herculean attempt to drag the Philippines out of the mud of backwardness and transform the islands into a prosperous nation. He has promised to set up the necessary machinery for doing this in his present four-year term, and not to run for reëlection, but few people take the latter half of this pledge seriously; indeed, the second-term wheels already seem to be turning.

THE enormous scope of the task that Macapagal has set himself is everywhere apparent. Manila, though it is by no means a mirror of the country as a whole, reflects the awful cleavage between wealth and poverty that exists throughout the Philippines, and the consequent social and emotional unrest. Physically, the city, which, next to Warsaw, suffered the most war damage of any world capital, has been largely rebuilt. The harbor has been cleared of sunken hulls; the war-scarred island of Corregidor is being turned into a shrine and tourist center; and along Dewey Boulevard, on the waterfront, new buildings have replaced all the old ones damaged by bombs and shells. However, Intramuros, the old walled city just across the Pasig River from the downtown area, where the Japanese fought a bitter last-ditch defense, is still a miserable huddle of squatters' huts and ruins, with only a few new buildings in the middle. A public golf course that winds around beneath the massive walls, and in places crawls up on top of them, accentuates the contrast between the lightness without and the darkness within. Such differences are even more starkly apparent to anyone driving from the center of Manila to one of the residential suburbs. For example, on the way to Forbes Park, the newest and wealthiest suburb, where hundred-thousand-dollar houses are a commonplace, one passes along potholed streets, often rain-flooded, between ramshackle houses around which half-naked youngsters are at play, and whenever one of the almost incessant Manila traffic jams brings the long lines of vehicles to a halt, these children rush to car windows to beg or to offer cigarettes for sale. Perhaps nothing so clearly illustrates the contrast between poor and rich as the sight of a huge Cadillac or Mercedes-Benz stranded in traffic in such a neighborhood, among a flock of jeepneys—United States Army surplus jeeps that the Filipinos have converted into buses by fitting them out with extra seats and covering them with brightly painted aluminum tops. The jeepneys, whose enterprising drivers pick out their own routes and stick to some semblance of a schedule, constitute Manila's chief mode of transportation; they charge twenty or thirty centavos—the equivalent of five or seven cents at today's dollar-peso rate—for a ride of two or three miles. There are thousands of them, all bearing names on the order of Manila Boy, Starlight Lover, and Jilted Joe, and their proliferation has helped create today's traffic tangle, which is so appalling that many business and professional men have moved their offices from the crowded downtown zone, around the Escolta and along the Pasig, to modern buildings in the new commercial district of Ayala, near both Forbes



Set 'em up



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Park and Quezon City, which is another opulent residential suburb. Quezon City was originally designed as the new capital of the Philippines, and in 1948 it was actually so designated, but there wasn't money enough to do all the building that was required, and most of the big government offices are still in Manila proper, not far from Malacañang, the beautiful old palace of the Spanish governors, which is now the Philippine White House.

The ever-present poverty is, of course, largely responsible for the vast amount of crime that regularly plagues Manila and is becoming more and more of a problem throughout the islands. Every day, the city's lively newspapers—six printed in English, two in native Tagalog, two in Spanish, and one in Chinese—carry detailed accounts of shootings, holdups, and burglaries. The incidents described range from daylight robberies of stores and nocturnal stickups of citizens, either on the streets or in some of the city's countless night clubs and honky-tonks, to bizarre assaults by pirates in motorized *bancas*, who hole up on small islands in Manila Bay and periodically swoop down on fishing boats, or even on the docks, their objective in the latter instance being not only to steal but also to try to bully dock contractors into giving them stevedoring jobs. In the fiscal year ending last July 30th, nearly thirty-three thousand felonies were committed in Manila, including a hundred and thirty-five murders and four hundred and eighty-eight cases of manslaughter, and approximately a million and a half dollars in cash and property was lost as a result of crime. Late last fall, a tough former police chief, Eduardo Quintos, was recalled to office by President Macapagal. Much of the crime wave had been blamed on well-organized and well-armed gangs of teen-agers, so one of the first things that Quintos did after his recall was to establish a nine-o'clock curfew for all persons under eighteen years of age unless they were accompanied by their parents or had certificates proving that they were on lawful errands. Although the police force is a very small one—a mere two thousand men are expected to protect Manila's million and a half inhabitants—Quintos has promised to reëstablish foot patrols, which were discontinued some time ago. The chief problem of the Manila police, and of the equally undermanned and often corrupt police forces of almost all the other cities and towns, is to find ways to disarm hoodlums, many of whom carry unregistered firearms; some twenty-five thousand

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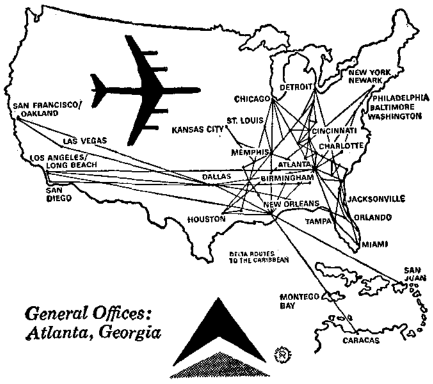

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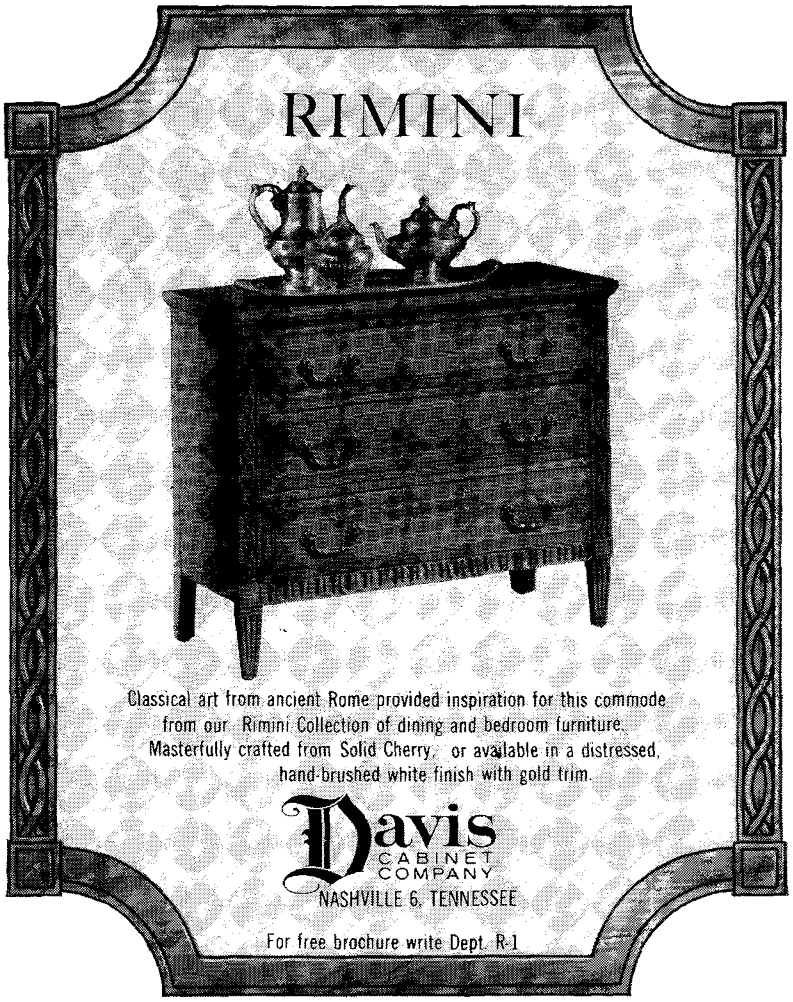
weapons were left in the Philippines after the war, and there are a hundred and fifty thousand or so registered ones that have changed hands repeatedly and aren't easy to track down. Thefts and armed robberies occur on all the highways, and have been particularly numerous at Clark Field, north of Manila, which is one of four American bases here. On one occasion, a brazen gang actually stole the base fire engine.

Whatever steps the police may take, crime seems unlikely to diminish until something is done about the economic insecurity that plagues millions of Filipinos. In a population of nearly thirty million, there are a million unemployed, and in addition at least two million persons are underemployed, partly because such major industries as cigar and cigarette manufacturing rely heavily on a piecework system, and partly because fishermen and dockworkers, among others, work only sporadically. One official estimate is that a fifth of the country's labor force is jobless at any given time, and that nine persons compete for every job. A newspaper photograph not long ago showed a young Filipino leaping with joy because, after waiting in line every day for a week, he had just been given a temporary job cleaning out sewers. Simply having a job gives a man face, and a good job is an incalculable source of influence and of largesse to be dispensed to the jobholder's family and friends. At the same time, the possibility of losing one's job is terrifying, especially in the lower and middle income levels, and although there has been a rash of strikes and walkouts in recent years, including two on the Manila docks within the past six months, this fear has done much to inhibit labor's attempts to assert itself. Employers are still too often regarded as *patrónes*, in the old Spanish style, and another newspaper photograph, of a group of striking insurance-company employees who interrupted their sidewalk picketing to greet the company president and wish him a happy birthday as he stepped out of his car, served as a strong reminder of the heritage of Spanish colonialism that still weakens the social and economic fabric of the Philippines—particularly in the rural areas, where four-fifths of the Filipinos live.

THE key to President Macapagal's bold reforms lies in the country's twenty-eight thousand outlying barrios, where, in sharp contrast with the frenzy of opportunism that pervades Manila, there is a sense of isolation and apathy, broken only by occasional fiestas—explo-



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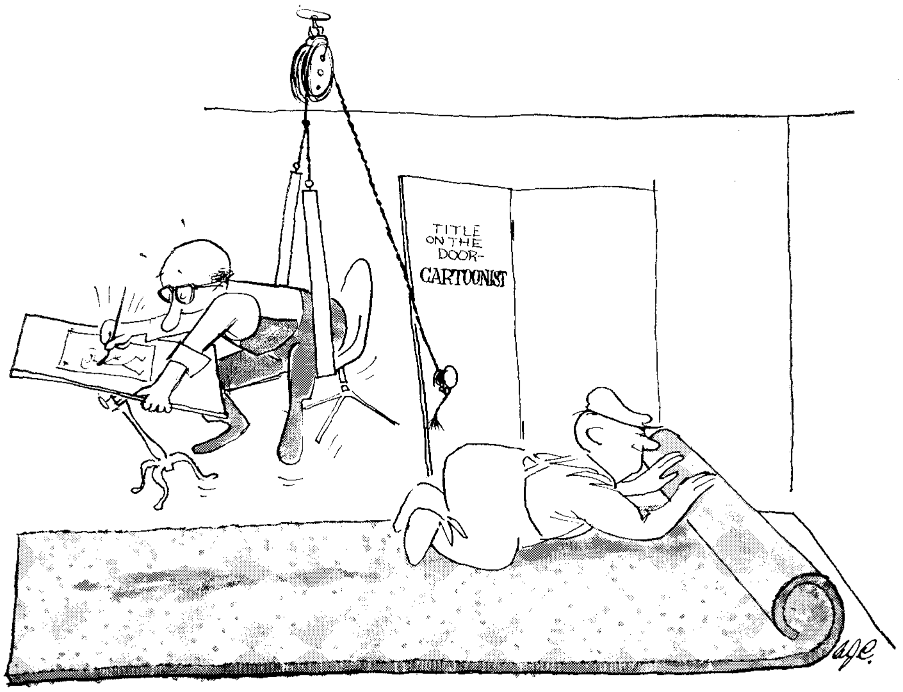

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sive forms of release that invariably consume whatever meagre savings the people have accumulated. The average barrio is composed of about two hundred families, and three-fourths of the working men are farmers, who generally produce only enough to feed their own households. Life in most barrios remains extremely primitive. The majority of the families live in rickety shacks that are set up on stilts, so that they won't be flooded out during the rainy season, and that have no plumbing; many people still superstitiously consult *herbolarios*, or medicine men, about everything from aches and pains to means of getting jobs or finding mates; and two-thirds of those over ten years of age are illiterate. The prevalent lack of energy and imagination can be traced back to the systematic stifling of initiative and ambition during nearly four centuries of Spanish rule, and although there were some examples of enlightened American leadership, few changes in the basic outlook or condition of the farmer took place in the half century of United States dominion over the islands. The Spaniards, while pursuing a deliberate policy of isolating the Philippines by restricting trade and other intercourse with other Asian nations, created a massive, lumbering civil bureaucracy that made it virtually impossible for the Filipinos to do any business among themselves, and thus enabled the Spanish landowners to dominate the people completely. Spanish planters and churchmen acquired and administered the biggest and best tracts of land, turning the Filipinos into poor tenants or small private farmers trying to subsist on marginal acres in the wilderness. The most fertile plantations in the nation, some of them comprising several thousands of acres, were held by the friar corporations of the Church, and hundreds of thousands of acres of other good land were owned by the caciques, or absentee landlords, whose descendants still own much of the land in the rich plains of central Luzon. When the Spaniards ruled the islands, the Filipino, whether he was a tenant or a struggling farmer on his own, had to pay tribute in various ways to his foreign masters. Under what was called the *polo* system, he had to do military duty either aboard a Spanish ship or on land, where he cut timber or worked in Spanish armories; under the system known as *encomienda*, he had to pay an annual sum of money to the Crown collectors, who were often crooks simply lining their own pockets; and under the system known as *vandala*, each community was assigned a production quota

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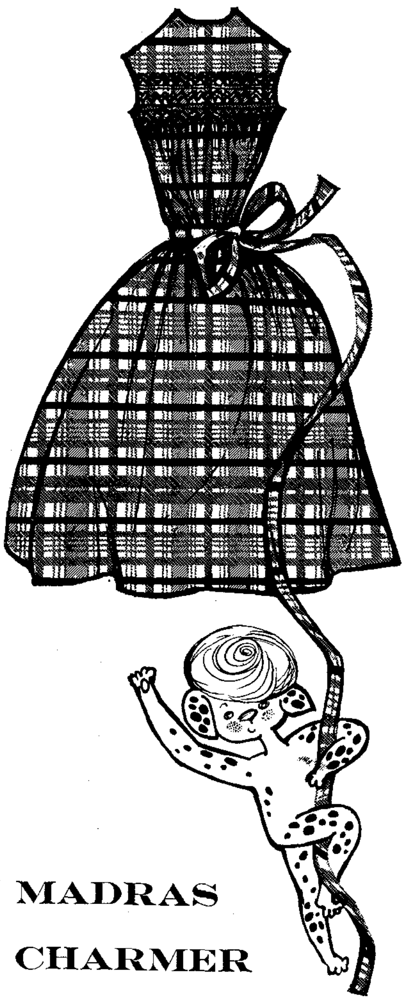

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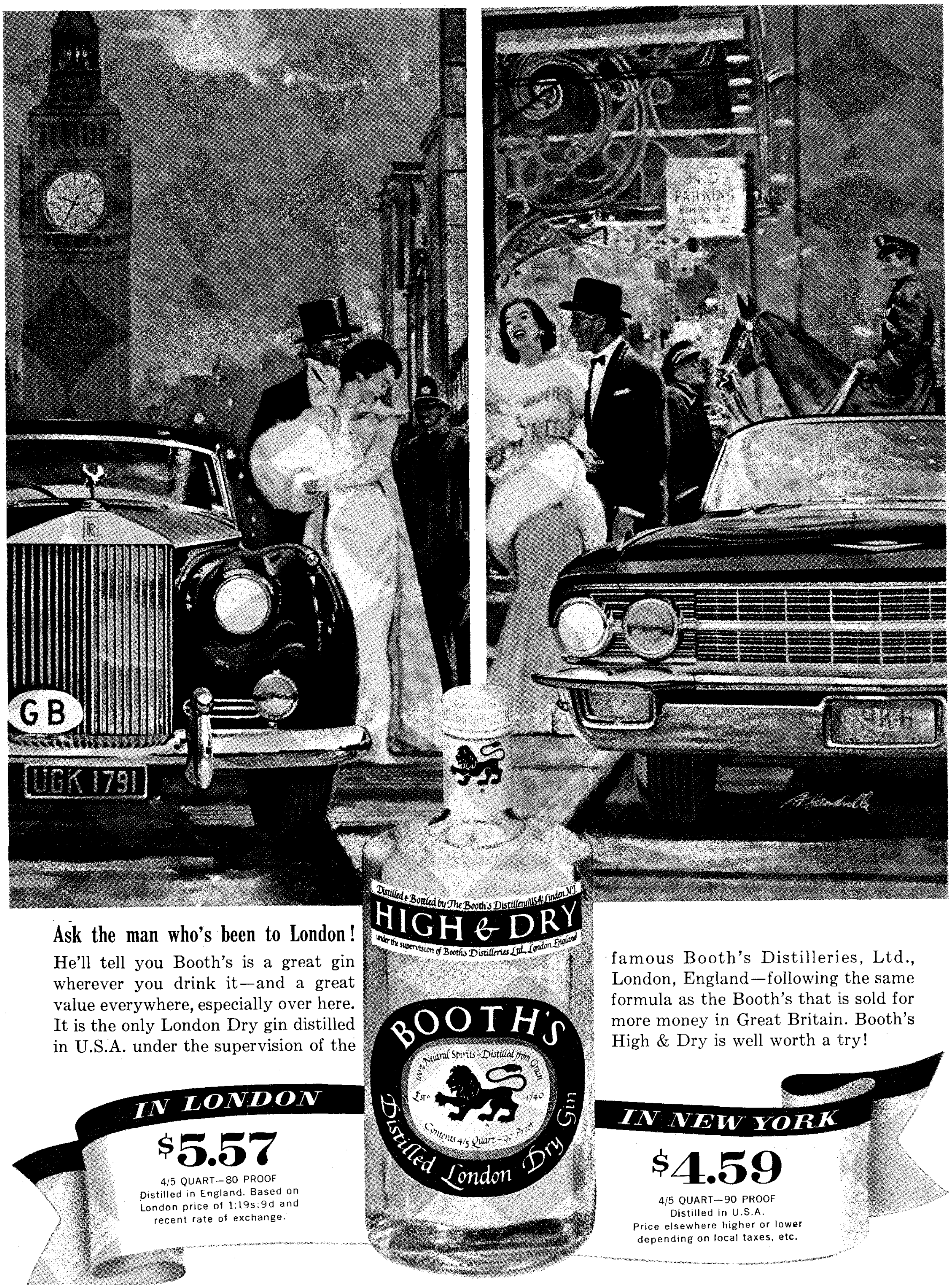
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and everything that was grown had to be sold to the government, which had a habit of taking the produce on credit and never coming through with any cash. These old feudal forms of tribute have disappeared, but their effect has lingered, reflected in the listlessness of the people. Not until after Spanish rule ended did agrarian discontent begin to manifest itself, and then it seldom had any strong impact. The most recent exception was the Communist-led Hukbalahap rebellion of 1948-54, in Luzon, which Magsaysay, first as Defense Secretary and then as President, quelled by a brilliant combination of counter-guerrilla military action and an amnesty program that allayed the land hunger of the rebels by giving them areas to farm in Mindanao, the southernmost of the islands. Most of the surviving dissidents gave up the struggle (only about a hundred are still at large), and their imprisoned *supremo*, Luis Taruc, has renounced Communism and returned to the fold of the Church. The conditions that the Huks so ardently fought against still exist.

During Magsaysay's administration, a number of agrarian-reform measures were passed—most notably the Agricultural Tenancy Law of 1953, designed to break up the big landed estates—but, owing to government inefficiency and landlord opposition, little had been done to implement them at the time of his death. Virtually nothing was accomplished under the Garcia administration, either, but now a new effort to help the farmers is under way. As soon as Macapagal came into office, he introduced what he called the Five-Year Integrated Socio-Economic Program. This is expected to cost six and a half billion dollars by the end of 1967, with about a third of the money coming from foreign investments and loans and the rest from public and private investment; in fact, during this period such investment is supposed to pump more than three billion dollars into the economy, or more than the present annual income of all Filipinos and all foreigners in the islands. One of the principal objectives of the program is to increase agricultural productivity, for this will increase the farmer's purchasing power, which, in turn, will encourage new consumer industries. The fact that nearly half the Filipinos are still sharecroppers (in some provinces of central Luzon the tenancy rate is close to a hundred per cent) does not make the essential task of increasing agricultural productivity any easier. The longstanding alliances between land-

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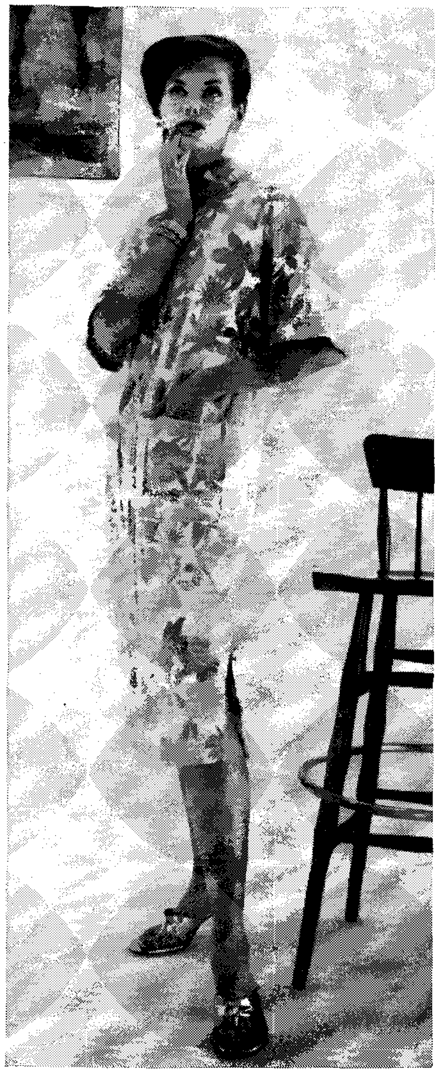

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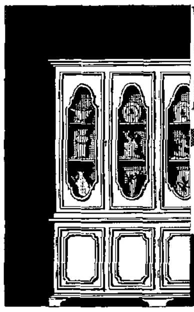

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lords and politicians are still strong, and very little has yet been done to break up the big landed estates. It is even doubtful whether this would now be expedient on a grand scale, for the average Filipino has a large family, and within just a few generations each descendant would find himself in possession of no more than an acre or two. A better solution, many Filipinos feel, could be worked out by the legal clarification of land titles, which at present often obscure true ownership and responsibility, and by enforcement of the Agricultural Tenancy Law, which gives a tenant *the* right to demand seventy per cent, instead of the customary fifty per cent, of what he grows, protects him from being arbitrarily thrown off his land, and offers him the opportunity to demand a leasehold, at a fixed rental, that will permit him to manage his own farm. The law has so far been prevented from working by the usual red tape and inefficiency, plus the usual politics and corruption. In his most recent State of the Nation address, late in January, Macapagal emphasized land reform more strongly than ever, calling for the gradual abolition of tenancy altogether through a government-controlled program for selling land to the peasants and paying the landlords for it with government securities. The new program was cheered from one end of the islands to the other, but many knowledgeable local observers feel that, considering the past history of similar measures and the general temper of Philippine politics, implementation of this one, too, is a long way off.

One of the first emergency measures that Macapagal pushed through brought about the establishment of a new Rice and Corn Administration, which, by supervising marketing and distribution, cut the retail price of rice and corn by twenty per cent, although both commodities have been rising sharply in recent weeks. The prices are still too high for the average Filipino to pay, and the government has just begun the much tougher jobs of overhauling the marketing system to get rid of rapacious middlemen and providing the farmer with good credit at reasonable rates. When one realizes that the average Filipino farmer earns ninety-six cents a day when he is working, and that he works less than three months a year, the enormous scope of the task of making the rural economy self-sufficient while also creating a more prosperous export trade in such abundant products as sugar, copra, lumber, and hemp is apparent. One hopeful sign is that con-

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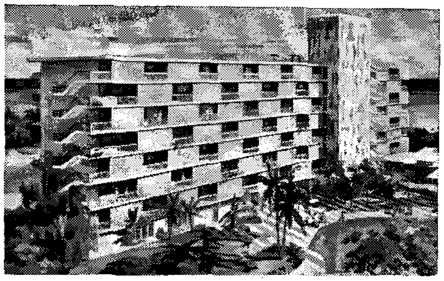

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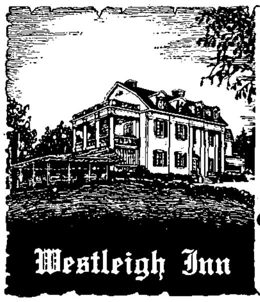

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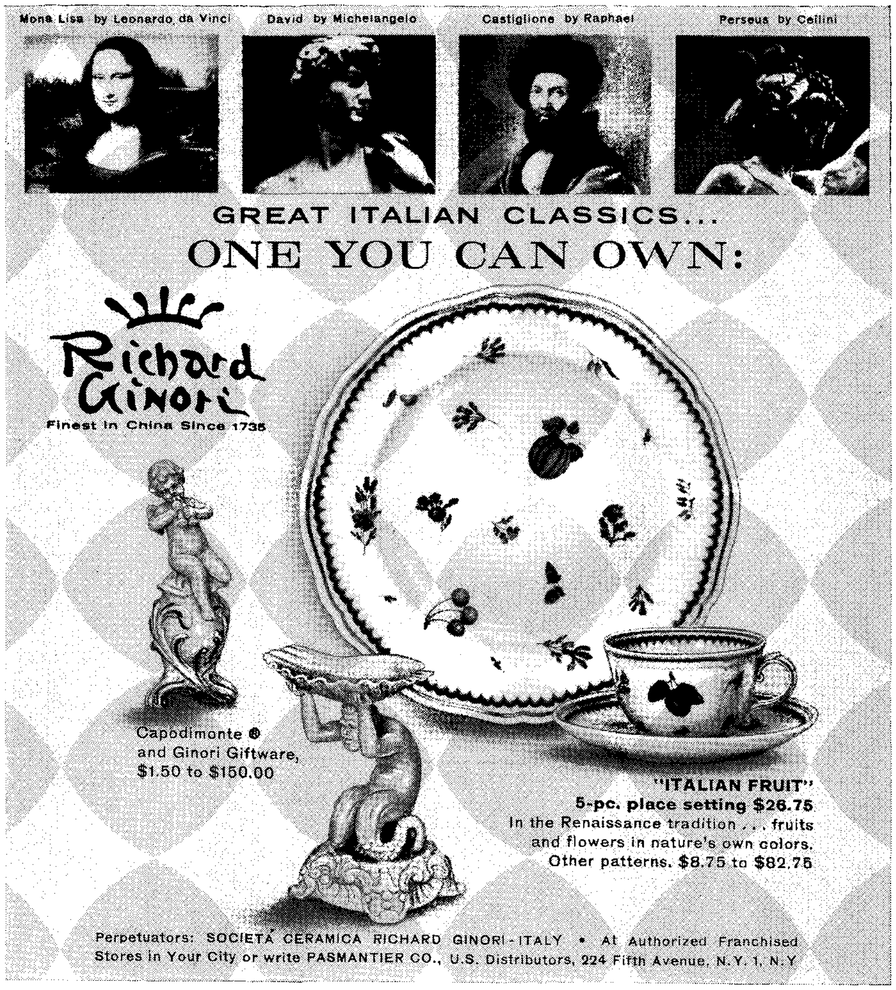
siderable progress has been made under the Philippine Community Development Program, which was set up by Magsaysay with the financial and advisory support of the United States and is now in its fifteenth year. Operating in about a third of the barrios of the republic, trained fieldworkers have initiated and helped carry out some thirty-five thousand community projects, concerned with such things as the construction of roads, the establishment of irrigation systems, the development of oyster beds, and the efficient raising and marketing of pigs and poultry. It is estimated that the completed projects have contributed an annual twenty million dollars to the national income.

There are many Filipinos, including President Macapagal, who believe that attempts to improve the economic lot of the farmer must be accompanied by political reforms designed to give the barrios greater autonomy. A start was made with the Barrio Charter Act, which took effect in 1960, and now virtually all the barrios have their own elected councils, each with limited rights to collect and spend local taxes, and each headed by a barrio lieutenant. (These barrio lieutenants, who range from a twenty-one-year-old farmer in a small village on the island of Panay to a former beauty queen, married to the scion of a wealthy family, in fashionable Forbes Park, have become new public luminaries in this authority-worshipping country.) But while the barrio councils can initiate public-works projects and other coöperative community schemes and are allowed to handle local problems like juvenile delinquency without consulting higher authorities, the fundamental powers, including real control of the purse strings, are still held by Manila, and the chances that the issue of fostering actual local autonomy will come to a head this year in the Philip-



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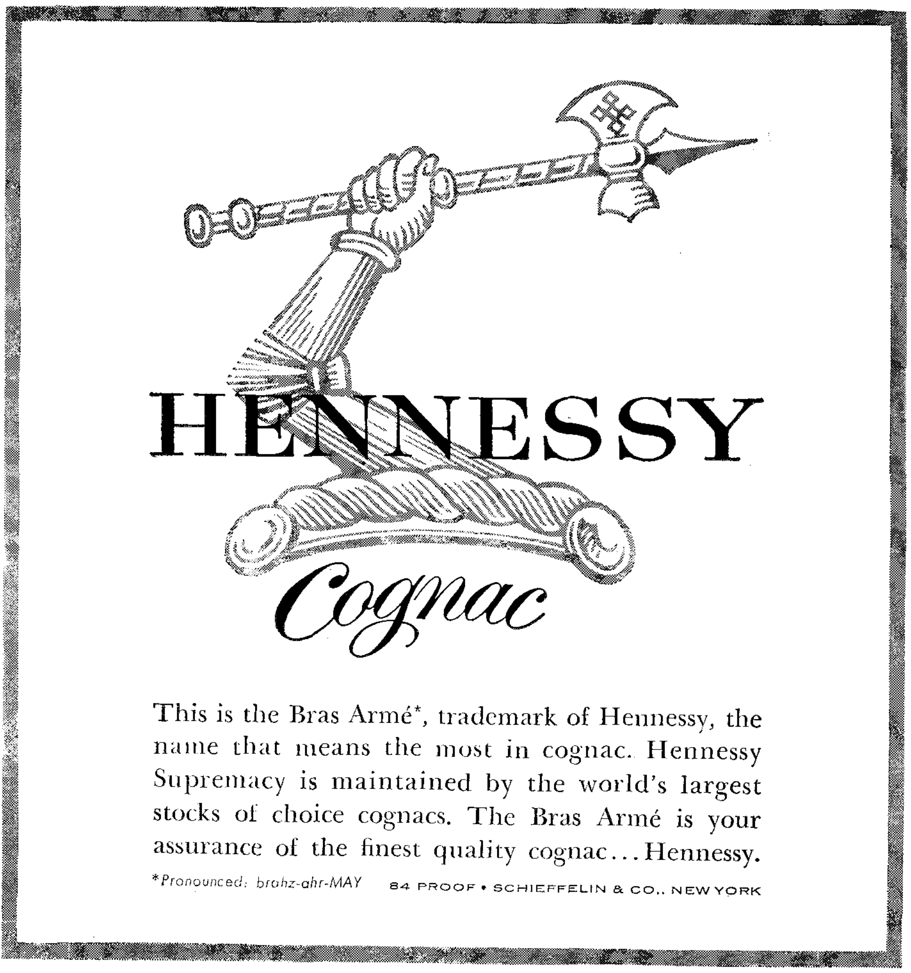

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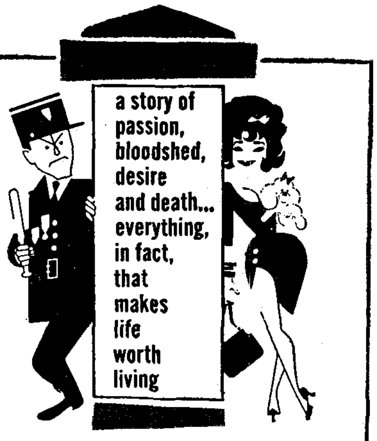
pine Congress are not too bright. It is thought that many senators and representatives who have given lip service to the principle are not in any mood to relinquish the tight political control they have traditionally maintained, through the pork barrel, over provincial affairs. Macapagal has proposed a constitutional convention to consider ways and means of decentralizing power and diminishing the authority of the President (thereby to some extent answering those who accuse him of dictatorship), but the most vocal leaders of the local-autonomy movement are two independent-minded Liberal senators named Raul Manglapus and Manuel P. Manahan, who have currently formed a tenuous alliance with Macapagal. Manahan, who once ran on a splinter ticket for President, and Manglapus, who may one day do the same, are the liberal spearheads of the Liberal Party, and they are unusual politicians, in that they seek to diminish the power of their breed. The two senators have introduced bills that would, among other things, give far greater tax-collecting-and-distributing responsibilities to the barrios and municipalities, and would also permit these entities much more freedom in appointing and dismissing their own officials. Only in this way, Manahan says, can "a reservoir of leaders" be created. President Macapagal, being a politician of an older school, feels that greater home rule should follow, not precede, the establishment of his socio-economic program. "I don't think our system of national politics is a handicap to progress," he told a recent visitor to Malacañang. "It's one of the healthy characteristics of a democracy."

Although Macapagal's confidence in his own capacity for leadership has not alleviated the worries and doubts in the minds of the Filipino people, material conditions in the republic are unquestionably better than they were before he took office. According to Rodrigo Perez, Jr., his able Secretary of Finance, family income in the barrios has increased by nineteen per cent in the last year—four times the increase that had been expected. Prices of commodities other than rice and corn have risen, but Perez points out that some inflation was bound to follow currency decontrol, and concedes that it may be two years or more before the general price level moves downward. The peso, which was selling at four to the dollar in the black market just before decontrol, has held up surprisingly well at about the same price in the free market—mainly because it has behind it a stabilization fund



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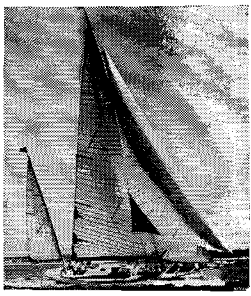

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of some three hundred million dollars provided by the United States Agency for International Development (AID) and some private American banks, by the International Monetary Fund, and by the Export-Import Bank. Perez's biggest problem now is to put the treasury on a sounder footing by making Filipino taxpayers pay taxes and Filipino importers pay import duties. Every Filipino who earns more than eighteen hundred pesos a year is supposed to file a tax return, but in 1961 only 422,000 people (about one and a half per cent of the population) did so, and only a quarter of them paid anything. At the same time, only 6,335 corporations out of the 20,700 in the country filed returns, and only 3,586 of them paid taxes. Now Perez has launched a government effort to triple the number of taxpayers by persuading people that taxes don't really hurt, and that, in any case, the taxpayers will be the first to benefit from an increase in government revenues. At the same time, he has promised to forgive delinquents their past sins and forgo their fines if they pay up what they owe. One wealthy real-estate operator recently coughed up three-quarters of a million dollars in back taxes as a result. The Bureau of Customs, like the Bureau of Internal Revenue, has been a source of graft for years, and while customs receipts have increased under the present administration, Perez has announced that he intends to fire four hundred customs employees in whom he no longer has confidence. His campaign to crack down on payoffs and favoritism has already provoked howls from some prominent businessmen, and even legislators, whose baggage, along with that of their wives, has, for a change, been meticulously examined at the Manila International Airport. Smuggling is all but impossible to control in the Philippines, since the vast amount of shoreline among the seven thousand islands of the archipelago affords the importers of contraband (such as American and British cigarettes) from Hong Kong, North Borneo, and Indonesia ample opportunity to move in and out undetected, but, with the help of the Philippine Navy and the Philippine Constabulary, Perez is trying at least to cut the illicit traffic down.

Macapagal and Perez (who is widely regarded as the outstanding member of the Cabinet) are aware that the real problem in the Philippines, as in most underdeveloped countries, is not only to increase productivity, and hence employment opportunities, but to increase

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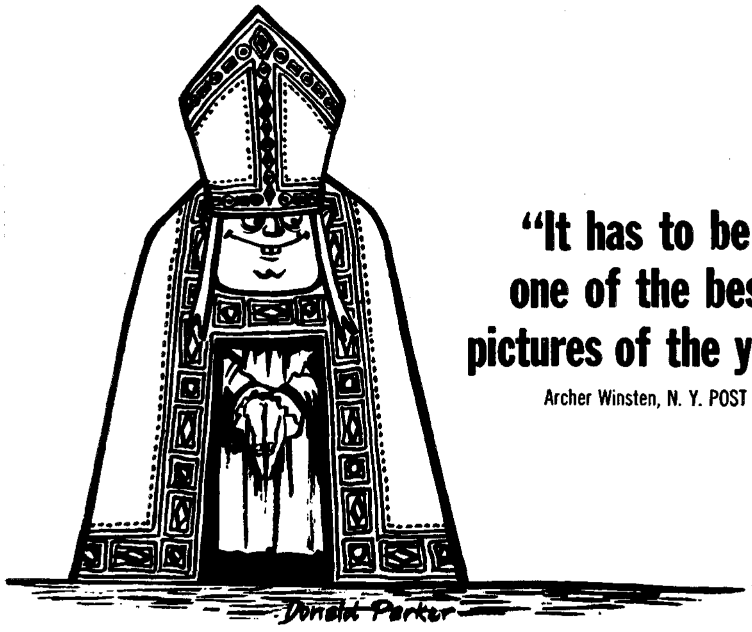

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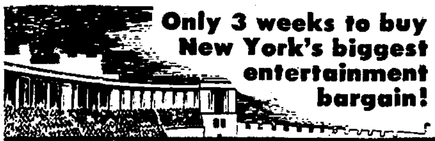

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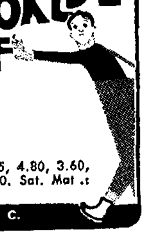

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productivity at a rate that will keep pace with the increase in population. By 1970, it is estimated, the population here will have gone up by nine million, to a total of thirty-nine million. Under the President's Five-Year Program, it is hoped, an annual six-per-cent increase in total domestic production, most of it industrial, will provide between three hundred thousand and three hundred and sixty thousand new jobs a year—enough to keep up with the rise in the work force. As a temporary measure, Macapagal has pushed through an emergency bill that will provide two hundred and fifty thousand jobless Filipinos with three months of employment, at four pesos a day, which will spread the work. These laborers will be engaged mostly in agriculture, the idea being that they will help to feed the country better and also to stimulate production and trade. The per-capita consumption of meat, eggs, milk, and vegetables in the Philippines is far below world nutritional standards; meat and poultry consumption, for instance, is a third of what government experts say it should be. So far, the government has found the results of its new legislation encouraging; food production for domestic use increased by more than seven per cent last year, export receipts increased by twenty-two per cent over 1961 (Philippine trade missions are now touring foreign markets to raise them further), and the country's financial reserves are up about a third. Dragoslav Abramovic, a World Bank official who conducted an economic survey here in 1961 and has remained as a financial adviser, has hailed the Macapagal program as "a brilliant success," and while not everyone is equally sanguine at present, there is a general feeling that the administration is at least moving in the right direction and getting some results.

Politics, naturally, remains an important factor. Although Congress has approved the Five-Year Program in principle, it has passed very few of the key measures and has failed to make some of the most needed appropriations. Macapagal has more than once accused his opposition of purposely dragging its feet. What is encouraging is that, for the first time in the chaotic postwar period, some sensible long-range planning has been undertaken. The bulk of it is being done by a group of young graduate economists and political scientists under the direction of a budding banker and oilman named Sixto Roxas, who, though he is only in his mid-

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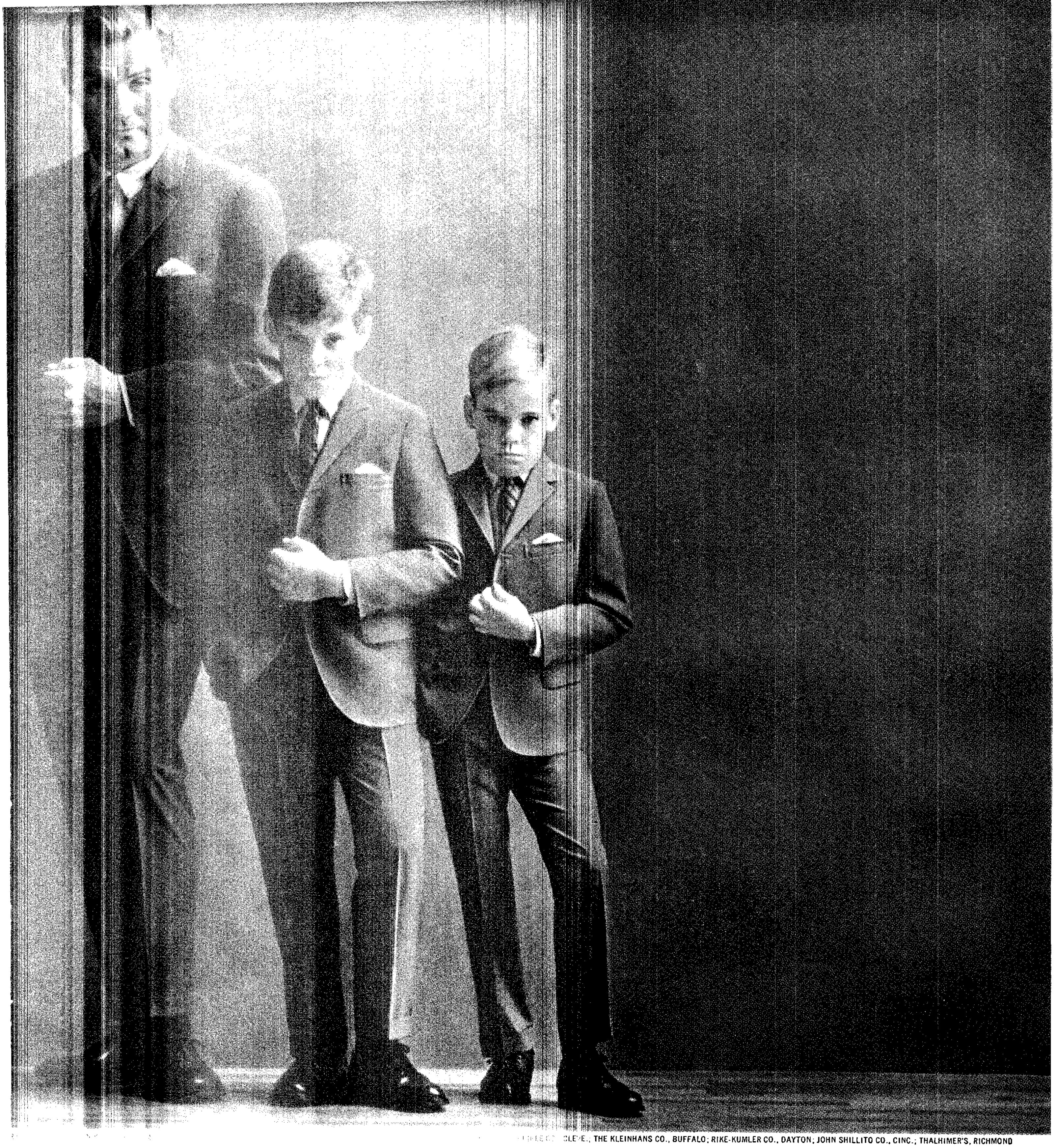

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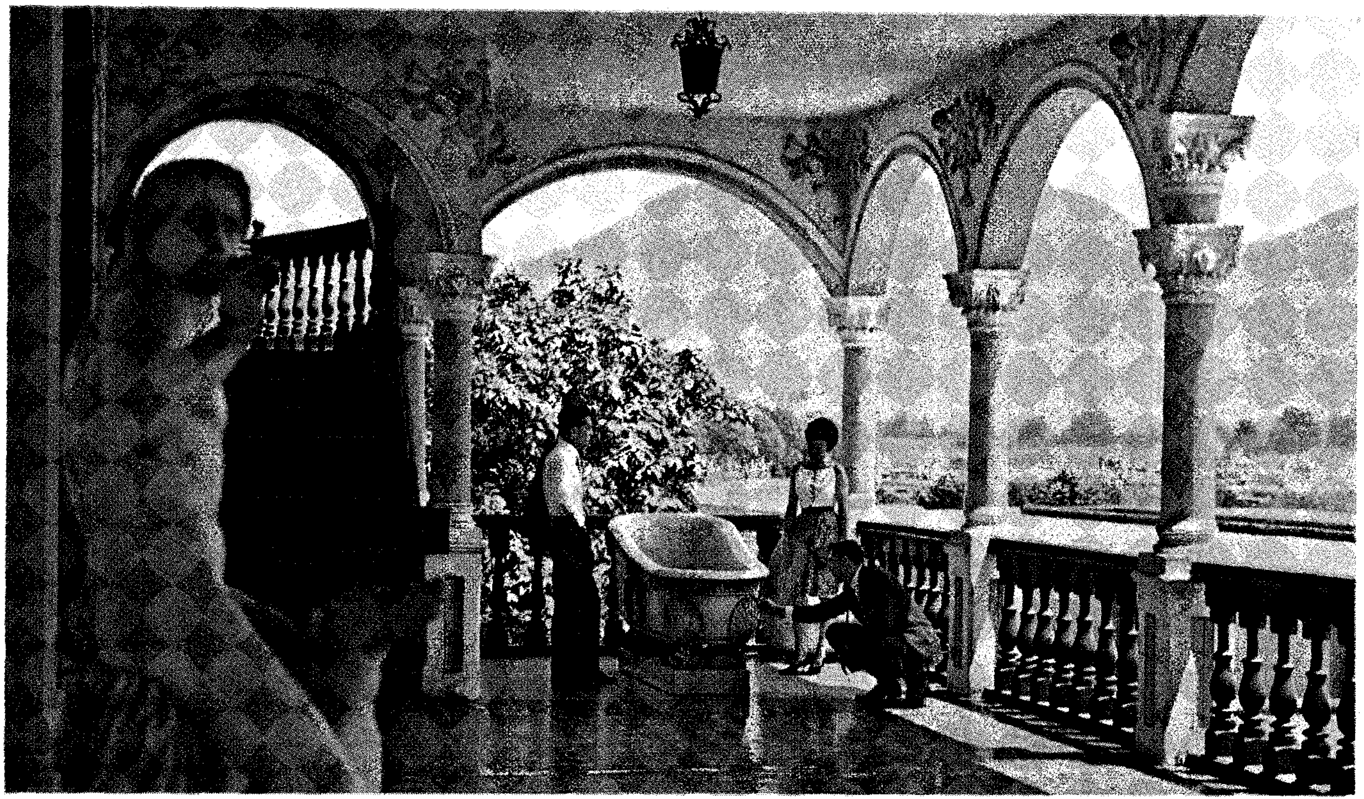

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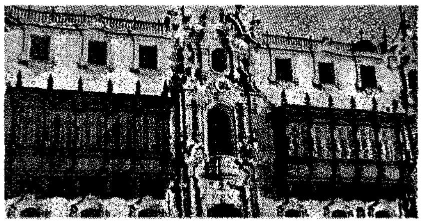

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thirties, was appointed Macapagal's special economic adviser last year. Roxas and his busy staff, working in cooperation with American-aid officials, are carefully mapping out the Five-Year Program on a step-by-step basis, making as certain as possible that the funds will be used where they can do the most good. The government has also established an investment-promotion committee, to attract and assist investors from abroad, and since the currency was decontrolled a number of foreign investors, including several American companies, have put new capital into the Philippines. Macapagal has promised to make private enterprise "the prime mover of economic development," and has already taken the government out of textile and cement manufacturing. In addition, he has announced his intention of removing it from hotel ownership and cargo handling on the docks. In keeping with these developments, a new and more imaginative type of Filipino businessman is becoming increasingly influential. One of the most successful of these is a forty-five-year-old Manila entrepreneur named Ramon V. del Rosario, who, with the assistance of three brothers and some minority American capital, has built up a fifty-million-dollar complex of oil refineries, fertilizer plants, cement and glass factories, and electrical-appliance concerns.

MACAPAGAL'S urgent promotion of his reforms has not been unaccompanied by scandals of the sort that seem to plague every Philippine President. The biggest so far in the New Era was brought to light late last year, and involves the government-controlled Philippine National Bank, which stands to lose more than a million dollars in a vast fraud resulting from the issuance of letters of credit to a group of importers who professed to be shipping drugs, agricultural equipment, and spare machine parts to the Philippines but actually sent crates of waste materials or nothing at all. The swindlers collected dollars from banks abroad, using falsified invoices to back up their letters of credit. Opponents of Macapagal have charged that some of the proceeds of these frauds were used to pay the expenses of members of his entourage who were junketing abroad. He has disclaimed any knowledge of the swindle, and his Secretary of Justice, Juan R. Liwag, has pointedly asserted that those responsible "disregarded Your Excellency's avowed policy of eradicating influence peddling and graft and corruption in the government and its

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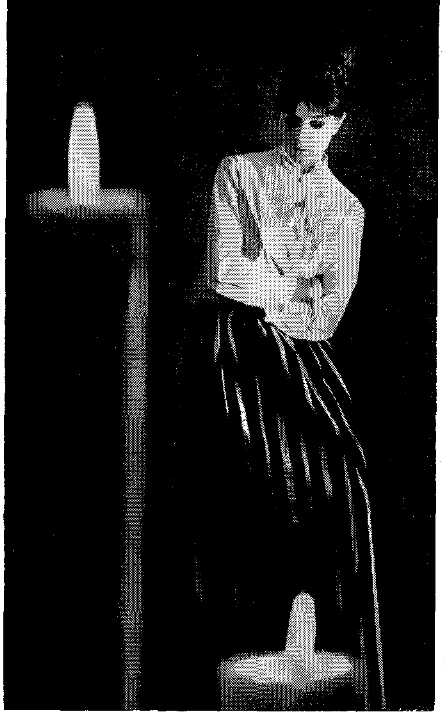

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instrumentalities." In any event, the president of the National Bank, who is a close friend of Macapagal's, has resigned, and so has the chairman of the board. Other National Bank officials are involved, and the case has turned into one of those drawn-out affairs that fill the columns of the Manila papers for months. There have been lesser scandals, too, among them one over the granting of licenses to favored firms for the importation of Virginia tobacco to blend with the local product.

Meanwhile, the case of Harry S. Stonehill has continued to provide mountains of material for the scandalmongers. When Macapagal took office, he listed seven categories of "obnoxious activities" that, he said, were destroying the economic and moral fabric of the republic, and he promised to prosecute, as "object lessons," people active in each category. Five categories had to do with shady dealings on the part of American and Chinese aliens, and two had to do with illegal conduct by Filipinos. The first category pointed directly to Stonehill and his henchmen. The story of this American's business career in the Philippines is a carpetbagging saga that seems almost too overblown to be believed. Stonehill came to Manila as a twenty-seven-year-old United States Army lieutenant in the summer of 1945, after a military career in which displays of brashness had caused him to be demoted three times from noncom to private before he subdued himself long enough to graduate from officers' candidate school. Assigned to the Army's real-estate division in Manila, he immediately set about working a couple of deals on the side, the first involving the purchase and resale of fifty surplus Army trucks and some packaged Army rations, the second involving the timely importation of Christmas cards for Manila's first postwar Yuletide. He made sixty-seven thousand dollars on the truck and ration transactions and ten thousand on the Christmas cards, and, by means of some more astute import deals, went on to double his profits shortly after his twenty-eighth birthday. Then, having obtained his discharge, he returned to his home town, Chicago, where he had a wife and child. He tried to persuade his wife to accompany him to the happy hunting grounds of the Philippines, but she refused, and two years later Stonehill divorced her and came back alone. He plunged into various enterprises—one of them selling refrigerators on the installment plan—but he didn't really get going again until 1949. In that year, the government put a drastic limitation on

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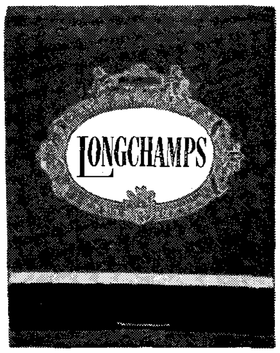

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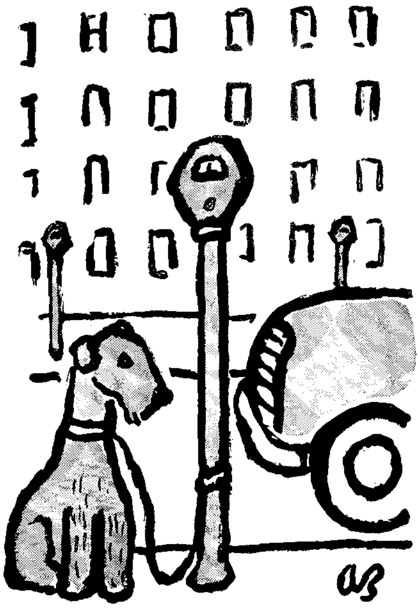
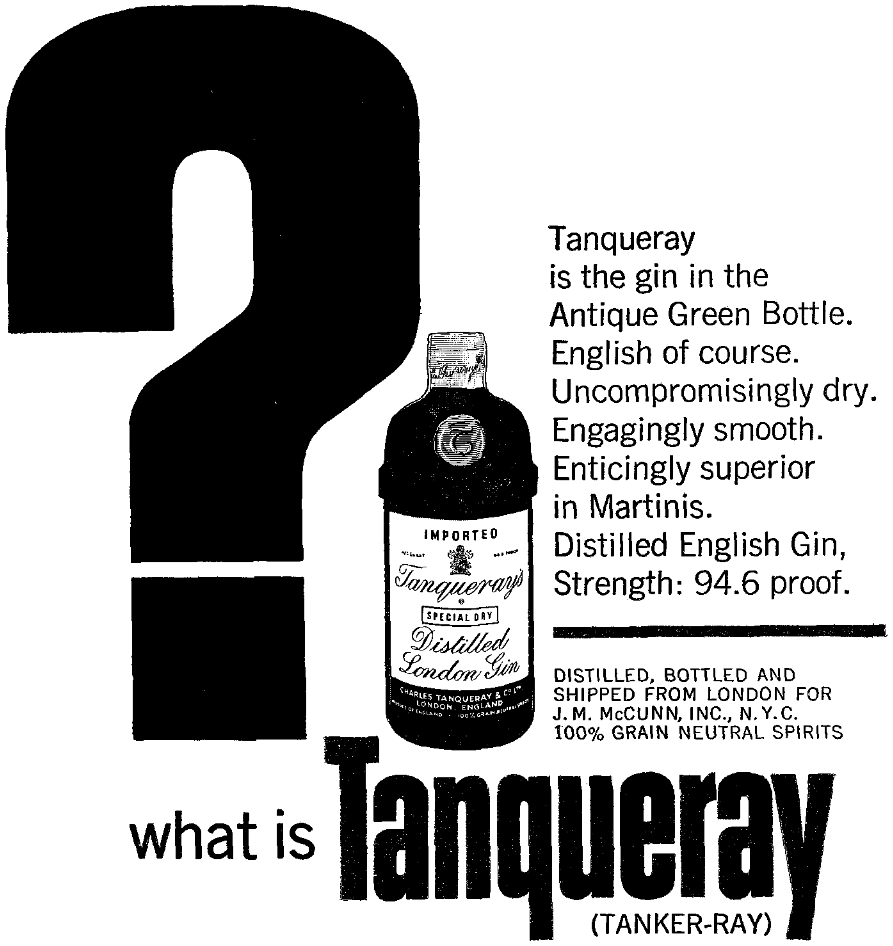
the importation of various luxuries, including American cigarettes, whereupon Stonehill decided to manufacture American-style cigarettes in the islands, and organized the United States Tobacco Corporation to do so. He flew back to the States and bought two cigarette-making machines for twenty-five thousand dollars from a defunct tobacco company that had gone broke trying to put a cigarette named Puppies across on the American market. The company also sold Stonehill six million cigarette package-wrappers imprinted with its trade name. Then he wangled some American leaf tobacco, blended it with Philippine tobacco, and began producing Puppies in bulk. A number of local Chinese firms, which had previously monopolized the cigarette trade in the islands, reacted strongly to this competition; they got hold of numerous shipments of Puppies, usually by hijacking but sometimes by legal purchase, injected soap into them, so that they would taste awful, and slipped them back onto the market. Stonehill retaliated with an intensive promotion campaign that included dropping Puppies around the countryside from planes ("Puppies from Heaven"); within a few years, he had broken the Chinese monopoly and controlled more than half of the high-grade cigarette business in the Philippines. He had also started to extend his interests to cotton, glass, cement, oil, insurance, newspaper publishing, housing, real estate, and land reclamation, and within thirteen years he had built up a multimillion-dollar combine of sixteen different companies. He owned property in eight foreign countries, his private fortune was estimated at between thirty and fifty million dollars, most of which he invested abroad or stashed away in





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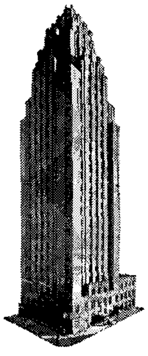

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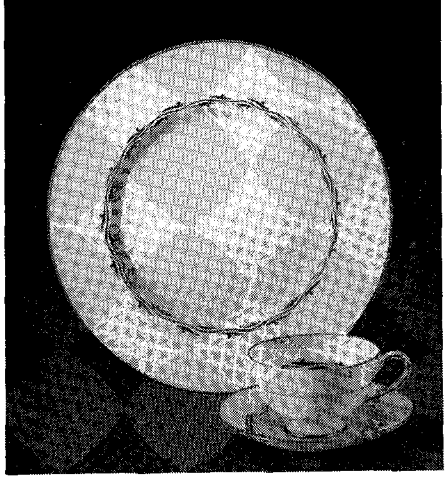

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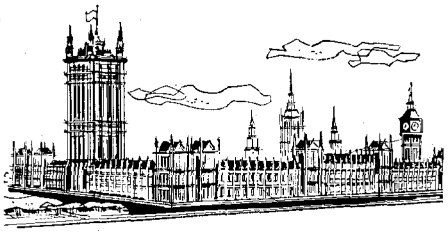
foreign banks, and some of his associates said he had boasted to them that he was so rich and powerful that he could buy anyone and do anything he wanted to do.

Stonehill had married a Filipino girl and was raising a family of four children in a plush Forbes Park mansion when he came to grief—though whether he came to all the grief he deserved is still hotly debated here. In 1960, acting on a confidential tip, the National Bureau of Investigation, which is the Philippine equivalent of the F.B.I., began looking into reports that Stonehill and his aides—most notably his principal partner, Robert P. Brooks, an American national who was born in the Philippines and had lived there all his life—had, among other things, illegally imported millions of dollars' worth of cigarette paper under false customs declarations. The case was broken when Menhart Spielman, a European refugee whom Stonehill had hired as general manager of the United States Tobacco Corporation, took his suspicions of illegal dealings to the investigators. He later testified before an official hearing that, as a result of these suspicions, and some sleuthing he had done on his own, he had been beaten senseless in a Manila apartment by Stonehill and Brooks. Shortly thereafter, Stonehill, Brooks, and two others were arrested. Stonehill was charged with defrauding the government by violating the banking, tax, and customs laws through the illegal manufacture and stamping of cigarettes with smuggled machinery and paper, and with committing acts against the interest and security of the Philippines through the corrupting of public officials. It was further charged that he had spent millions of dollars on payoffs to politicians of all parties—either to obtain special financial favors or simply to insure their loyalty. In an elaborate building on Dewey Boulevard, which had once been the Cuban Embassy, and which Stonehill had bought to use as a secret headquarters, government agents found telephone-tapping instruments and similar gadgets, along with a mass of evidence indicating the wide extent of his operations and manipulations—the ways he had gone about buying information, the extent to which he had used economic espionage against competitors, his huge payoffs to officials for protection and assistance, and so on.

While Stonehill and Brooks were under detention at Camp Crame, a constabulary prison, Spielman disappeared, and the story was that he was murdered while trying to escape the Philippines by crossing the Sulu Sea in a motorboat.



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Eleven men are currently on trial in Manila for Spielman's murder—four of them *in absentia* under "John Doe" indictments.

The government had instituted criminal proceedings against Stonehill and his associates, but after the disappearance of Spielman, who was to have been the chief government witness, President Macapagal, in what he described as "an act of self-preservation on a national scale," issued an administrative order for the mandatory deportation of Stonehill and Robert Brooks and placed the other two defendants on probation. Macapagal has since insisted that to have permitted Stonehill to remain any longer in the Philippines, whether in prison or out on bail, would have jeopardized the welfare of the country. Leaders of the Nacionalista Party, however, have accused the President of having, in effect, "liberated" Stonehill in preference to punishing him, and they claim that Stonehill is still directing his Philippine operations—from South America, where he is now reported to have settled. There would seem to be justification both for Macapagal's action and for the claims of the opposition. Stonehill's firms are still functioning, and he undoubtedly still controls them, though the government has a heavy tax lien on the tobacco company, his major holding, and is applying it to recover the millions of dollars he owes in back taxes and various penalties. (Puppies, by the way, are no longer in production. The brand was discontinued when Stonehill was arrested.) The real reason Macapagal allowed Stonehill to leave, the Nacionalistas keep saying, was to avoid seeing a number of prominent Liberal Party politicians dragged into the scandal, which had already provoked a Cabinet shakeup and led Macapagal to fire fifteen government officials, who were said to have had "unethical dealings" with Stonehill. Special Senate and House committees, composed of members of both parties, are still looking into the Stonehill mess, and the case is bound to go on simmering until the next Presidential election, in 1965, when, in this politically steamy nation, it will surely boil up anew.

IN the course of his reform campaign, Macapagal has arbitrarily deported more than a hundred naturalized Filipinos of Chinese origin—among them a number of millionaires—on charges of fraudulent business practices and of having obtained their citizenship papers by fraud, and he has further

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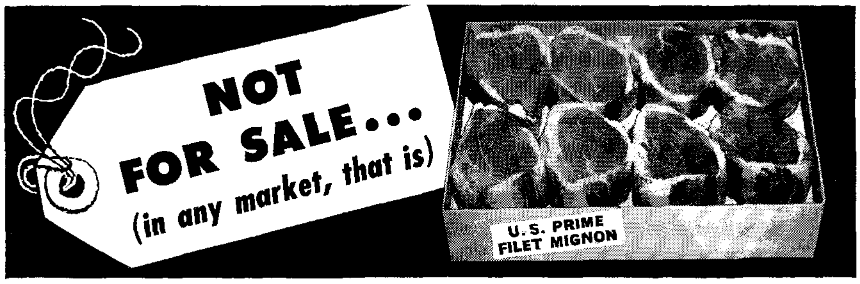

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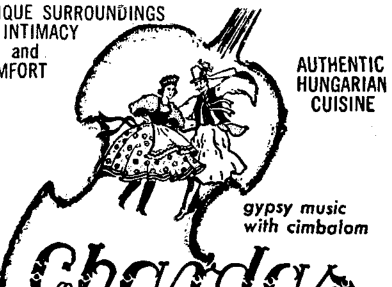

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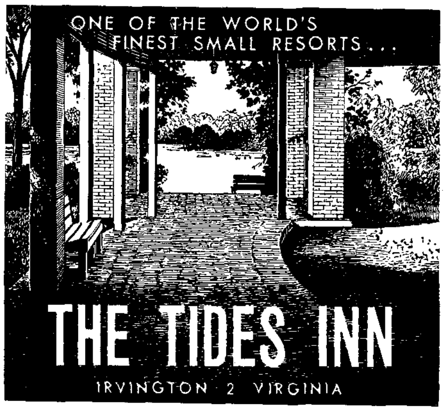

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aroused the Chinese community, which numbers some seven hundred thousand, most of them centered in Manila, by announcing that he plans to deport nearly five thousand Chinese aliens, about half of whom came here from Taipeh or Hong Kong in 1960 and 1961 as temporary visitors and the rest of whom arrived as refugees from the mainland between 1946 and 1949. There is, of course, no thought of sending any of these helpless people to Communist China, and negotiations are being conducted with the authorities in Taiwan, who are being asked to receive as many as possible, but more is involved in all this than simply an immigration problem. While Macapagal has maintained that he is not opposed to the notion that the Chinese should play a role in the development of the Philippines, the clash between his ardent Filipino nationalism and the entrenched economic position of the local Chinese has been so violent that a surge of anti-Chinese discrimination has resulted, sharper than that in any other Southeast Asian country, with the possible exception of Indonesia. Fear of Communist infiltration has been cited as one reason for Macapagal's policy, but although there have been some recorded cases of Communist agents' arriving in the country disguised as refugees, and although actions against them and against obvious Chinese wrongdoers can be justified, it is feared by a number of local observers that Macapagal has probably pushed his Chinese deportation program too far too fast.

In another phase of his campaign against "obnoxious activities," the President has taken legal steps against prominent Filipinos whom he has accused of using political power to build business empires and then using their business influence or their positions of public trust to amass more wealth and more power. Here the principal objects of his attack are two extremely wealthy brothers named Eugenio and Fernando Lopez. The latter is the most prominent senator in the Nacionalista Party, and may well be its Presidential candidate two years from now, while the former operates the family business enterprises, which include the country's biggest sugar holdings, a number of banking and financial institutions, various utilities, and a newspaper-radio-television chain. The President has charged the pair with financing selected candidates for public office and with using their political power to obtain loans from government credit institutions for their communications empire and their other

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businesses. He is trying to limit their control of the sugar industry and to make them divest themselves of their utility holdings, as well as to give up a large piece of commercial property in Quezon City that had been allocated for low-cost housing before it was acquired by the brothers, at what is alleged to have been a remarkably low price. The Lopez brothers, in a joint statement, said that "the President's idea of a reform program is to reform only his enemies," and they show no sign of meekly submitting to his attacks. Fernando Lopez and other Nacionalista leaders have accused Macapagal of conducting a policy of harassment against them, and also with attempting to destroy the two-party system by luring Nacionalista members into the Liberal Party with promises of patronage.

The fact is that there never has been much difference, ideologically or otherwise, between the two parties. Until the last year or so, the Nacionalistas were perhaps better organized around the country and enjoyed a broader base of support, but, essentially, political alignments everywhere have been determined by the power and influence of leading local families; indeed, whole communities, and even provinces, have tended to vote en bloc, according to such feudal patterns. When Macapagal became President, it was the first time the head of the republic had faced a Congress ruled by the opposition, and when the Nacionalistas showed themselves to be uncoöperative in initiating reforms, Mac the Knife—as some of his opponents started calling him—took drastic action. In the space of a few weeks, by promises, threats, and cajolery, he won working control of the House of Representatives by persuading twenty-nine Nacionalistas to join forces with him. The practice among politicians of jumping from one party to the other is another troublesome element of Philippine politics. Denouncing this practice, in the interest of maintaining the two-party system, Teodoro M. Locsin, editor of the weekly Philippines *Free Press*, wrote, "The Nacionalistas were guilty of such violations in their time; now the Liberals are wallowing in the practice. . . . It is as old as the hills, and about as admirable as the common run of Filipino politicians."

While a candidate for the Presidency, Macapagal himself decried the custom of one party's seducing away the leaders of another by better offers. "It is a sad commentary on the character of public men and of the people themselves that a premium has been put on opportunism,

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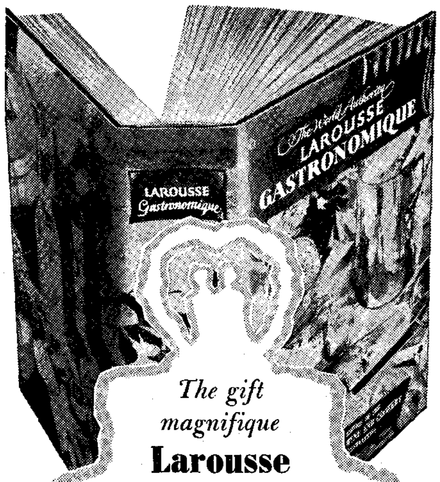

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which consists of abandoning the weakened opposition party and jumping on the bandwagon of the majority party," he said. Now Macapagal declares that his own forays into the Nacionalista ranks are unavoidable if he is to accomplish anything. "A Philippine President is so powerful that local politicians have been forced for their own good to go along with him, because without him they couldn't survive," he told an interviewer not long ago. "Being aware of this, I was the first to advocate the idea that the President not permit such switching. I announced this during my campaign, when I assumed we'd have a majority in both houses, but, unfortunately, that didn't happen, and I was unable to proceed in a situation where the President and Congress were so divided. Once the situation is normal again, things will be different." Just when that will be, if ever, is hard to tell, but Macapagal recently managed, by the exertion of great pressure, to win a majority in the Senate and elect one of his men its president. However, the Lopez bloc still holds many key committee jobs, and the President's legislative program is still bogged down in a welter of legislative confusion. In order to retain what he calls "the confidence of the people," the President has been touring the countryside and luring local Nacionalistas to the Liberal banner in droves. As many as twelve hundred provincial and municipal officials have switched over at the same time, much like converts walking down the aisle at a Billy Graham revival. The Nacionalistas, who have been trying to recoup and reorganize themselves and are now just beginning to strike back, are howling loudly about "dictatorial methods" and "political rape." To the neutral observer, it seems just another phase of the great game of politics as the Filipinos play it, having learned it from the Americans and embellished it with touches of their own. It also seems sure that the still very young republic will survive such aberrations, which will cease only when true democracy reaches down to the level of the barrios. There are, after all, areas of the Philippines where tribesmen still shoot each other with bows and arrows, and, as one Western ambassador has said, "We should remember that sixteen years of freedom isn't much."

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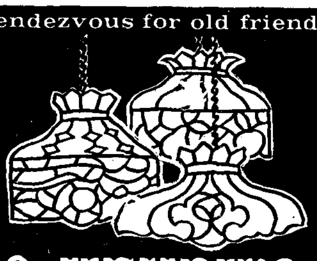

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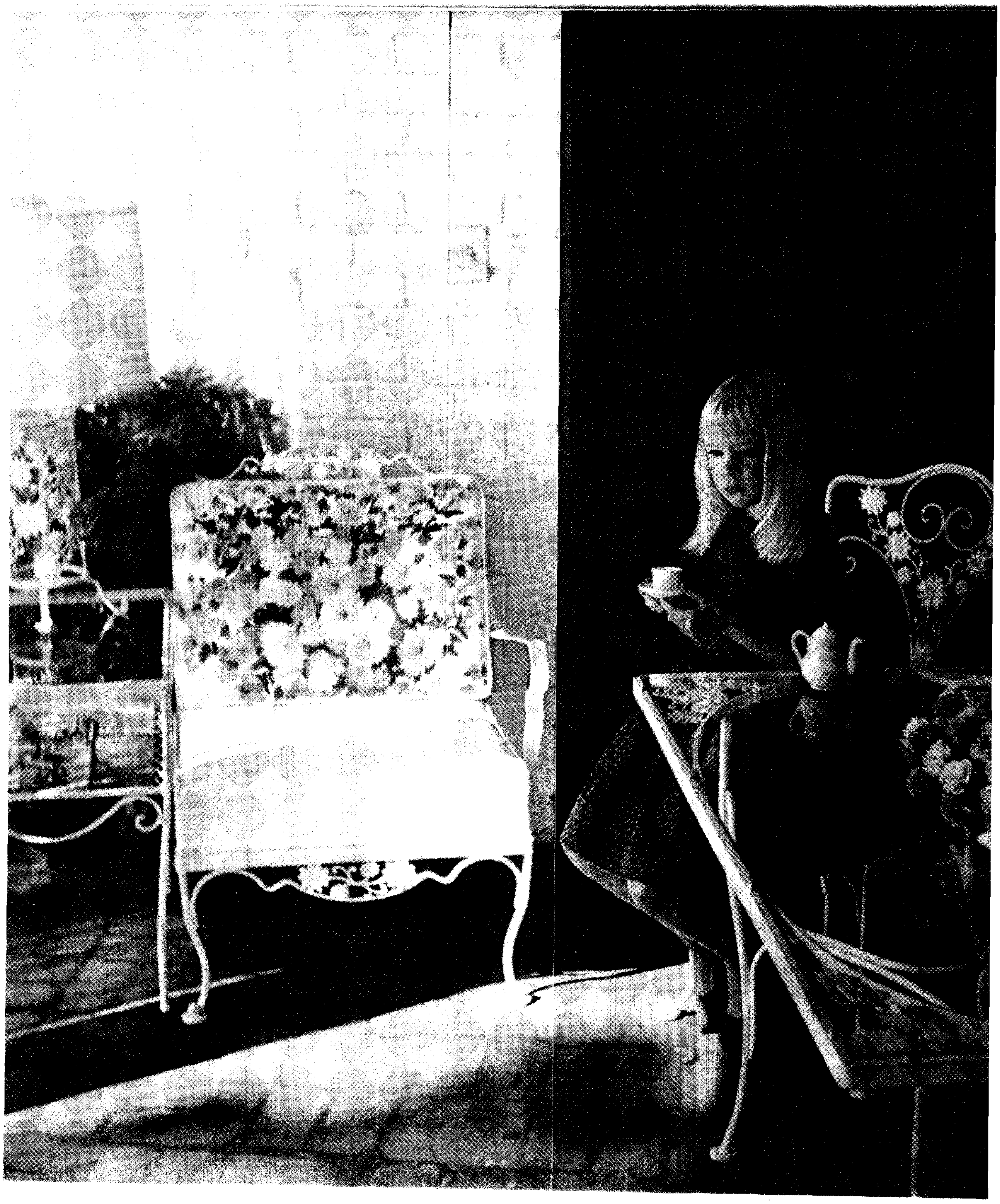

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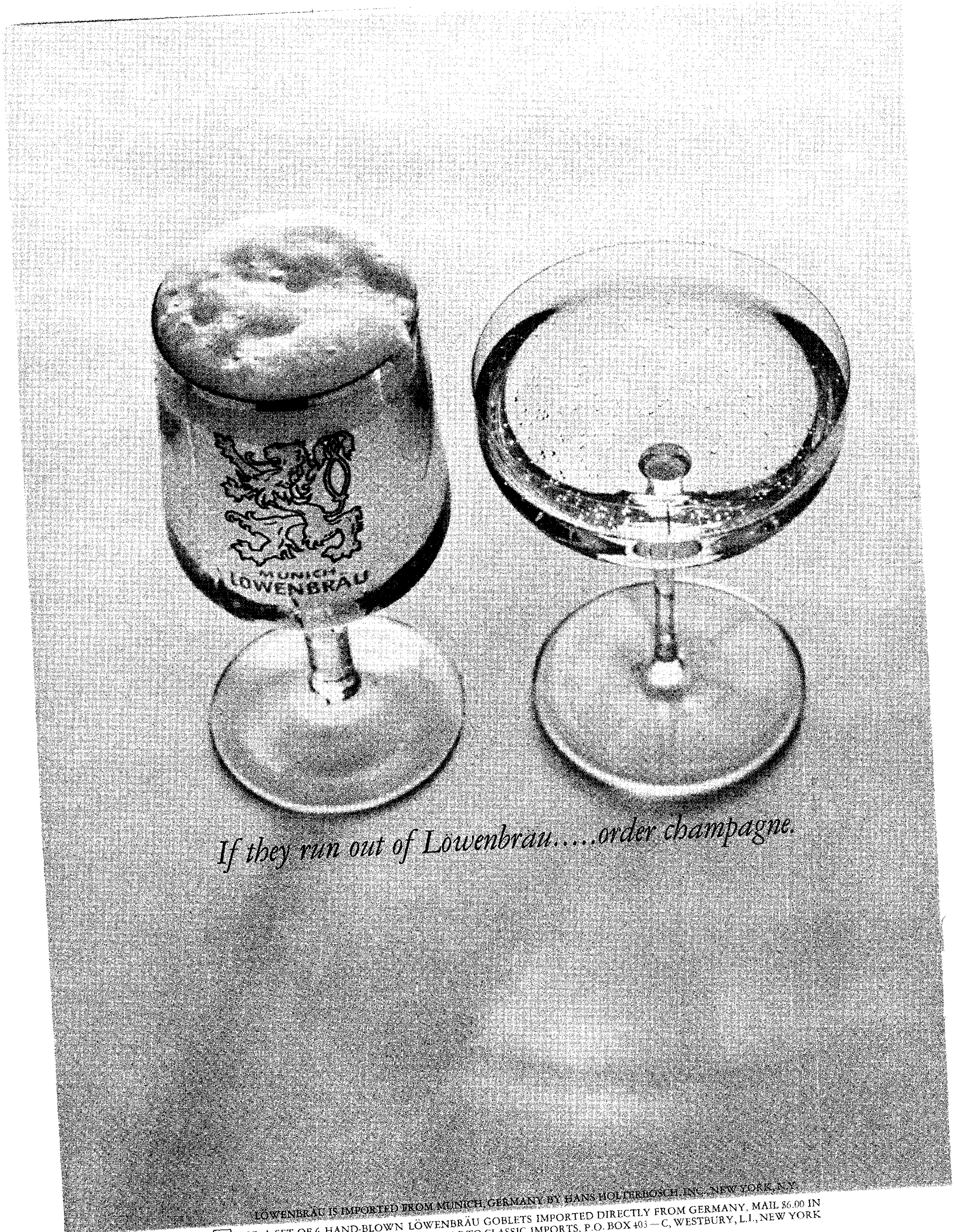
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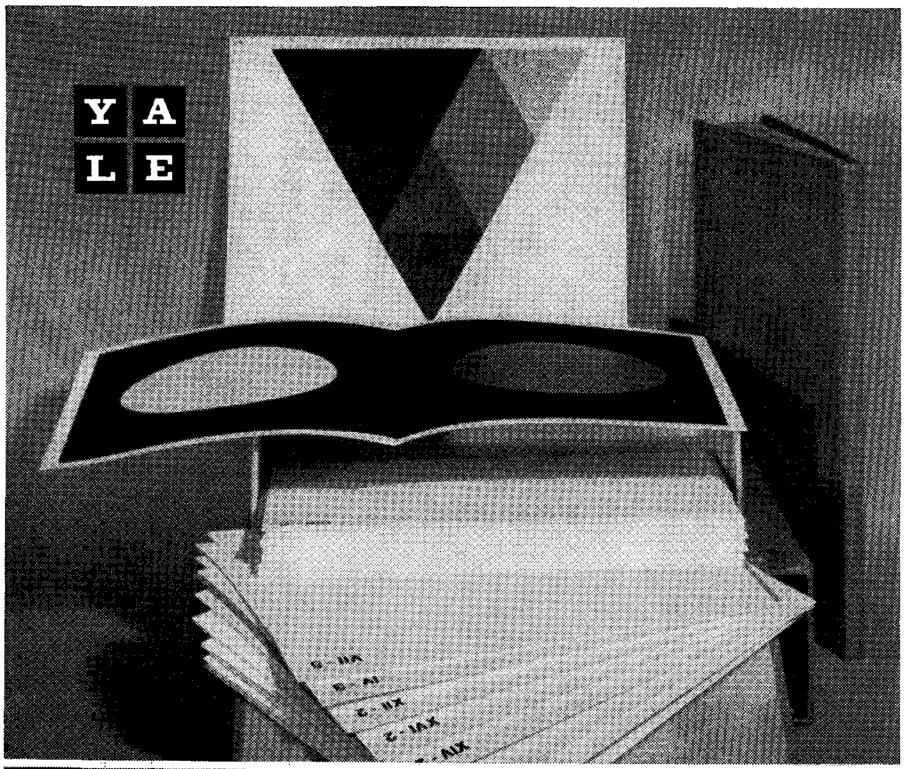
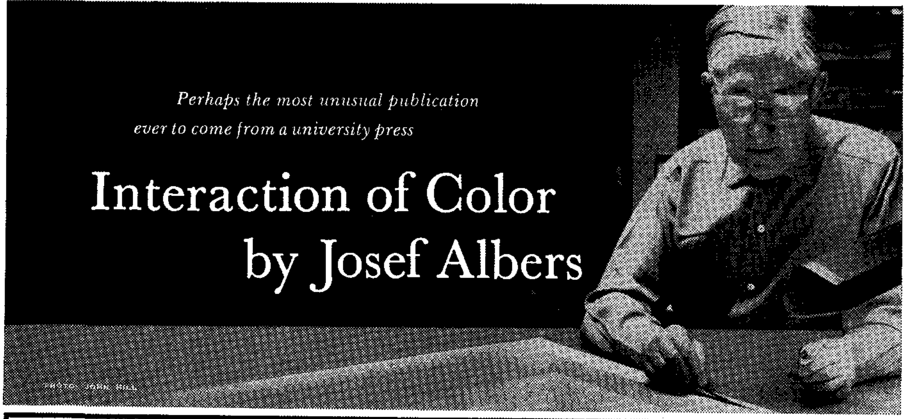
FOR A SET OF 6 HAND-BLOWN LÖWENBRÄU GOBLETS IMPORTED DIRECTLY FROM GERMANY, MAIL $6.00 IN MONEY ORDER OR CHECK MADE PAYABLE TO CLASSIC IMPORTS, P.O. BOX 403 — C, WESTBURY, L.I., NEW YORK and a fundamental dependence on American support, both financial and moral. American influence is strongly manifested in the popular passion for education and self-improvement—something that is found in the elementary school of the meanest barrio as much as it is found among college students here. (Along with such topflight institutions as the University of the Philippines and the Jesuit Ateneo University, the capital has a number of cheap diploma mills, catering to the fierce desire on the part of young Filipinos to get any kind of diploma that can be used as a ticket to move up in the world.) Filipinos, again from the poorest barrio up, are invariably emotional in expressing their fondness for Americans, and this bedrock of friendship and sympathy is well able to support the occasional differences that crop up, such as the one that resulted from a recent United States Congressional refusal (later reversed, amid assertions in Washington that the reversal was sparked by high-priced, high-pressure lobbying) to pay seventy-three million dollars in Philippine war-damage claims. Other differences have stemmed from disagreements over Southeast Asian policy, in which sphere Macapagal has disavowed the United States decision to back a neutral coalition government in Laos. He has also criticized the Diem government in South Vietnam for being slow about reforms, but during the Cuban crisis he expressed strong approval of President Kennedy.

The American impact on the Philippines can be felt every day and night in countless ways: Manila's radio stations (there are twenty of them—far more than appear necessary, or than the crowded airwaves can accommodate) provide a constant drone of rock 'n' roll or jazz, until the sounds seem to seep out of the walls of buildings, and the seven television channels offer a familiar succession of Westerns, cartoons, soap operas, quiz shows, and children's programs. Last year, one of the most popular telecasters, an American citizen known as Uncle Bob Stewart, who owns and operates a radio-TV chain, was charged with violating the electioneering laws—an offense punishable, in the case of aliens, by deportation—whereupon his audience of children, presumably with some encouragement from him, filled the nation's TV screens with tearful demonstrations that lifted his rating sky-high. His case is still pending. American slang is heard everywhere, though it may be ten or twenty years behind the times. American movies are





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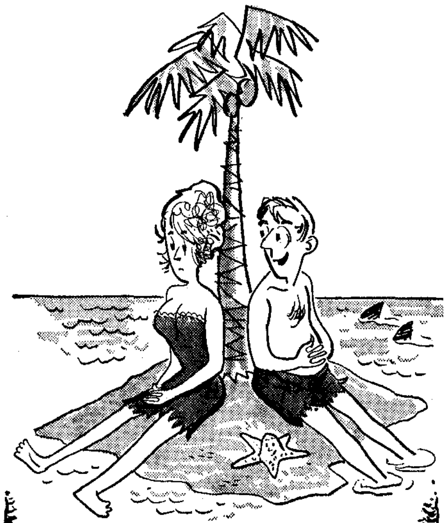

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widely attended, and American magazines and paperback books are to be found in quantity. ("Lolita" did splendidly, in a slightly censored version, but the unexpurgated American edition of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" ran afoul of the censors and two thousand copies of it were impounded and burned.) Although jai alai, representing the Spanish influence, is the favorite sport of gamblers, both professional and social, baseball and boxing are more popular with the mass of Filipinos. Supermarkets and soda fountains abound, and their rural equivalents, the sari-sari, or general stores, which are the nation's most convivial gathering places, display all sorts of American products, from washing machines and dishwashers to electric razors and the latest television sets, though very few of their customers can afford to buy them. Many of these gadgets are of superficial or doubtful value in solving the real problem of the Philippines, which is to raise the standard of living in the barrios, but they are all part of the American dream—and hence, by extension, of the Filipino dream as well.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

THE STILLY WATCHES OF GEORGE FRAZIER'S NIGHT

[*George Frazier in the Boston Herald*]

Sometimes, in the Dead of Night, I awaken with a start, my subconscious suddenly shocked into alertness by the awareness of an error in the solumn to come, the column written and printed and all ready to be read in the morning.

I do not know wry, but almos always this occurs after my having made, the evening before, some mistake that, since I knew better, was absolutely inexcusable. Always it is after I have been guilty of sheer sloppiness. On Tuesday night—or, rather, Wednesday morning—for instance, it was being roused by the realization that somehow I had written, the previous evening, that Kevin Kelly is a "damned good dramatic critic."

For, after all, how can anyone be that careless—using "dramatic" when "drama" was what was called for?

•

Astronaut Leroy Gordon Cooper jr. was himself a test system, the most complicated one of all in the complex Mercury capsule—Faith 7.

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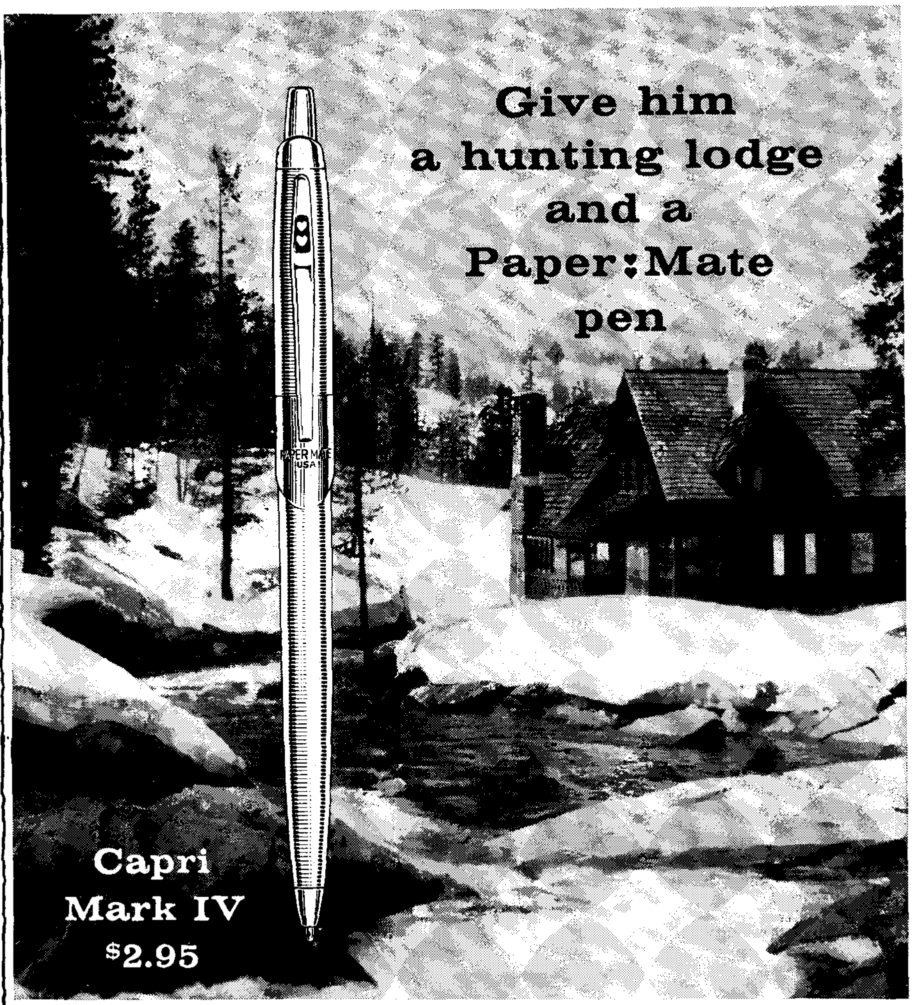
MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

CONSIDERING the limited appeal of contemporary music, a rather surprising amount of it finds its way onto records—particularly records brought out by Columbia, to mention one of the larger concerns—and I'd like to take up a few of the more appealing numbers I've come across lately. Of these, I enjoyed most three works that appear together on a Columbia record paying tribute to two veteran composers, Ernst Toch and Henry Cowell, who during the past year became seventy-five and sixty-six, respectively. (Presumably, in a season in which this firm honored Igor Stravinsky, turned eighty, with a spate of releases, it was decided that neither Toch nor Cowell pulled quite enough weight in the realm of music to merit a whole record to himself; however, let's be grateful for small favors.) Cowell is represented by the String Quartet No. 5, written half a dozen years ago, and Toch by Five Pieces for Wind Instruments and Percussion and a Sonatinetta for Flute, Clarinet, and Bassoon, both written in 1959. The Cowell piece, which is ably set forth by the Beaux-Arts String Quartet, is in what might be called this composer's homely vein, since he has also attracted widespread attention over the years with his technical innovations (notably the "tone cluster," in which the pianist sinks the heel of his hand into the keyboard, or else depresses the keys with his elbow, at specified places in the score); that is to say, it had its inspirational source—though without direct quotation of any sort—in the literature of early American hymns, of which Cowell made a comprehensive study some years back. Throughout the five movements, the music evokes a feeling of the American past even as it exploits the strings in a modern and, at times, somewhat stylish manner. The quartet is a sincerely felt work, with moments of considerable beauty. Toch's two contributions, like all the other works of his that I have heard, reveal a remarkably easy and dexterous hand. He is a composer whose music is generally touched with piquancy but who is not above simple lyricism when that seems to be in order. The set of five pieces, for example, sends the wind and percussion instruments up and down lively avenues full



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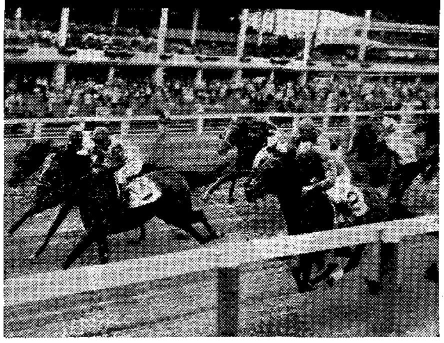

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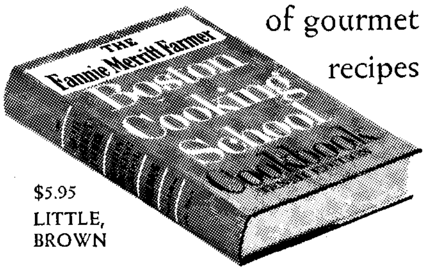

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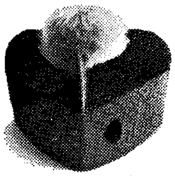

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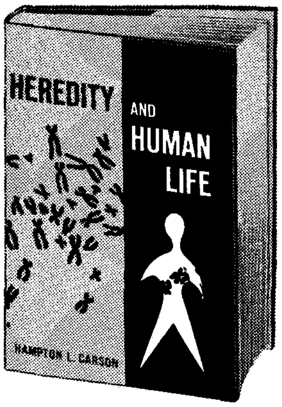
of unexpected turns, and even dead ends, and they dart joyously along them, yet in an inner section entitled "Night Song" a lovely romantic melody (one that might easily have been developed at length under other circumstances) exerts a brief spell. The five pieces are delightful occasional music, and just about the same thing can be said for the three-movement sonatinetta, which jogs along inventively and amusingly, though without that limpid core, and never tires. Members of the Philadelphia Orchestra accomplish the enjoyable tasks set by the two compositions, and do so with great skill.

One of our more impressive contemporary American composers is Elliott Carter, to whose work Epic, a Columbia offshoot, has devoted an entire record. Although Carter is a younger man than either Toch or Cowell, he is represented here by compositions older than theirs; namely, his Suite from "Pocahontas," a 1937 ballet score, and his Piano Sonata, composed during 1945 and 1946. The suite, a four-part work, smoothly presented by the Zurich Radio Orchestra, is a charming underscoring of the events that brought together Pocahontas, Captain John Smith, and John Rolfe and eventually carried Pocahontas herself off to England, and it is full of originality. Carter's later creations, while still highly original, show a growing preoccupation with a search for new techniques—or perhaps "new aesthetics" defines his concern more accurately—and the piano sonata reflects this very clearly. This work, which is in two parts, exploits a pianistic phenomenon that I'm afraid I am going to have to go into a bit. As you probably know, it is the overtones—or partials, as they are interchangeably referred to—that give a musical instrument its particular color when a note or a chord is played on it, and, in the case of the piano, composers and performers commonly achieve an especial brilliance by sounding one note of a chord in a low register before sounding the chord itself, the device serving as a kind of booster shot. Well, what Carter has done is to create a work mainly out of the partials. He'll sound a full chord, strongly and sometimes twice (and sometimes releasing the hold pedal and quickly applying it again, so that what one might call the pale afterimage of the chord hangs in the air after the original image has faded), and then he'll sound above it a cascade of notes stemming from the chord's overtones. Being a dedicated composer, he has not allowed this to degenerate into a mere trick; instead,



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he has worked out his sonata with considerable skill, investing it with enormous rhythmic and dynamic interest. Yet, possibly owing to the very nature of his fascinating exercise, he has been unable to equip it with any urgent melodic interest, and because it lacks this all-important element, the work as a whole strikes me as finally unsuccessful. (It is, though, quite possible that it will lead to more successful ones, constructed according to the same principles.) The soloist, Charles Rosen, plays it excellently.

Two Naumburg Award compositions have been paired by Columbia on another long-playing record, one a 1952 Chamber Concerto by George Barati, which is expertly presented by members of the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy, and the other George Rochberg's Symphony No. 2, dating from 1959, which is played with deep conviction by the New York Philharmonic, under Werner Torkanowsky. I found the chamber concerto, built on a four-note motto, the more engaging of the two, but, like the Carter piano sonata, it seems to me to be wanting in melodic appeal; still, its propulsive qualities do much to divert one's attention from this. At its best, it is a jaunty, well-organized work. The Rochberg symphony clamors for attention with what appear to be momentous disclosures admixed with sorrowful reflections, but it is a victim, I should say, of the twelve-tone school to which it adheres, being strangled in procedure and eventually buried in form.

I SUPPOSE it was because I had already involved myself with the "Pocahontas" ballet suite that my attention was caught by an Angel recording of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor's oratorio "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast." At any rate, I put it on the machine and listened, for the first time, to a complete version of this late-nineteenth-century creation, which was once held in deep regard by British music lovers. It is hard to take exception to its joyous, outgoing interpretation of the Longfellow poem, and one certainly cannot fault the respectful treatment accorded it by the Royal Choral Society, the Philharmonia Orchestra, and Richard Lewis, the tenor soloist, all under the guidance of Sir Malcolm Sargent, but it does seem rather tame—even naïve—today, especially when one has just been listening to compositions of the sort discussed earlier. —DOUGLAS WATT

• •

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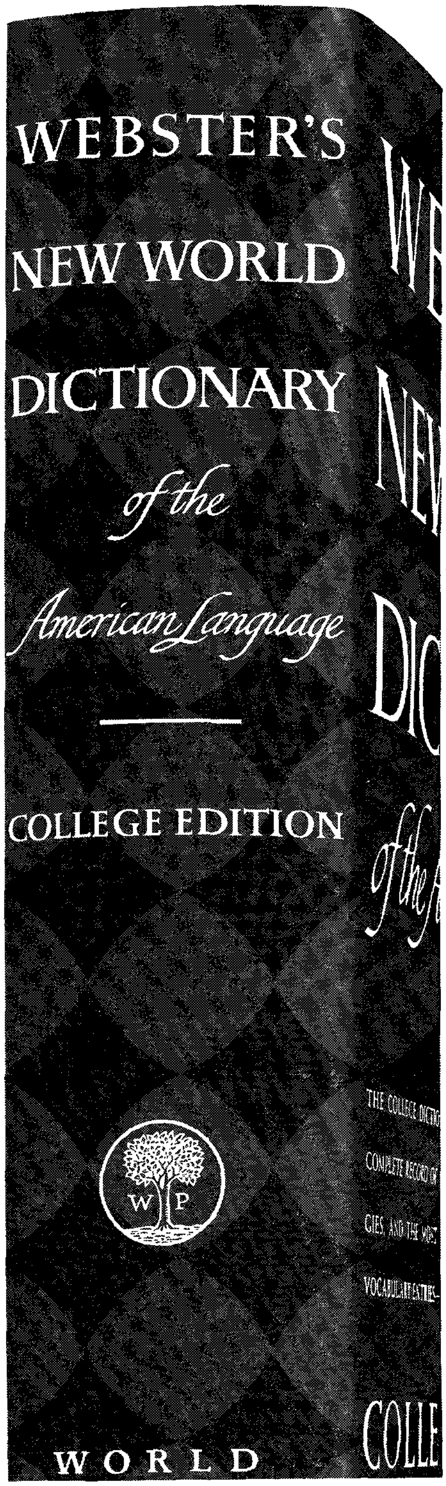

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Two Good Ones

SINCE most American movie-makers are dedicated to peddling products as shoddy as they are shiny ("Spencer's Mountain," "The Birds," and "Mutiny on the Bounty" are among the specimens of glittering pinchbeck currently on display here), it follows that an American picture honestly written and honestly acted is apt to raise an unnatural hullabaloo of superlatives from reviewers. Shaw pointed out that the least homely daughter is the family beauty, and I have to bear this sad apothegm in mind as I measure my response to "Hud," which, as a Hollywood picture, is sensationally good, but which, simply as a picture, is simply good. If it has a lot of real gold in it, it isn't all gold, and I can only hope that my moderate praise of it in the midst of the immoderate praise it has been receiving elsewhere won't be taken as, in effect, dispraise. Surely the handful of intelligent and gifted people who made it don't wish to be admired for the negative virtue of not having cheated themselves or us; surely it would insult them for me to express surprise at their choosing not to debauch their intelligence and gifts on still another grandiose Hollywood fake. Instead, let me quietly congratulate the lot—Martin Ritt, director and co-producer; Irving Ravetch, co-producer and, with Harriet Frank, Jr., co-author of the screenplay; Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon de Wilde, who are the principal actors; and James Wong Howe, director of photography—on an interesting and lively exercise in the apparently never-to-be-exhausted Western genre. It's an attractive irony of the situation that, despite the integrity of its makers, "Hud" is bound to prove a box-office smash. I find this coincidence gratifying. Virtue is said to be its own reward, but money is nice, too, and I'm always pleased to see it flowing toward people who have had other things on their minds.

"Hud" is taken from a novel, "Horseman, Pass By," by Larry McMurtry. Though I haven't read the book, I suspect that its hero was young Lon, played in the movie by Brandon de Wilde, and not his Uncle Hud, played by Paul Newman. For the true center of action in the story lies in the boy's mind, and it's in part because the title misleads us and in part because Mr. Newman, with his combination of talent, extraordinary good looks, and fame, necessarily dominates any picture that we fail at first to locate this center and keep looking for it in the one character who is, at bottom, a blank—that is, in Hud himself. Lon is seventeen and can no longer put off making a decision about the sort of man he would like to become. Is he to model himself after his grandfather, the epitome of gruff nineteenth-century rural rectitude, or after his uncle, a bold, hard-drinking, unscrupulous womanizer in a pink Cadillac convertible? In the end, he plumps for good over evil, but I must say that as the cards are stacked, he could scarcely have done otherwise; poor Hud is of a cheap meanness all compact, and at no point are we given a glimpse of why. He is indefatigably, gratuitously bad, but in the climactic scene between him and his father, as we wait to discover what has turned him into what he is from what he must have been (Wasn't he once a Lon? Weren't we all Lons?), the father says only, "You never gave a damn." Which tells us nothing, and it is just this gap that, had it been filled, might have made "Hud" a great picture instead of a good one.

Melvyn Douglas is marvellous as the incorruptible grandfather, and Patricia Neal is no less marvellous as a slovenly, affectionate housekeeper. (Somehow, Miss Neal, by an occasional roll of her big eyes, managed to convince me that *she* knew what was the matter with Hud, even if the authors of the screenplay didn't.) Brandon de Wilde embodies with grave grace what Yeats calls "the ignominy of boyhood; the distress/Of boyhood changing into man." As for Mr. Newman, how he rejoices in his mastery of his craft! Luckily, it's a joy without a trace of self-satisfaction, and therefore harmless; the Academy may as well give him an Oscar right now and get it over with. A second Oscar could well go to Mr. Howe, whose camera has fixed in my mind forever the appalling destitution of the Texan landscape.

I COMPLAINED in respect to "Dr. No" that it had no difficult knots to unravel, because none had been tied. This criticism can't be levelled at "The List of Adrian Messenger," which is a glorious tangle of obscure clues, inexplicable encounters, double-edged verbal duels, and seeming accidents that lead to sudden death. In short, it's the very

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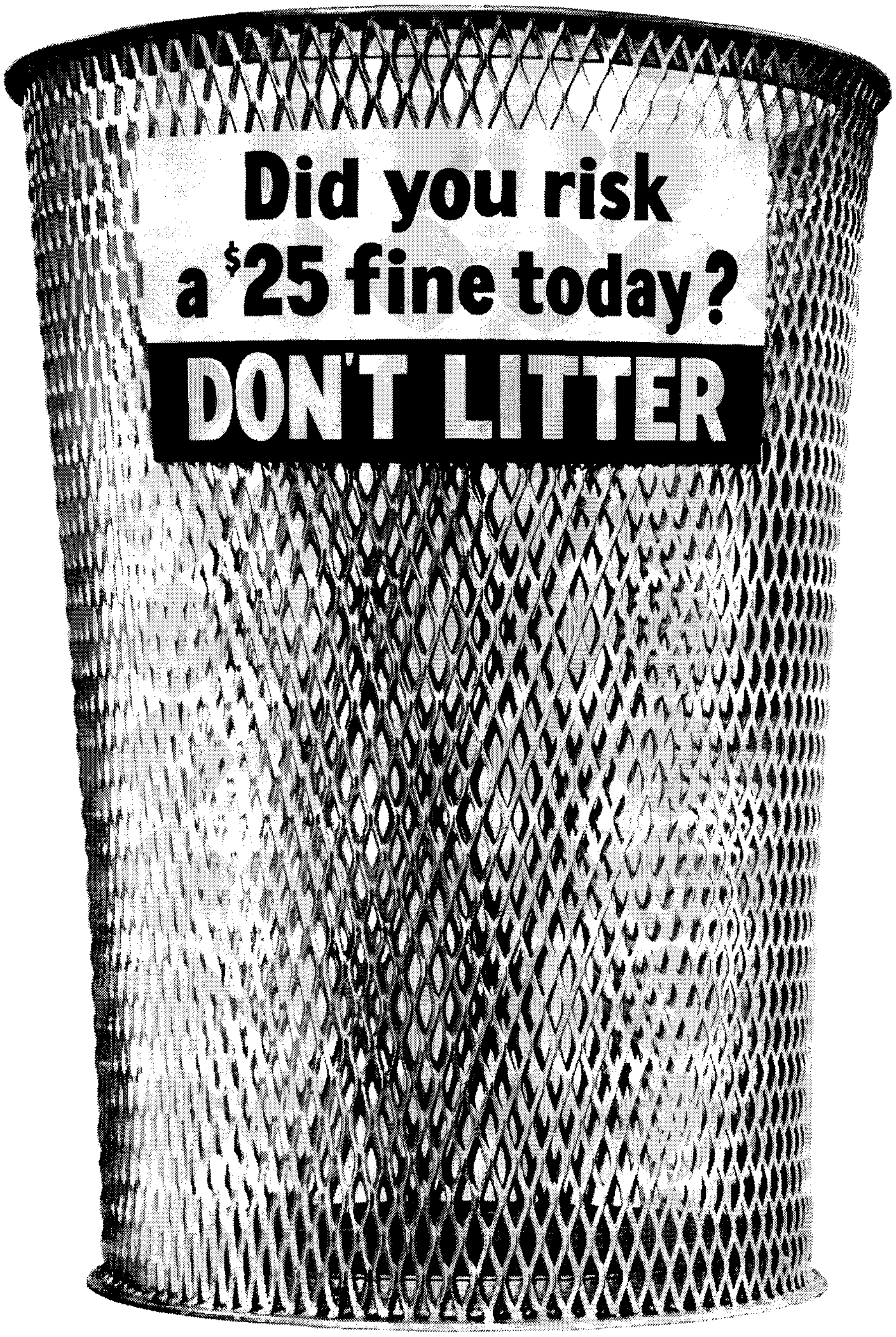
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model of an old-fashioned, hard-driving, utterly outrageous melodrama, and among the prodigious number of people I'm eager to thank for preparing this complicated treat are the director, John Huston; Anthony Veiller, who wrote the screenplay; Philip MacDonald, on whose practically perfect thriller the screenplay is based; Bud Westmore, the makeup man, who displays his skill in a fashion so lavish that it threatens now and then to wreck the whole silly-shivery enterprise; and a cast that includes George C. Scott, Dana Wynter, Clive Brook, Herbert Marshall, Jacques Roux, Gladys Cooper, and John Merivale. Also in the picture, under Mr. Westmore's uncanny false faces, are Tony Curtis, Burt Lancaster, Robert Mitchum, Frank Sinatra, and Kirk Douglas. Mr. Douglas, as the villain of the piece, is the only one of these aging Rover Boys who is meant to be in disguise; the others are there only because Mr. Huston and his producer, Edward Lewis, must have thought it would be great fun for us to stare at some of the most famous people on earth and not be able to recognize them. Well, and so it is.

The plot of "The List of Adrian Messenger" might be described as a serious version of "Kind Hearts and Coronets." A wicked man sets about eliminating the eleven heirs that stand between him and the great title and great fortune of the Marquis of Gleneyre, and a virtuous man sets about tracking him down. The ins and outs of the plot defy intelligible recounting; fortunately, it wouldn't be cricket for me to attempt the task, but I *can* say that we get an inspiring view of life among the British upper classes. Clive Brook, who came out of a twenty-six-year-long retirement from movies to play the Marquis of Gleneyre, is so bloody aristocratic that it makes me feel like a peasant even to mention the word "aristocratic," while Herbert Marshall is no slouch as Sir Wilfred Lucas, and Dana Wynter is ravishing and suggestible as Lady Jocelyn Bruttonholm (pronounced, of course, "Broom"). The real star of the picture is George C. Scott, the virtuous pursuer, who again and again brings it to life by sheer force of personality; he makes even the most preposterous scene seem to exist by making it seem worthy of his presence in it.

—BRENDAN GILL

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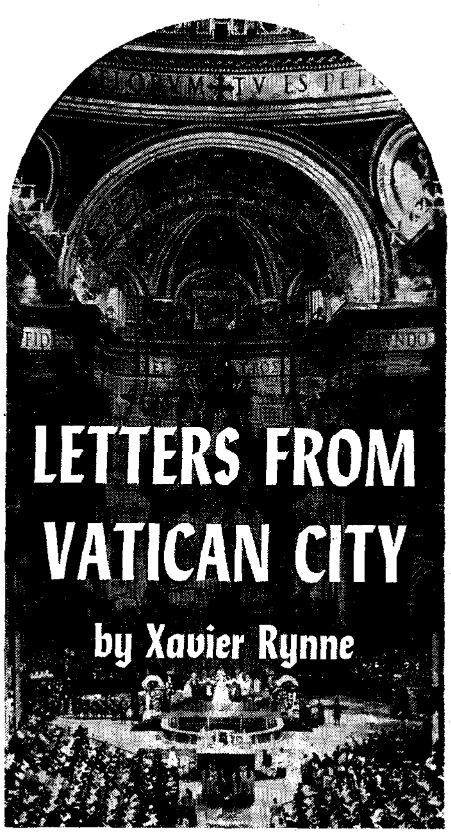

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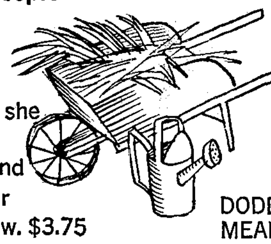

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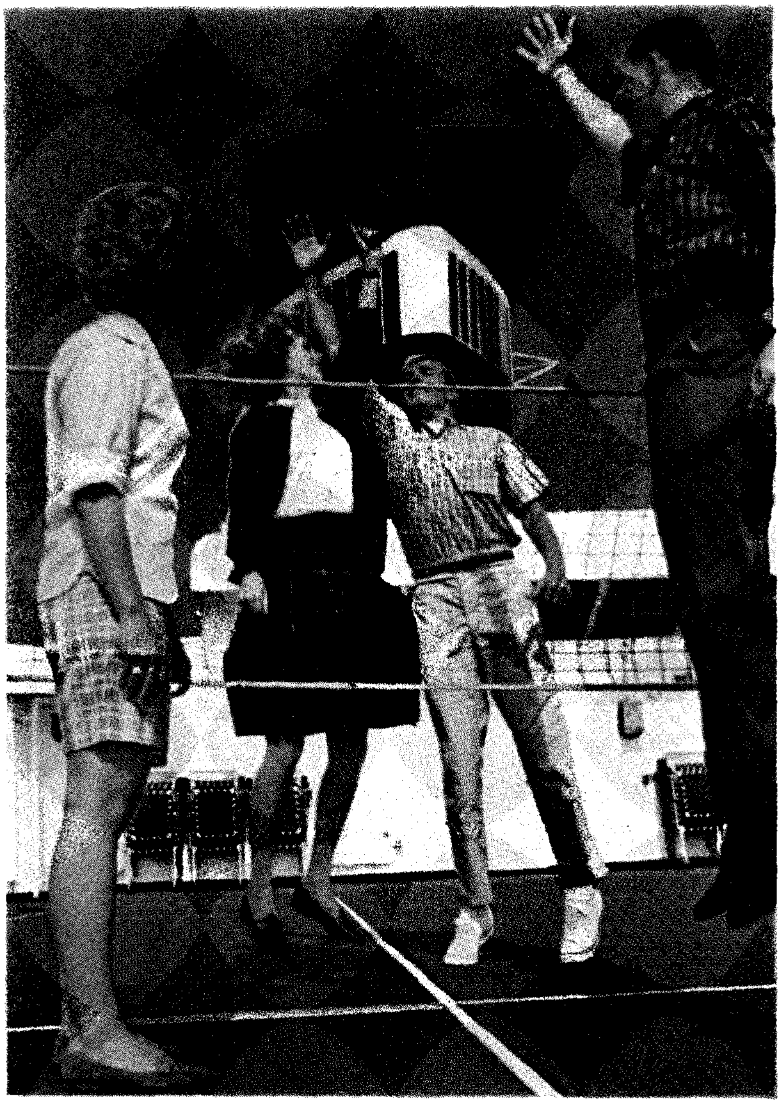

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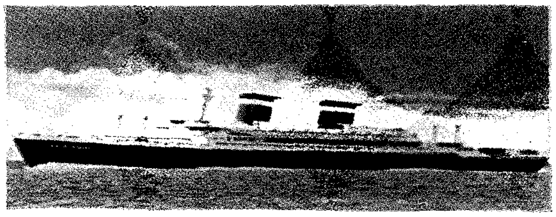

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